LIFE OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY

JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE," ETC.

AND A WORD PAINTING OF THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO,

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY.

TOGETHER WITH A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF

NAPOLEON'S PARTING WITH JOSEPHINE,

BY

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT,

AND

THE DIARY OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, DURING NAPOLEON'S PASSAGE TO ST. HELENA,

AND

A COPY OF NAPOLEON'S WILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

BONAPARTE EMPEROR—THE EMPIRE REHEARSED IN THE COUNCIL - IN THE TRIBUNATE—COMPLETED IN THE SENATE—NAPOLEON'S REPLY TO THE DECREE—SIRE—DIGNITIES—ANECDOTES — AUTHOR'S INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR—IMPORTANT CONVERSATION—KINDNESS —PAST GRIEVANCES—INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE.

I HAVE all along stated that the events narrated in preceding chapters either conduced or became subservient to the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne. Revert we now to the progress and proceedings of this most important consummation, which have in some degree been anticipated, that the foregoing details might be kept together.

For a long time the agents of the government had been trained throughout France to demand for the First Consul, in name of the people, that which the people were far from desiring but which Bonaparte wished to assume under show of according to the general inclination—the sovereign power, without restrictions, limits, or subterfuge of denomination. A conspiracy against his life was not an opportunity to be omitted; but, on the contrary, was eagerly laid hold of by all the authorities, civil, military and ecclesiastic: a new and most abundant shower of addresses, congratulations, and rendering of thanks inundated the Tuileries. Knowing what would prove most pleasing to their master, the greater part of these addressers did not limit themselves to mere felicitations; they insinuated, more or less adroitly, that France called upon her glorious chief to place himself so high as to be beyond reach of any new attempt—to *consolidate his work;* which, being interpreted, implied that he should assume imperial and hereditary power.

Bonaparte, in this scene of the grand drama, played his part with

his wonted superiority, suffering nothing to appear outwardly at first, leaving to others the care of preparatory measures. The Senate took unto itself the due honors of precedency in congratulating the Consul on his escape from "the daggers of England;" for so, in official parlance, had the imaginary conspiracy been designated: the Senate besought the First Consul *not to defer finishing his work*. This address was presented only ten days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien. Whether Bonaparte suffered under compunctious visitings for a fruitless crime and perceived the bad effect produced on the public mind by that catastrophe, or whether he found the terms employed by the Senate somewhat too vague, does not appear; but he allowed the address to remain nearly a whole month without reply. When he did answer, it was only to invite a clearer exposition of sentiment. These negotiations were secret; for Bonaparte liked publicity only in results. But to the Tribunate belonged the initiative of all measures; and in the Tribunate the project now ripening was proposed.

The tribune Curée had the honor of first proposing officially the conversion of the Consular Republic into an Empire, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the title of Emperor, with hereditary right. Curée developed his proposition in the meeting of the 30th April, at which I was present. He commenced by exposing the miseries which had overwhelmed France, from the Constitutional Assembly down to the 18th Brumaire—a revolution which he justly characterized as a deliverance. He then passed in review the brilliant career of the present head of the Republic; enumerated his claims to the gratitude of France; showed that her flourishing condition depended on him—"Let us haste, then, to demand the hereditary transmission of the supreme magistracy; for, in voting for an hereditary chief, as Pliny said to Trajan, we bar the return of a master. But, at the same time, let us give a great name to a great power; let us choose a title which, while it carries the idea of the highest civil functions, may recall glorious remembrances *and breathe no taint upon the sovereignty of the people*. I can see, for the guardian of a *national* power, none more befitting than the title of Emperor. If it signifies 'victorious Consul,' who better merits to receive it? which people, what armies, were ever more worthy that such should be the title of their leader? I move, therefore, that we transmit to the Senate our wishes, which are those of the whole nation, to the following effect:—

"I. That Napoleon Bonaparte, actually First Consul, be proclaimed Emperor, and, in this quality, continue to take upon him the government of the French Republic.

"II. That the imperial dignity be declared hereditary in his family.

"III. That those of our institutions which are as yet but traced out be definitely settled."

Such was the apologetic harangue of Curèe; and I beheld a crowd of the members of the Tribunate eagerly pressing forward to have their names inscribed on the roll, each following with a speech more and more laudatory than that of the author, or rather proposer, of a motion so evidently emanating from him upon whom the ulterior effects would rest. But could there be any doubts on the complaisant part thus enacted by Curèe, they would vanish before the fact that, ten days previously, Bonaparte had taken care to have the whole proceedings rehearsed in a private sitting of the Council of State. About the middle of April, that assembly having met, as if for the ordinary dispatch of business, Cambacèrés entered, instead of the First Consul, who was expected, and, as Second Consul, assumed the chair—the councilors remarking that his air was more solemn than usual, though he habitually affected a grave exterior. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, a member of the Council, with whom, though not precisely connected, I had pretty intimate relations, informed me of all. "The First Consul," said he, speaking with the enthusiasm which he really then entertained, though he subsequently acknowledged having been deceived, "has convinced me that he desires supreme power only in order to render France great, free, and happy, and place her in security against faction. He asked me to take the lead in this matter before the Council; and I did not hesitate. After Cambacèrés had given us to understand the object of the meeting, and had retired, I frankly proposed the question, for which the members were thus all prepared, expressed in these terms: 'Is it expedient to place the government of France upon the base of hereditary power?'" The proposer of this the fundamental question followed up the subject with a long address, showing, "from history, and from the present state of Europe, that an hereditary government alone promised security to the state and happiness to the people." Regnault did not, however, conceal from me that his motion experienced considerable opposition, especially from Berlier. "With hereditary succession," said this latter, "there no longer remains to France anything of that Republic for whose sake she has exhausted her treasury and sacrificed millions of her people. Besides, I do not believe the French nation disposed to renounce what they still possess of a good so dearly purchased." Others spoke to the same purpose, but with less force; and finally the partisans of hereditary power found themselves in the

majority of twenty to seven, and resolved to present an address to the First Consul. The minority of seven, on the other hand, had prepared a counter address. To prevent this collision of opinion, Bonaparte, informed of all, gave the Council to understand that he desired each member, individually, to send in his separate opinion. By a strange chance it became Berlier's duty to present these separate overtures. Bonaparte received them after the most gracious fashion; and, among other things, assured the Council that he sought hereditary power only for the greater good of France. "Never shall the citizens be *my subjects*, yet never shall the French people be less *my people!*"

Such had been the preliminaries in the Council of State regarding the proposition officially brought forward in the Tribunate by Curèe; but after reflection it was agreed that, since all opposition would be useless, and perhaps might prove dangerous to its authors, the minority should accede to the majority. And so it was arranged.

It had now become no longer necessary to keep the secret; *the pear was ripe:* the address of the Senate was accordingly published forty days after date. In this its first address the Senate had taken for its text the events passing in France and the intrigues abroad, especially those of Drake, an agent sent by England to Munich. This text, obscure in itself, naturally led the addressers to hint obscurely at what they termed the wants of France. To give more solemnity to their proceedings the Senate repaired in a body to the Tuileries, and Cambacérés, as president, pronounced the address. "On viewing," said this document, "those attempts from which Providence has saved the hero necessary to its designs, we are struck with one prime reflection, namely, that by the destruction of the First Consul is meditated also the destruction of France. The English and the emigrants know that your destiny involves that of the French people. Give us, then, institutions so combined that their system may survive you. You found a new era, but you ought to render it immortal; splendor is nothing without duration. Great man! complete your work by making it eternal as your own glory! You rescued us from the chaos of the past; you fill our hearts with gratitude for the blessings of the present; guarantee to us the future!"

For nearly a month, as already stated, this address remained unanswered. At length Bonaparte replied to the Senate, at greater length than usual, and in substance as follows: "Your address has formed the object of my most constant meditations. You have declared the hereditary succession of the supreme magistracy to be necessary in order to secure the French people against the plots of their enemies

and the agitations excited by ambitious rivals." Here it is very worthy of remark that the expression "hereditary succession" had not once been pronounced in the address. "Several of our institutions have at the same time appeared to you calculated to assure, without reversion, the triumph of equality and of public liberty, and to offer to the nation and to government the twofold security required. We have always been guided by this great truth, that sovereignty resides in the French people in such a way that all—all things without exception—should be made to work together for the interest, happiness, and glory of the nation. In proportion as I direct attention to these grand objects, I am the more convinced of the truth of the sentiments I have expressed to you, and I feel more and more that in a conjuncture, new as it is important, the counsels of your wisdom and your experience are needful to confirm my ideas. I invite you, then, to lay before me your full and unreserved opinion."

This message to the Senate expressed the will of Napoleon. And that body, created for the preservation of those institutions consecrated by the constitution of the year VIII., had no other resource than to submit to intentions so unequivocally manifested. Accordingly, a response was framed to the above message of which it could be deemed nothing more than an amplified explanation. The grand principles were here positively announced, "that hereditary government was essential to the happiness, glory, and prosperity of France; and that such government could be confided only to Napoleon Bonaparte and to his family." Still the Senate affected, as Bonaparte had done in his message, to season their reply with the high-sounding phrases of liberty and equality. That body had even what might be termed the audacity to say that the arrival of Bonaparte at hereditary power would secure the liberty of the press—a freedom which he held in such abhorrence, and without which all other liberties are but vain illusions.

In all these proceedings I believe the Senate to have been more accomplice than dupe: for it was no longer possible to shut the eyes upon Bonaparte's ambition and his design of establishing, for his own advantage, a power more absolute than had been even the despotism of Louis XIV.

By the reply of the Senate the most important move had been effected: there remained little more than ceremonies to regulate and forms to contrive. These different arrangements occasioned a delay of fifteen days. At length, on the 18th May, NAPOLEON, for the first time, was saluted SIRE by his ex-colleague Cambacérés, at the head of the Senate, who had come in state to present the decree relative to the

foundation of the empire. The interview took place at St. Cloud. This organic *senatus consultum*, which changed entirely the ancient constitution, being read, the Emperor replied—

"Whatever can conduce to the good of the country is essentially interwoven with my happiness.

"I accept the title which you consider to be useful to the glory of the nation.

"I submit to the sanction of the people the law of the succession. I hope that France will never repent those honors with which she may surround my family.

"At all events, my spirit shall not abide with my posterity beyond that day on which they cease to deserve the love and confidence of the great nation."

The Senate and its president afterwards waited upon the Empress with congratulations; and thus was realized the prediction I had made to Josephine three years before at Malmaison.

The first act of Bonaparte, now Emperor, on the very day of his elevation to the imperial throne, was to nominate Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector, and Louis to that of Constable of the Empire; each with the title of Imperial Highness. On the same day Cambacèrés and Lebrun were appointed to the dignities of Arch-chancellor and Arch-treasurer of the Empire; and the first letter signed by Bonaparte as Emperor, and under the name Napoleon, was the following:—

"Citizen-Consul Cambacèrés, your title is to be changed: your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity with which you are about to be invested, you will manifest, as in your office of Consul, the wisdom of your counsels and the distinguished talents which have obtained for you so important a share in whatever of good I have been able to accomplish.

"I have then only to desire from you a continuance of the same sentiments towards the state and towards me. Given at St. Cloud, this 28th Floreal, year XII. NAPOLEON."

This note, countersigned "By the Emperor—H. B. Marat," shows the art of Bonaparte in managing transactions. It is to the *Second Consul* this letter is addressed by the *Emperor*, and the republican dates are preserved! Of the republic there remained only these and the mendacious legend on the reverse of the coin!

On the morrow the Emperor came to Paris to hold a grand levee at the Tuileries: he was not the man to withhold the enjoyments of that

pageantry which his satiated pride drew from his new title. The assembly was the most brilliant and numerous that had yet been known. Bessières presented an address, in name of the guards, and the Emperor replied—"I constantly behold with increasing pleasure my companions in arms, escaped from so many dangers and covered with honorable wounds. I ever experience a feeling of satisfaction when I think, while viewing them ranged under their standards, that there is not one battle, not one combat for the last fifteen years, and in the four quarters of the globe, which has not among their ranks witnesses and actors." At the same time were presented, by Louis Bonaparte, in the exercise of his functions as Constable, all the generals and colonels then in Paris. In a few days everything assumed a new aspect. Public admiration was loud; but, in secret, the Parisians laughed at the somewhat stiff forms of the new courtiers. This gave sovereign displeasure to Bonaparte, whose ears the circumstance reached through the most charitable intentions possible, in order that he might be cured of prepossessions in favor of the men of the old court.

Napoleon, studious of giving every solemnity to his elevation, ordered that the Senate itself should publish and proclaim in Paris the decree which established the imperial dynasty. This decree, which might have been termed the constitutional charter of the empire, consisted of 142 articles, ranged under the following heads:—1. The government of the republic is confided to an emperor, who takes the title of Emperor of the French. 2. Succession hereditary. 3. The imperial family. 4. The Regency. 5. The grand dignitaries of the empire; namely, grand elector, arch-chancellor of the empire, arch-chancellor of state, arch-treasurer, constable and high admiral. 6. The great officers of the empire. 7. Oaths. 8. The Senate. 9. Council of State. 10. Legislative Body. 11. Tribunate. 12. Electoral Colleges. 13. Supreme Imperial Court. 14. The Judiciary order. 15. Proclamations. 16. The imperial dynasty hereditary in the descendants of Napoleon. This head to be presented for the people's acceptance. By one of those unlucky coincidences which I have sometimes known to occasion much remark, the promulgation of this decree was fixed for Sunday, 30th Floreal: this was to be a festival to all Paris, while the unfortunate beings accused of attempting the life of the man whom it profited languished in the dungeons of the Temple.

From the day following the imperial accession of Bonaparte the ancient formulas were re-established. The Emperor decided that the princes and princesses of the empire should bear the title of Imperial Highness; that his sisters should assume the same designation; that

the grand dignitaries should be styled Serene Highness: that the princes and grand dignitaries should farther be addressed *Monseigneur;* the secretary of state should have the rank of minister; that ministers should retain the title of Excellency, and be addressed Monseigneur in all petitions; that the president of the Senate should be styled Excellency.

At the same time Napoleon nominated the marshals of the empire, and appointed that they should be called Monsieur le Marêchal, in speaking, and Monseigneur, in writing, to them. The following are the names of those children of the republic, transformed, at the fiat of a brother in arms, into supports of his empire: — Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessières, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Perignon, and Serrurier. *

It will have been remarked that, in the list of dignities lavished by Bonaparte upon his family and favorites, the name of Lucien does not occur. The two brothers were no longer on good terms; not, as has been said, because Lucien wished, so late in the season, to play the part of republican, but because he refused to submit to the imperious commands of Napoleon in a circumstance where Lucien's docility might have served the interests of his policy. In the committees preceding the grand change, it was not Lucien, but Joseph, who, to discover the state of opinion, got up a republican opposition with skill sufficient to catch one or two dupes. As to Lucien, having in reality rendered great services to his brother, and appreciating himself these services beyond their value, he deemed no recompense less than an independent crown sufficient reward. Certain it is that, during his sojourn in Madrid, he had carried his pretensions so high as to attempt playing the agreeable to one of the Infantas of Spain. On this various reports were circulated on which I do not place much reliance, never having been able to verify them. What I know amounts to this, that, Lucien's wife being dead, Bonaparte thought of marrying him to a princess of Germany, in order thus to commence with the first grand alliance. Lucien refused to meet the views of Napoleon, and privately espoused the wife of a broker, named, I believe, Jouberton, who, for convenience, had been sent to the colonies, where he died a short time afterwards. When Bonaparte was informed of this marriage by the priest, who had been sent for privately to the Hôtel de Brienne, he became furious, and

* See Appendix, A. The four last named were members of Senate at the time of being advanced to the baton. Marshal implied the bearer to have held a command-in-chief.— *Translator.*

from that moment resolved not to confer upon Lucien the title of French prince, on account of what he termed his *mésalliance*. He remained then only a Senator; while brother Jerome, by following a quite opposite course, became a king. As to Lucien's republicanism, it survived not the 18th Brumaire; he had ever shown himself, as we have seen, the most strenuous advocate of hereditary right and the succession.

"I swear, upon my honor, to devote myself to *the service of the Republic;* to the preservation of its territory entire; to the defense of its government, of its laws, and of the rights which these have consecrated; to oppose, by every means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, all enterprises tending to establish feudality or *reproduce the titles and qualities* thereunto belonging; in fine, to assist, with all my power, *in the maintenance of liberty and equality.*"

What oath is this?—The oath which every member of the Legion of Honor had taken on receiving his diploma. Did one of these ancient knights of the republic think of his oath when he aided to raise Napoleon to the imperial throne? All were false or carried away by an unreflecting enthusiasm. The harangues which followed the elevation of Bonaparte to the empire, lost at the time through their very multiplicity and ludatory accordance, have now become curious monuments, which we read with the same sort of surprise that we regard the remembrances of the preceding events. We can scarcely conceive that reasonable men, in an enlightened age, could renew those follies of ancient Rome, when the people erected statues to Sejanus, and afterwards broke them in pieces when overthrown. But the reflection is mournful—where are the promises contained in these orations and in their replies?

To pass, however, these meretricious hyperboles and the flatteries of his own subjects, let us come to the incredible sway exercised by Bonaparte, at the moment of founding the empire, over those powers which still dared not openly declare war against him. I have studied carefully the policy of Napoleon; it was actuated by one grand principle—that all relations on a footing of equality between any other power and his own could not be of long duration. To defer or to fight was the alternative presented to the powerful. Secondary states were considered as feudatories merely of the French empire; and as they could not resist, they were taught at an early season to bend beneath the yoke. Could there be stronger evidence of this than the

Duke of Baden, far from receiving any apology for the violation of his territory, being obliged to publish a proclamation against emigrants apparently dictated by violation?

But to be just, and without always justifying Bonaparte, I must acknowledge the intrigues which England fomented all over Europe were of a nature to excite the whole irritability of his nature. The grand center of these maneuvers was Munich, and their conductor Drake, sent as minister plenipotentiary by Great Britain to the Bavarian court. Drake's intrigues and correspondence—which latter was seized by the French government—made a great noise at the time and furnished one of the handles in the famous address of the Senate. The correspondence was first added to the documents for the prosecution against Georges and Moreau, but subsequently withdrawn, and a report thereon ordered to be made by the grand judge. The whole of these pieces proved, what Bonaparte well knew, that he had England for his declared enemy; but from their examination I feel satisfied that they contain nothing upon which to found the belief that any attempt at assassination was authorized by the British government. Yet while Bonaparte communicated to the Senate the report of the attorney-general, the minister for foreign affairs addressed a circular to each of the foreign ambassadors then in Paris, to the number of nineteen, with the intention of criminating Drake and his court "as having been guilty of a prostitution of the most honorable office confided to man without example in the history of civilized nations." To this circular all the envoys, in their own and in the name of their country, sent replies, testifying their abhorrence and indignation excited by the conduct of England and the machinations of Drake. These replies are only five days posterior to the death of the Duke d'Enghien! Here I cannot help especially admiring the profound ability with which Bonaparte thus constrained all the representatives of the powers of Europe to present, officially, marks of interest in his person and government.*

The first transactions of the Emperor, as already noticed, were those connected with the arrest and trial of the conspirators. On the 14th June, four days after the sentence of the court, the Emperor sent for me to St. Cloud. So many great events and so many tragic scenes had just passed that I was by no means easy respecting the probable object of an interview in the third week of the empire. But I had once more the good fortune to find my friend Rapp in attendance.

* Was this to be attributed more to the ability of Bonaparte, or to the despicable pusillanimity of those powers who seemed as if anxious to accept of any excuse for continuing on terms with a murderer?—*Translator.*

"Tranquilize yourself; he is in good humor for the moment, and wants only to talk with you." On my name being announced, the Emperor desired me to enter. After his pinch on the ear and habitual questions—"What say they? what are the old women about? how are your children? how are you engaged?" etc., etc., he continued, "You attended Moreau's trial?"—"Yes, sire; I have not missed one sitting."—"There, now! Bourrienne, speak to me frankly; you think Moreau innocent?"—"Yes, sire; at least I can assure you that nothing has transpired during the process by which he can be inculpated."—"I know your opinion on that affair; Duroc reported your former remarks; experience has proved they were right; but could I have done otherwise? You heard, of course, of Bouvet de Lozier's attempt at self-destruction. Real hastened with all speed to the Temple in order to examine him. In his confession he accused Moreau of having conferred with Pichegru. Real immediately informed me of this, and advised the arrest of Moreau; a proposal which he had previously made. At the first glance I saw clearly into the affair and gave a decided negative; but when afterwards Bouvet de Lozier had spoken out—(another blow)—what could I do? Could I allow him openly to conspire against my government? And how refuse credence to De Lozier's declarations? Could I possibly foresee that he would formally deny them upon trial? There is a chain of circumstances above human foresight; I was forced to consent to Moreau's arrest after proof received of his conferences with Pichegru. Has not England sent over assassins?"—"Sire," said I, "permit me to recall to you the conversation which you held in my hearing with Mr. Fox, at the end of which you said to me, 'Bourrienne, I am very happy to have learned from the mouth of a man of honor, that the English government is incapable of abetting any attempt on my life. I love to esteem my enemies.'"—"Ah, bah! you are a simpleton! *Parbleu!* I say not that an English minister sends for an assassin and tells him, Hold, here is gold—there is a dagger—begone—murder the First Consul. No; that I do not believe. But it is, nevertheless, true that all those who conspire against my government, come from England and receive English pay. Is this because I have retainers in London to strike at the head of government there? I make honorable warfare; I do not endeavor to stir up the ancient prejudices of the partisans of the Stuarts. Did not Wright, a captain in the English navy, conduct the disembarkation of Georges and his accomplices on the coast of Dieppe? Be assured, however, that, with the exception of certain grumblers, whom I could easily silence, the universal wish of France is on my side;

opinion has throughout declared for me; so I fear not to expose to public investigation all these plots. The majority of those around me were of opinion that the affair should be consigned to a military commission, by whom the accused would have been judged in twenty-four hours. I refused: it would have been said that I dreaded opinion. I fear it not. Let them talk as much as they will, and welcome—provided they be careful not to let me hear; it is not for those personally connected with me to blame my conduct." Here I found it impossible to conceal a slight involuntary movement: this the Emperor remarked, and rightly deeming it something more than surprise, took me by the ear, saying in the most kindly tone, "Be easy, my good fellow; that was not intended for you."

"Apropos," resumed the Emperor, after a short pause, "know you that to me is due the discovery of Pichegru in Paris? All were telling me Pichegru is in Paris: Fouché, Real, everyone sung me the same song: but no one could give any proof. What a blockhead you are! said I to Real; in the twinkling of an eye you might know how the land lies. Pichegru has a brother, formerly a monk, living in Paris; seek out his lodging and repair thither. If he is not there, it will be a presumption that Pichegru is here; if, on the contrary, the brother be at home, take him into custody: he is a simple man and his first emotion will set you on the right track. Everything fell out as I had foreseen. On seeing himself a prisoner, and without allowing even time for interrogation, he anticipated the question, asking if it were possible that they could allege as a crime his having received his brother into his house? Thus there was no longer any doubt; and a caitiff, in whom Pichegru confided, came and told to the police the secret of his abode. What shocking degradation to give up a friend for money!"

Afterwards, returning to Moreau, the Emperor conversed at great length about that general. "Moreau," said he, "has many good qualities, and is brave beyond all question; but he has more courage than energy; he is soft—indolent; at the army he lived like a pasha; he was constantly smoking, almost always in bed, and liked good cheer too well. He is naturally talented, but too lazy to be instructed; he never reads; and, since he became tied to his wife's apron-strings, he is no longer a man: he sees only through the eyes of his wife and mother-in-law, who, I have no doubt, have compromised him in all these late intrigues. Now tell me, Bourrienne, is it not strange that I should have advised his marriage? I had been told that Mademoiselle Hulot was a Creole, and conceived he would find in her another Josephine: I have been egregiously deceived. It is these spinsters who have removed him from

me; I regret it, though he is very much below his reputation. You may remember, two years ago. I told you Moreau would one day break his nose against the gates of the Tuileries. He has not failed to do so, and all his own fault; for you can witness what I did in order to attach him to me. But he has returned only ingratitude; he has had a hand in every gossiping maneuver, blamed all my acts, and turned into ridicule the Legion of Honor. Intriguing fools have put it into his head that I am jealous of him: you know to what I allude. You have seen, likewise, how much his reputation was the work of the Directory, terrified at my success in Italy, and desirous of having in the army a general who might balance my renown. I am on the throne—he is in a prison. From discontent to revolt there is often but one step, especially when a man of soft character obeys the influence of coteries; so, when they told me, for the first time, that Moreau was implicated in the conspiracy of Georges, my first impression was to believe the fact: still I hesitated to arrest him and consented thereto only after consulting my Council.* I placed before the members all the documents, desired them to be carefully examined, for that the affair was of no mean importance. I requested to be frankly informed if there existed against Moreau a capital charge. The imbeciles! their reply was in the affirmative; I was even led to believe it unanimous. Then I allowed the procedure to take its course—nothing else could be done. I need not tell you, Bourrienne, that never should the head of Moreau have fallen on a scaffold; most certainly I would have extended pardon: but once placed under the stroke of a capital sentence he would no longer have been dangerous, and his name would have ceased to be a standard for the enthusiasts of the republic or the fools of royalism. Had the Council raised doubts on Moreau's culpability, I would have sent for him, told him suspicion pressed too heavy for us to live together; that he would do well to make the tour of Europe for three years, under the pretense of visiting the fields of battle in the late war; or, had he preferred an extraordinary mission, I would have intrusted him with any one, given him money to any amount; and time, that great master, would have arranged all. But these animals declared that he could not escape a capital condemnation, he was so evidently an accomplice of the leader; and look you, they condemn me him as if he had been some pilferer of handkerchiefs! What would you have me do?—Keep him in confinement? He would still be a rallying point. Let him sell his goods and quit France.

* What a Council!—a Council wherein sat Fouché, whose presence was alone sufficient to astonish and confound.—*Author.*

What should I do with him in the Temple? I have enow there without him. Yet more—were this the only grand fault into which they have led me!"—"Sire, how you have been deceived!"—"Oh! yes, I have been so, but I cannot see all with my own two eyes." Here I naturally expected some allusion to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, but was mistaken; the Emperor resumed on the subject of Moreau. "He is much deceived if he imagine I bear any ill will against him. On his arrest I sent Lauriston to the Temple, an agent chosen on account of his gentle and conciliating character; him I charged with a message for Moreau, that if he would merely avow having seen Pichegru, I would cause all proceedings to be quashed, so far as he was concerned. Instead of receiving as he ought this act of generosity, he replied with haughtiness; and, till Pichegru's capture, continued to enact the lofty character; after that event his tone became very much lowered. They must be men of a different stamp from Moreau who conspire against me. There is, for example, one man among the conspirators whom I regret—Georges. That man has nerve; and, in my hands, would do great things. I have tried to gain him; pardon, a regiment—everything has been offered, but in vain. Could he have been won over I should, perhaps, have made him my aid-de-camp. An outcry might have been raised, but that, by Jove, would have made no difference to me! But Georges refused; he is a bar of iron. What can I do in the case?—He must undergo his fate, for he is dangerous; it is a necessity of my position. Let me make no examples, and forthwith England ejects upon me all the lees of emigration: but patience, patience! I have long arms and know how to reach every agitator! In Georges, Moreau saw only a brutal soldier—I discover a very different character. You may remember Rapp and the open door: I then did everything to gain and finally dismissed him, with advice to be quiet. Real tells me that when Moreau, Pichegru and Georges met, they could come to no understanding, because Georges would act only for the Bourbons. Very well—he had at least a plan; Moreau had none. He would pull me down with nobody to put in my place. There is not even common sense in that. Apropos, Bourrienne, did you see Corvisart?"—"Yes, sire."—"Well!"—"He fulfilled his mission."—"And Desmaisons, you spoke to him?"—"Sire, I esteem M. Desmaisons too highly; I abstained from seeing him during the whole of the proceedings."—"Come, now, that is well—quite right. Be wise—discreet. I will take care of you." He then dismissed me in a most gracious manner and retired into his cabinet.

The Emperor had retained me with him upwards of an hour. On

leaving this audience I passed through the saloon and could remark, though the admirable institution of chamberlains had not yet been appointed, that the science of etiquette had already made great progress. On seeing me come out Rapp said, "Surely he must have had a great many things to tell you?"—"Oh, yes; a few, but none of them bad:" and the length of my audience procured me a courtly salute from all around. I do confess it would have been impossible to be better satisfied with my reception than I myself was: to speak honestly, I began to be weary of idleness and desired a place, of which I stood in need after my losses and the unjust resumptions which Bonaparte had made on my property. Two years before I was in a different plight; let us see how he then behaved. During the month which followed my unaccepted resignation it was proposed to me to purchase a large house at St. Cloud. Notwithstanding its delightful situation, I judged it unsuitable to my fortune and my tastes, while the interior would require expensive repairs. Madame Bonaparte, learning that my wife did everything in her power to dissuade me from the purchase, desired to go round with us. She was charmed—treated my wife as out of her senses in opposing the purchase—and, when reminded of the expense, replied, "Ah, we shall settle all that." On our return to Malmaison she praised the house so much to Bonaparte that he said, "Well, then, Bourrienne, why not purchase, since the price is reasonable, 60,000 francs (£2,500); for when we are once at St. Cloud a great many people will come from Paris, and you may keep a second table." The house upon this was bought; 20,000 francs did not make it habitable; it was to be furnished. At this time Bonaparte urged on the repairs at the palace—he wished to be established there; and as I found it fatiguing to go twice or thrice a-day from St. Cloud to Ruel, I got into my new purchase with the workmen about me. Scarcely had I been there eight days when, as we have seen, Bonaparte declared he had no farther need of my services. My wife went to pay her adieus, whom he entertained with my good qualities and the prospects he had in view for me. "I am the most unfortunate of the three; I shall not be able to replace your husband. I am to travel for a month; let Bourrienne keep himself quiet till my return, and I will place him as he deserves, even should I create a post on purpose." Madame Bourrienne asked permission to retain our apartments in the Tuileries till after her confinement. "Keep them as long as you please; if I go to Paris, it will be late in the season." Bonaparte set out on his journey to the coast. I repaired with my family to the country, where we lived with a relative. The very day on which Bonaparte was expected we returned to

St. Cloud, where he had not been a quarter of an hour till I received the orders with which the reader is acquainted to give up the apartments in the Tuileries and the furniture at Ruel: he left me not even the snuffers. He took possession also of my stables; and finally of my whole house, which, in fact, he regarded as his own, because he had recommended the purchase, though I paid the money. He ingulfed all. This continued four years. But, I must confess, that on his return he found his table loaded with reports which made me act and speak in Paris in any way that suited; while I had not even set foot nor held communication with anyone it it. My house at St. Cloud especially excited envy. A thousand tales, each more ridiculous than the others, were invented on the pretended luxury of this habitation of which there had been barely time to furnish the first floor. One lady took upon her to assure Bonaparte that the boudoir was enriched with precious stones and the hangings bordered with fine pearls. To this absurdity he made reply, "Ah! madam, now you tell me of such wondrous doings that I shall no longer believe anything."

But these vexatious recollections have withdrawn me from my subject. On leaving the presence of the Emperor, I repaired immediately to the apartments of the Empress, who, knowing that I was in the palace, had sent word for me to call before going away. Nothing could be more agreeable than such a command; for Josephine's reception was always so kind. The splendor of her new title had wrought no change. We were left alone. After some remarks on recent events I gave her a faithful account of our conversation about Moreau, and added that I had once expected the Emperor to mention the Duke d'Enghien. Madame Bonaparte then replied—"He has told you the exact truth as respects Moreau. Bonaparte has been deceived in that affair, because, in representing Moreau as culpable, they thought to pay him acceptable court. I am nowise astonished at his silence about the Duke d'Enghien: he speaks of him as seldom as possible, and then in a vague manner and with repugnance. If you see Bonaparte again, take care not to bring him on that subject, and, should it chance that he himself propose the topic, avoid everything resembling reproaches; he cannot bear them; you will ruin yourself in his estimation—and the evil, alas! is without remedy. When you came to see me at Malmaison I told you I had vainly made every effort to recall him from his fatal purpose, and how he treated me. Since then he has displayed, in the domestic circle, but brief intervals of good humor; it is only in presence of his courtiers that he affects calmness and serenity; and I see that he suffers more in proportion to the efforts he makes to conceal his un-

easiness. Apropos, I had almost forgotten to tell you that he knew of your visit on the day after the catastrophe; I feared lest your enemies, who are, for the most part, mine also, should have represented it in an unfavorable light; but, happily, there was nothing of this. He merely said—'Thou hast seen Bourrienne: how is he?—always in a pet against me? I must, however, do something for him; I shall watch an opportunity.' He repeated the same remark about three days ago; and, since he has sent for you to-day, I doubt not he has something in view."—"Dare I ask you what it may be?"—"I know not as yet, but recommend you to double your prudence regarding the people you visit; he so readily takes offense and is so well informed of all that is done or said. I have suffered much since your last visit: I ever bear in mind the cruel manner in which he repelled all my entreaties. For several days I was in sad affliction: this irritated him the more, for he too well divined the cause. The title of Empress dazzles me not; from all that surrounds us I augur misfortune for him, for my children, and for myself. The wretches ought now to be satisfied; see to what they have driven him! That death! it poisons my existence. I need not say, Bourrienne, that this is for your private ear."—"I hope you cannot doubt my discretion?"—"No; certainly not, Bourrienne; it equals my confidence; be assured I shall never forget what you have done for me, in various circumstances, nor the devotion you showed on returning from Egypt. Adieu, my friend! Let me see you soon."

Such were the two audiences which I enjoyed on the same day, 14th June, 1804. Returning home, I passed three hours in writing notes of what the Emperor and Empress had said to me, and of these the result is now laid before the reader.

CHAPTER II.

POLICY OF NAPOLEON—PROTEST OF LOUIS XVIII. IN THE "MONITEUR"—RETURN OF THE BOURBONS PREPARED—IMPERIAL FETE—LEGION OF HONOR—INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE—CAMP OF BOULOGNE—PREPARATIONS FOR INVADING ENGLAND—MILITARY FETE—HEROISM OF TWO ENGLISH SAILORS—JOSEPH A SOLDIER—TOUR OF THE EMPEROR—HONOR OF BRITISH POLITICS.

As we have already seen, the terms of the consular constitution did not allow the command of an army to the chief of the Republic beyond its territories. The subtilty of Bonaparte, as also explained, eluded

this constitutional enactment, and Marengo was gained, accordingly, by an army of reserve! Such restraint was not imposed upon the Emperor—the organic decree of the Senate put all this to rights; and, with that thirst of war which raged in the soul of Napoleon, so soon as had been conferred upon him the title which most flattered his pride, his restless imagination must have begun to nourish vast projects of ambition and conquest, projects which were realized when first England contrived to regain an ally on the continent. From my knowledge of his character I do not think I put forth a false supposition in saying that he hastened, by dark maneuvers, the moment which was to furnish a pretext for a continental war. A sovereign in his situation enjoyed immense advantages; restrained by no fears of alienating the self-love, nor trammeled by the interests of another power, he fashioned all to submission, giving to his natural desire of superiority a greater amplitude in proportion as he beheld his rank likely to be contested. In this state of things, Bonaparte, who, as perhaps I did wrong in telling before now, never entertained a serious thought of attempting a descent upon England, converted that ostensible object into a pretext for concentrating imposing forces upon a single point, and completing the enthusiastic attachment of an already devoted army.

Thus, at one and the same time, he attained two important measures, keeping in a state of alarm the rival whom he could not otherwise reach, and of lulling into total security the only power which might still have dared to oppose obstacles to his ambition. Thus Bonaparte played the world against itself, admitting no one into his confidence—not even his ministers; and such a combination might alone obtain for him, in my estimation, the palm among the politicians of modern times.

Napoleon undoubtedly loved France, but he loved her as a means; she was in his eyes but a pedestal upon which to erect his own proper greatness. To effect this erection, his ambition being now satisfied, war had become indispensable. The title of Emperor established him upon the throne as the founder of a new dynasty, thus giving him a stability which he affected till then not to have possessed; and his natural audacity proportionably increased. From Fouché himself I learned a very remarkable circumstance in support of what has just been stated:

Louis XVIII., being then at Warsaw, was speedily informed of Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial dignity. More faithful to his rights than the other sovereigns were to his misfortunes, he addressed to them a protest against the usurpation of his throne. Fouché, having

obtained the earliest information of this paper, went immediately to communicate the news to the Emperor. "Copies will doubtless be sent in great numbers to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and dispersed among the enemies of government," said the minister, "and I thought it my duty to hasten to inform your majesty that you might give orders to Regnier and Real to prevent their circulation, which cannot but produce a bad effect."—"You may judge," continued Fouché, "what was my surprise, you who know how much the mere name of the Bourbons disquieted and alarmed him. He took the copy of the declaration which I had procured, read it, and, on returning the paper, said to me—'Ah! ah! the Count de Lille is at his old pranks! Eh, well! all in very good time. My right is in the will of France; and while I have a sword I shall be able to maintain that right. It is proper the Bourbons should know that I fear them not—they may then rest in peace. So you tell me the old women of the Fauxbourg St. Germain are to take copies and hawk about this production of the Count de Lille—eh? In Heaven's name let them read it at their ease. Fouché, send that to the *Moniteur*; let it appear there to-morrow.'" This occurred on the 30th June. On the morrow did in fact appear the protestation of Louis XVIII., dated June 6th, as follows:—

"In assuming the title of Emperor, by desiring to render it hereditary in his family, Bonaparte has contrived to put the seal to his usurpation. This new act of a revolution, in which all from the commencement has been null, doubtless cannot invalidate my claims. But, accountable for my conduct to all sovereigns, whose rights are not less threatened than mine, and all whose thrones are shaken by the same dangerous principles which the Senate of Paris has dared to publish; accountable to France, to my family and to mine own honor—I conceive I should betray the common cause in keeping silence on this occasion. I declare then, having, as opportunity served, renewed my protestations against all those illegal acts, which, since the opening of the States General in France, have brought her to the frightful crisis wherein both France and Europe now find themselves plunged; I declare, in presence of all sovereigns, that, far from acknowledging the imperial title which Bonaparte has just caused to be conferred upon himself, by a body which has not even a legal existence (the Senate), I protest against that title and against all the subsequent acts to which it may give rise."*

* There was little to be feared from the publication of this injudicious document, which most unskillfully identifies Bonaparte with the national acts. These should carefully have been kept apart.—*Translator.*

Fouché cared exceedingly little whether the above circulated or not in Paris; he wished merely, on this as on former occasions, to convince the Emperor that he had better information than Regnier on what was going forward; and Napoleon held one proof more of the grand judge's incapacity in matters of police. Fouché had not long to tarry for his reward. Ten days after the publication of the protest the Emperor wrote in very flattering terms to Regnier, announcing that, anxious to have the advantage of his undivided cares in the justiciary department, he had re-established a separate general police, and "praying God to have him in His holy keeping—21st Messidor, year XII., at St. Cloud." This note, by the manner of gilding the pill to Regnier, puts one in mind of that written to Berthier, depriving him of the ministry and conferring the illusory command of the army of reserve. The conclusion presents an example of new progress in ancient forms; but does not "holy keeping!" contrast strangely with "21st Messidor, year XII.!" The letter generally, too, belongs to the system pursued by Napoleon in treating with external respect his functionaries, in order to impress subordinate agents with becoming deference; but, God knows, he indemnified himself, when in private he treated them with such liberality to fool, sot, imbecile, and other such appellations!"

The false direction which Regnier had allowed the affair of Georges to take in its principle was the first cause which induced Bonaparte to re-establish the ministry of police and to restore it to him who had contrived, by monstrous accumulation of iniquities, to impress the necessity of recalling him to office. I am certain, also, the Emperor was greatly swayed by the consideration that a future war might oblige him to pass beyond the frontiers; and looking upon Fouché as abler than any other to maintain public tranquillity in France, he found also, in his deeper implication in past measures, greater reason for trusting that he would watch carefully every plot which might be hatched in favor of the Bourbons. The truth is, that the ability of Fouché, as chief of police, had become, as it were, proverbial; but I have proof that all the praises lavished on this account were ridiculously exaggerated; spread abroad by interest, they were repeated through folly. In my opinion, and that opinion is not founded upon simple presumptions, Fouché has always betrayed the parties to which he had professed attachment, whenever interest, his sole guide through life, counseled him so to do.

From the moment that Bonaparte launched the last stroke against the republic, which had, in fact, been but a shade after the 19th Bru-

maire, it became easy to foresee that the Bourbons would one day re-ascend the throne of their ancestors. This anticipation had, perhaps, not a little influenced the smallness of the number of opponents to the Empire as compared with the adverse votes on the establishment of the Consulate for life. That step, of all others the most important for the Bourbons—the re-erection of the throne—was already accomplished, and there, too, lay the main difficulty. Bonaparte undertook to remove this stumbling-block; and, as if by the waving of a magic wand, called forth, in the twinkling of an eye, the olden reign and its antiquated usages, which all had believed buried beneath the ruins whelmed upon it by the Revolution. Distinctions of rank, orders, titles, noblesse, decorations, and all the rattles of vanity; in short, all those absurd baubles which the vulgar are taught to regard as the indispensable attributes of royalty, started up anew. From that hour, in which it became no longer a question respecting the forms of government, but concerning the persons who should administer; when the ancient denominations were restored; when the men of the Revolution had themselves trenched upon the desecrated soil—there no longer remained a doubt that when the opportunity occurred (and the chances of this were very numerous) the majority of the nation would prefer the ancient royal house, to which it owed its civilization, its grandeur and its power, and under which the kingdom had attained to such a pitch of glory and prosperity. The nation, governed by laws in harmony with its rights and its wants, and which established in the state a real political liberty, would necessarily prefer the descendants of the great Henry to those of any other family—especially to a soldier of fortune who had sullied the glorious and restorative epoch of Brumaire by the assassination of a young prince of the royal blood, and who, to mount the throne, had associated himself with regicides and with the horror which they inspired.

Besides, there was a consideration of yet greater moment—upon what base had he founded the empire? Upon immense glory, doubtless, but not upon institutions. The evanescent illusions of glory vanish away: upon what foundation, then, was the empire to repose?

It presented not one of the least contradictions of Napoleon's policy to preserve, as the commencement of the imperial epoch, the *fête* of the 14th July. This was not precisely the festival of the republic, but it recalled two grand remembrances—the taking of the Bastile, a day of fear; and the First Federation, an era of unreflecting enthusiasm. The 14th falling on a Saturday, the Emperor ordered that the solemnity should be celebrated on the morrow, because it was a Sunday. This

reminds me of a saying of Bonaparte in reference to the concordat—"What occasions most uneasiness," said he, "if I should establish the Catholic worship, is that immense superfluity of holydays which it enjoins. These saints' days are days consecrated to idleness, and I want none of that; the people require their labor in order to live; I consent to four days in the year, but not one more; if the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with these they may trudge." The loss of time appeared to him so great a calamity that he scarcely ever failed to unite an indispensable solemnity to some day already devoted to sacred purposes.

On Sunday, the 15th July, then, the Emperor had occasion to exhibit, for the first time, to the eyes of the Parisians, all the splendor of imperial pomp. As the commencement the members of the Legion of Honor, present in Paris, took the oath, conformably to the new formula. For the first time there now appeared, so to speak, two distinct cortéges; the Emperor's and that of the Empress. When Bonaparte took possession of the Tuileries he alone had been surrounded with the scanty appurtenances of grandeur permitted by infant luxury; and Madame Bonaparte, nothing more than the First Consul's wife, modestly conveyed herself thither, without parade and without attendance, and took her station, as already noticed, at one of the windows in the apartments of the Second Consul. But times had greatly altered. Here was now the imperial procession of the Empress' in carriages which traversed the gardens of the Tuileries, until then exclusively reserved for the public; next appeared the military cavalcade of the Emperor, who desired to show himself on horseback, surrounded by his chosen generals, become marshals of the empire. M. de Segur had, by this, been appointed grand master of the ceremonies, and consequently took charge of the maneuvers of etiquette. Conjointly with the governor he received the Emperor at the entrance of the Hôtel of the Invalids. They, in like manner, conducted the Empress to a seat prepared for her, fronting the imperial throne, which Napoleon occupied alone, on the right of the altar. I was present, spite of my repugnance to witness these brilliant juggleries; but, as Duroc had called upon me two days before with tickets of admission to a particular station, I dared not dispense with going lest the searching eye of Bonaparte should detect my absence, if Duroc had acted by his order.

I enjoyed my position, for at least an hour, in observing the haughty demeanor, sometimes indeed not a little ludicrously overacted, of these new grandees of the empire; I could mark all the evolutions of the

clergy, who, with Cardinal Belloy at their head, went to receive the Emperor on his entrance into the church, no longer, as formerly, the temple of Mars. What strange reflections shot across my mind while beholding mine ancient comrade of Brienne seated on an elevated throne, surrounded by the colonel-generals of his guard, the grand dignitaries of his crown, his ministers and marshals! Involuntarily my cogitations reverted to the 19th Brumaire; and this majestic pomp vanished away when I thought of Bonaparte's stammering to such a degree that I was obliged to pull him by the coat to warn him to withdraw. It was neither a spirit of enmity nor of jealousy which awakened these reflections; in no circumstance of our career would I ever have exchanged situations; but whoever has reflected—whoever has been present at the unexpected elevation of one formerly but barely on a footing of equality, will probably conceive the strangely mingled nature of those emotions with which, for the first time, I was assailed on this occasion.

From this train of thought I was aroused by a movement throughout the vast interior, on the termination of the religious ceremony; the church then resumed, in some sort, the appearance of a profane temple. The auditory were more attached to the Emperor than to the God of the Christians; and their fervor, therefore, equaled not their enthusiasm. Mass had been listened to with indifference; but when M. de Lacepede, grand chancellor of the order, after pronouncing a laudatory harangue, finished by summoning the grand officers of the Legion of Honor, Bonaparte assumed his hat, as did the ancient kings of France when they held a court of Justice—a profound silence, a kind of religious awe pervaded the assembly. He stammered not then, as at the Council of Five Hundred, while announcing with a firm voice, "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers! You swear upon your honor to devote yourselves to the service of the empire; to the preservation of its territory in full integrity; to the defense of the Emperor, of the laws of the republic, and of the rights which these have consecrated; to combat, by all means which justice, reason and the laws authorize, every enterprise which shall tend to re-establish the feudal system;—in fine, you swear to aid, with all your power, in the maintenance of liberty and equality, the prime basis of our institutions! Do you swear this?"

All the members of the Legion cried aloud, "This I swear!" adding the exclamation, "Long live the Emperor!" with an enthusiasm impossible to describe, and in which the whole audience united. Yet what, after all, was this new oath? With few changes, that of the

Legion of Honor under the Consulate, with this exception, that the "Emperor" now took precedence of the "laws of the republic," and that such change was not merely a form. It was, besides, not a little amusing or even audacious to dictate an oath for the maintenance of equality at the very moment when so many of the titles and distinctions of monarchy had just been re-established.

Three days after this ceremony, as had been announced by the Emperor at its close, he set out for the camp at Boulogne, in order to distribute the decoration of the order among the members in the grand army there assembled. Availing myself of her invitation, I went to visit Josephine at St. Cloud, some days after Napoleon's departure. My visit was not expected: I found the Empress engaged with four or five ladies of the court, who were soon to take the titles of ladies of honor and ladies in waiting. The fair assembly, on my entrance, which immediately succeeded my announcement, seemed everyone occupied with some of those brilliant gewgaws which the jeweler Leroi and the famous milliner Despeaux furnished at such enormous prices. For of whatever painful reflections Josephine might be the victim, she was too much a woman not to contrive, even amid her sorrows, always to have some moments to spare for the affairs of the toilet.* On this occasion the party was in deep divan upon the question of the dresses to be worn by the Empress in her tour through Belgium with Napoleon, whom she had appointed to meet at the Castle of Laeken near Brussels. Notwithstanding the importance of discussions on the cut of sleeves, the shape of hats, and the color of gowns, Josephine received me as usual, that is to say, in the most gracious manner; but, not being able to converse with me, said, quite simply, though in such a way that I might understand the hint as an invitation, that she intended passing to-morrow forenoon at Malmaison. I soon after took leave; and about midday on the morrow presented myself in that delicious retreat, which I could never behold without emotion; for there not a walk, scarcely a tree, was without its appropriate associations: all teemed with recollections of former confidential intercourse; but how different the times since I had assisted Bonaparte to calculate the rents!

Madame Bonaparte was walking in the garden with her favorite companion, Madame de Rémusat, the daughter of Vergennes, the minister of Louis XVI., in whose service, though his talents may, neither his honor, probity, nor devotion can be disputed. These ladies

* Was this not one of the secrets of her power over her husband; a secret which every married woman should treasure up, though her practice ought to be less expensive?

I met at the turning of the alley leading to Ruel. I paid my respects to Josephine, inquiring at the same time for his Majesty; and never shall I cease to remember with what touching expression she said, "Ah! Bourrienne, for Heaven's sake allow me, at least here, to forget that I am Empress! be always our friend." As Josephine had nothing to conceal from her companion, with the exception of certain domestic afflictions, of which most probably I was the sole confidant, we talked as if without witnesses. As may be supposed, too, we spoke of him who was the sole object of Josephine's thoughts. With her the habit had become so rooted that she most frequently said *he*, and I need not explain that *he* implied Bonaparte.

After speaking of the journey into Belgium which she contemplated, Josephine continued—"How much is it to be regretted, Bourrienne, that the past cannot be recalled! He set out in the best disposition; he has granted several pardons to the conspirators, and I beheld him for the moment gratified by the good which he had it in his power to perform; and but for these wretched politics I am certain he would have extended favor to a still greater number. Recent events have been to me the cause of much sorrow; but I constrained myself to conceal my griefs because I have remarked that they displease him and render him only the more gloomy. Now, in the midst of his army, he will forget everything else. How great has been my affliction that I could not succeed in all the applications made through my means! The excellent Madame de Montesson came all the way from Romanville to St. Cloud to intercede for De Rivière and the Polignacs. We contrived that Madame de Polignac should obtain an audience. How very beautiful she is! Bonaparte was much affected on seeing her and said, 'Madame, since it was only my own life which your husband would have attempted, I can pardon him.' You, who know *him*, Bourrienne —you are aware that *he* is not a bad man; it is his counselors and his sycophants that induce him to commit villainous actions. Rapp conducted himself in the best possible manner: he went to the Emperor, and would not be refused till he had obtained the pardon of another of the condemned, whose name has escaped me. [Rusillon, I believe, the Empress here meant.] How these brothers Polignac interested me! There are at least some families who owe *him* gratitude! Let us endeavor as far as we can to forget the past; the future has sufficient of its own inquietudes for me! Be assured, my dear Bourrienne, I shall not fail during our tour in Belgium to quicken the good intentions which I know him to entertain towards you; so soon as I certainly learn anything, I will let you know. Adieu!"

On the departure of the Emperor it was generally credited at Paris that the distribution of the decorations of the Legion of Honor formed but a pretext, and that now was to be realized the grand project of a descent on England. This seemed natural from the extent of preparation, both by sea and land, along the coast, from Etaples to Ostend. The visit was, in fact, only a pretext—to excite still higher the enthusiastic attachment of the army; but the blow was to be struck in a different quarter.

Davoust had under his orders the camps at Dunkirk and Ostend; Ney commanded those of Calais and Montreuil; the general camp at Boulogne was superintended by Soult; Oudinot had replaced Marmont at St. Omer, and Marmont commanded the detachment of the army cantoned on the frontiers of Holland, as also the Dutch marine, destined in appearance for the transport of the French troops. This consisted of 500 sail under the orders of Admiral Verhuell; while in the single port of Boulogne were collected not less than 800 or 900 vessels, without reckoning those assembled in the ports of Etaples, Dunkirk, Vimereux and Ambleteuse. The English had united imposing forces in the Channel and watched the French convoys, who defended themselves when attacked with an intrepidity doubled by the presence of Bonaparte at Boulogne.

In constructing the Emperor's tent near a ruined tower some traces of a Roman camp were discovered; this circumstance changed the name of the ruin from the Tower of Ordre to the Tower of Cæsar, and was hailed by the army as a prognostic that Napoleon, like Cæsar, would subdue Britain. In like manner some coins of William the Conqueror, found in other excavations and probably placed there on purpose, could not fail of affording to the most incredulous the same demonstration. Not far from this new Tower of Cæsar, in a vast plain, were assembled 25,000 men from the camps of Boulogne and Montreuil, in order to give greater solemnity to the distribution of the crosses of honor. This plain I had formerly seen with Bonaparte, in our first visit to the coast, prior to the Egyptian expedition. It was a natural amphitheater, with a circular eminence in the center. This elevation became the imperial throne whence, surrounded by a numerous and most brilliant staff, the Emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the same oath as at Paris, to the regiments, which, like rays from a center of glory, were drawn up diverging from this station. The ceremony became the signal for one universal acclaim; and Rapp, speaking of this occurrence, told me that never had he seen the Emperor more pleased. How could he be otherwise? the very elements on that day

seemed to obey him. A sudden storm arose and apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the flotilla: he hastened to the port, and, as if by magic, the storm ceased. He returned to the camp, resumed the military games, and in the evening an immense firework was displayed, which threw its column of light so high as to be distinctly perceived from the English shore.

He caressed, as it were, his soldiers, passing every day from six in the morning till twelve in reviews, and devoting the rest of his time to superintending the public works. During these reviews he was in the habit of inquiring of the officers, and even soldiers, where they had fought; and if they had received severe wounds he gave them the cross. This reminds me of a proper opportunity to relate a singular quackery to which the Emperor had recourse, and which contributed most powerfully to inflame the enthusiasm of the troops—"Go," he would say to one of his aides-de-camp, "and learn from the colonel of such a regiment, if he has in his corps a man who has served in the campaigns of Italy or Egypt; inform yourself of his name, country, family, and of the actions in which he has served; you will ascertain also his number in the rank and his company—and bring me word." The day of the review arrived; at one glance Bonaparte singled out his man—went up, as if he had recognized him, calling him by name—"Ah! ah! so you are here; you are a brave fellow; you proved that at Aboukir. How is the old man your father? What! have you not got the cross? Hold, there is one for you." Then the enchanted soldiers would say to each other, "The Emperor knows our families—he knows us all—he does not forget what we have done." What a means was this by which to work up the soldiers to the persuasion that they might one day become marshals of the empire."

Lauriston, among other anecdotes of the visit to Boulogne, related one of the intrepidity of two English sailors, which seems to have made a very strong impression upon the Emperor, for he has mentioned it again at St. Helena. These two men had been prisoners at Verdun, whence they had escaped; and, notwithstanding the extreme vigilance with which the English were watched, had contrived to reach Boulogne. Here they remained for some time without money, and without the means of getting away; for they found it impossible to procure a boat, so scrupulously were the least embarkations examined. Our two sailors constructed, with their own hands, a kind of cockboat, with bits of wood, which were joined together not so badly, considering they had no other instruments than their knives. This frail vessel they covered on the outside with sailcloth drawn over the bottom. It was only between

three and four feet wide—not much longer; and so light that a man could easily carry the whole on his back. To what will not the love of home and the love of freedom animate! Sure of being shot if discovered, almost equally sure of being drowned should they put to sea, they nevertheless hazarded the attempt of passing the Channel in their slight bark. Having descried an English frigate in the offing the fearless seamen launched their skiff and pushed after her. Scarcely had they advanced a quarter of a mile when they were perceived by the custom-house officers, who immediately gave chase, took, and brought them back, without their being able to offer the slightest resistance. This incident quickly spread through the camp, where its incredible daring became the subject of general remark. The report reached the Emperor; he desired to see the adventurers; and they were brought, with their little vessel, into his presence. Napoleon, whose imagination was captivated by whatever appeared extraordinary, could not conceal his astonishment at so bold a design with such feeble means of execution. "Is it really true," demanded he of the men, "that you could have thought of crossing the sea in such a thing as this?"—"Ay, sire," replied they; "give us permission, and you shall soon see us depart."—"I will give permission; you are bold and enterprising, and I admire courage wherever it is found; but I will not let you expose your lives—you are free; farthermore, I shall give orders to conduct you on board an English ship. On returning to your native land, say how highly I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies."—"These poor fellows," continued Rapp, my informant, who, with Duroc, Lauriston, and others, was present, "remained speechless with joyful surprise at the generosity of the Emperor. Had they not been presented to him, they were just going to be shot, instead of which he gave them liberty, and presented each with several gold pieces."

Bonaparte, more than any other man, entertained a passion for contrasts and reconciling inconsistencies. He delighted, above everything, from his easy chair at St. Cloud to direct the affairs of war, and to dictate, from the camp, decrees relative to the civil administration. Thus, amidst the warlike labors at Boulogne he founded the decennial prizes, which he decreed should be distributed five years from that date, on the 18th Brumaire—an innocent politeness this towards the defunct republic; and a seeming extension of the republican calendar. All these were little means, but great instruments in Bonaparte's theory of deceiving men. From this place, too, and at the same time, emanated from his own will and pleasure an order which destroyed the noblest institution of the republic—the Polytechnic School—by converting it

into a military seminary. He knew that in the sanctuary of lofty study there reigned a spirit of republican liberty; and, in giving the same military tone to all colleges, academies, or institutions of public instruction, he in like manner ruined their utility, while he deprived them of freedom, by rendering them dependent on government.

At Boulogne, too, the pacific Joseph found himself transformed into a man of war and invested with the command of a regiment of dragoons. This arrangement furnished matter of ridicule to many of the generals; and I remember Lannes saying to me one day, with his usual frankness and downright energy, "Let him not place the scamp under my orders, for, by Jupiter, on the first blunder I shall place him under arrest."

The Emperor's journey lasted three months. From Boulogne, leaving all astonished that the descent had not taken place, he set out for Lacken, where the château had been fitted up with great magnificence: and here the Empress joined him; thence he continued his progress along the Rhine by Cologne, Coblentz and Mayence. During his abode in the last mentioned city the first attempt was made towards negotiations for the journey of the Pope to Paris, in order to consecrate the new Emperor, and consolidate his power by the sanction of the Church. Caffarelli was charged with this mission; and, as a preparatory step, the eagle of the Legion of Honor had been sent to Caprara, with a letter written by the grand chancellor of the order, informing the cardinal-legate that he was the first foreigner invested with such insignia. Heaven knows to what extent in the sequel Napoleon exchanged the order with foreign sovereigns, princes and their ministers, in the intervals when not engaged in exchanging cannon balls with them.

In October the Emperor returned to St. Cloud. I might have added much to the facts now given of the journey, but should only repeat enthusiasm, which was sometimes real and sometimes affected. I cannot, however, omit the famous compliment of the prefect of Arras, who, in one of his harangues, said, "God made Bonaparte and rested!" This gave occasion to Louis, Count de Narbonne, to remark, "God had better have rested a little sooner!" But the Count de Narbonne had not yet been won over to the ranks of the imperial courtiers.

I have previously spoken of the intrigues of Drake, and I now remark that about this epoch, the commencement of October, the subject came before the British Parliament, when the chancellor of the exchequer disavowed the proceedings of the English envoy at Munich. The chancellor affirmed that no instructions had been given to any

individual whatsoever to act in a manner contrary to the rights of nations; that neither he, nor any of his colleagues, had ever authorized a conduct which could compromise the honor of England or put humanity to the blush.

It is my duty also to state, because I possess proof of the fact, that all the correspondence which scandalized honorable men was the result of odious intrigues. Nothing of the kind would ever have occurred but for the perfidious suggestions of the secret agents of the police, of whom Mehee de la Touche, a name disgracefully celebrated in the annals of espionage, was the chief. In support of this assertion I may be permitted to state that, in the course of six years, passed in Hamburg as minister of France, I found myself placed in a situation to know every thing and every person connected with these affairs. I can, then, affirm that neither in the exercise of my public functions nor in my private relations did I once see cause to admit a suspicion that the English government ever gave countenance to one of those plots which dishonor equally those who contrive and those who with money encourage them. I am assuredly not here the apologist of England; but I am the advocate of truth. The English had recourse to all the means authorized by policy and diplomatic practice in order to combat a vast and ambitious genius, placed by fortune and glory at the head of a powerful and brave nation, and concealing but indifferently his designs on the Continent; to the force of his armies they opposed the force of gold, and the weight of their subsidies drew to their alliance vacillating cabinets. These negotiations doubtless gave rise to secret intrigues, which morality would justly condemn in the intercourse of man with man, but which necessity and usage have nevertheless admitted in the relations of government with government. The interest of a country ought to be the first law of every legislature; and the English ministry would have been wanting in their duty had they not endeavored to oppose every obstacle to the spread of Bonaparte's ambition. That interest was the constant guide in the policy of Louis XIV.; and the historians of that great monarch have not made it matter of reproach that he was the first to acknowledge the Protectorate; yet Cromwell was stained with the blood of Charles I., the son-in-law of Henry IV. Besides, the policy of Napoleon was much more opposed to the rights of nations than that of England. Not only had we seen him violate the territory of Baden, and carry off therefrom a young prince of France; we had not only seen him retain as prisoners private individuals whom the confidence of peace had drawn within his reach;

but at the very moment while the Parliament of England discussed the question of Drake's correspondence, on 25th October, 1804, in virtue of an order from Napoleon, a detachment of French troops passed the Elbe from Hanover, violated the independent territory of the republic of Hamburg, and made themselves masters of the person of the English ministers M. Rumbold, while residing in his country house near that city, forcing him to return to England by demanding a promise that he would not re-enter Hamburg. Were such acts calculated to inspire confidence, or did they give a right to be scrupulous as to the conduct of others?

My whole intercourse with the English confirms me in the opinion that the profound hatred cherished by Bonaparte against them, the constancy of their opposition, and the blind credulity of the multitude, have originated a crowd of accusations having no foundation in truth and which merit not the slightest examination.

CHAPTER III.

ARMY CONTRACTORS — NAPOLEON AND MADAME DE STAEL — MISSION TO ROME — COMPLAISANCE OF THE POPE — NAPOLEON'S RELIGION — ANECDOTES OF THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR — PIUS VII. IN PARIS — CORONATION — ANECDOTES — OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS BY THE EMPEROR — IMPORTANT INTERVIEW AND CONVERSATION — BOURRIENNE'S APPOINTMENT — AFFAIRS OF ITALY — CORONATION AT MILAN.

England was never more the dupe of Bonaparte than during the encampment at Boulogne. Believing in the attempt of a descent, she exhausted herself in providing the means of a defense round her whole coast, lest she might be taken at any point unprovided. Such are the advantages possessed by the party acting on the offensive. But, though keeping herself on the defensive, she attempted several acts of hostility through the superiority of her marine and command of the sea. Fortune, however, seemed inclined to protect the arms of Napoleon; at least these attacks did us little injury; and, in spite of the rockets and infernal machines of Admiral Keith, which were reported to have wholly destroyed our flotilla, the English, in their enterprises, lost as many men as we did.

But Napoleon, then in the vigor of his genius and activity, had always his eyes fixed far from those things which surrounded him, and upon which his attention seemed to be bent. Thus, during the preced-

ing journey, the object of which was to organize the territories on the Rhine, he sent out two squadrons, one from Toulon, under Villeneuve, the other from Rochefort, commanded by Messiessy. With the operations of these armaments I have little to do; but the orders thus given obtained me an opportunity of seeing Lauriston, who, dispatched by the Emperor, whom he accompanied in his progress, to assume the command of the troops in the squadron of Villeneuve, passed some days with me in Paris. I loved Lauriston very much, and we naturally held long conversations on the manner the Emperor passed his time. "You cannot have an idea," said Lauriston to me, "of his vast activity, nor of the species of enchantment which his presence produces upon the troops. But, more than ever, is he enraged against the contractors, and has been very severe upon some." This gave me no surprise; I knew, of old, Bonaparte's sentiments on this point: he used to term these agents the "scourge and leprosy of armies;" asseverating that he never would raise one of them to honors, and that their aristocracy was to him the most insufferable of all. They were now no longer important personages: he not unfrequently proceeded with them in much the same sort of way as with the Beys of Egypt. When a contractor had become too rich, or when the origin of his fortune rendered him suspected, he was ordered to give in a report. Upon this Bonaparte decided, in an arbitrary manner, whether prosecution was to be employed; in which case he wrote under the report, "Remit to the minister of justice, who will take care to have the laws put in force." I ought, at the same time, to state that one circumstance tended greatly to confirm Napoleon in this bad opinion of contractors, namely, that, in most cases, on being informed of the above, or similar marginal reference touching them, the hint sufficed to bring them to an arrangement with the treasury—to speak plainly, to disgorge two or three millions, under the title of a restitution. But, unfortunately, Bonaparte, extreme in all things, made no exceptions; and some men of probity, as Collot and Carbonnet, were thus nearly ruined.

Lauriston was the best informed of all Napoleon's aides-de-camp, and with him the latter generally conversed on literary subjects. He had then left the Emperor and Empress at Aix-la-Chapelle; but at Lacken, when on duty one day, as he informed me, Bonaparte sent for him after the Empress had retired to her apartment and talked of the decennial prizes; of a tragedy by Carion de Nisas, called "Peter the Great;" and of a new novel by Madame de Stael. "On this authoress," continued Lauriston, "and on her 'Delphini,' the Emperor made several remarkable observations; among others, 'I dislike masculine women

as much as I despise effeminate men. All to their own parts in the world. What means this vagrancy of imagination?—what remains of it? Nothing. It is all the metaphysics of sentiment—a disorder of the fancy. I cannot endure that woman, just because I detest women who throw themselves at my head—who make a dead set at one; and, God knows, her flatteries were broad enough in all conscience.'" I gave the more credit to these words, as reported by Lauriston, that they squared with my recollections of the manner in which Bonaparte had often spoken to myself of Madame de Stael; and that I had, besides, frequently witnessed her advances to the First Consul and even to the Commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. Bonaparte had heard of Madame de Stael only as being the daughter of M. Necker—a man for whom he entertained very small esteem. The lady, too, knew nothing of him as yet, save from the reports of fame concerning the youthful conqueror of Italy, when she addressed him in letters full of enthusiasm. Of these Bonaparte would read aloud to me some snatches, then burst out a-laughing and say, "Can you conceive, Bourrienne, such extravagance?—the woman is certainly mad." I recollect in one of these letters Madame de Stael, among other things, said they had been created for each other; that, through an error in human institutions the mild and peaceful Josephine had been united with his fate; that nature seemed to have destined a soul of fire like hers for the adoration of a hero like him. All these extravagances disgusted Bonaparte to an indescribable degree. On finishing the perusal of these fine epistles he either threw them into the fire or rumpled them up and tore them with marked displeasure, observing to me—"Truly, indeed! a female wit, a manufacturer of sentiment, compare herself to Josephine! Bourrienne, I will not condescend a reply to such letters!"

At the same time I witnessed what the perseverance of a woman of spirit can accomplish. In spite of Bonaparte's prepossessions against Madame de Stael, and which were never removed, she contrived to get introduced to his circles; and, if anything could have disgusted him with flattery, it would have been the admiration, or, to speak more correctly, the species of worship, which she lavished upon him. She compared him to a god descended upon the earth—a simile which, somewhat later, seemed to me exclusively reserved for the use of the priests. Unfortunately, however, it appeared that no god could please Madame de Stael save Plutus; for, in military phrase, under cover of her eulogiums, she threw forward a claim of 2,000,000, due, as she pretended, to the good and loyal services of her father. Bonaparte, on this occasion, replied that, whatever value he might attach to the suffrages of

Madame de Stael, he did not think himself authorized to purchase them at so dear a rate with the money of the state. It is well known how the enthusiasm of this celebrated woman changed into hatred, and by what annoyances, unworthy of himself, Napoleon harassed her, even in retirement at Copet. With these things I have nothing to do; since the circumstances reached me, as they did the public, by report: but of the early intercourse of Bonaparte and De Stael I have now related what I know to be facts and coming within the sphere of my personal knowledge.

The mission of Caffarelli, who had been dispatched to feel the pulse of pontifical compliance, and endeavor to induce the Holy Father to come to Paris and crown the Emperor, was successful. Caffarelli, whom I knew intimately, bore a striking resemblance to his brother, the general, who died in Egypt. He possessed the same delicate tact, the same pleasant humor and pliancy of character. But, in truth, there existed, from the first, little doubt of the Pope's determination. Since the concordat, the best dispositions had reigned between the courts of Rome and Paris; nor could Pius VII. have forgotten how much the success of the French arms in Italy had contributed to his own elevation. His election, in fact, had been so opposite to the wishes of the Aulic Council, that, the conclave having been held in Venice, Austria refused to the successor of St. Peter a passage through her Italian states, and Pius was obliged to embark for Ancona. I shall hereafter speak of Bonaparte's ulterior conduct to the Head of the Church. His religious ideas have been already described, as consisting rather in a species of instinctive sentiment than as being the result of a belief grounded on reason and reflection. Still he attached much importance to the power of the church; not that he feared it, far less could it have entered his head that a sovereign, wearing a crown and a sword, should kneel to a priest of Rome, or lower the scepter to keys, nicknamed of St. Peter. His was a mind far too masculine and too great for all this. But the alliance of the church with his authority he deemed a happy influence by which to work upon the opinion of the people; and as one tie more for insuring the irattachment to a government thus legitimated by the solemn sanctions of religion. On concluding the concordat he had said, "I leave the generals of the Republic to cry out, as much as likes them, against the mass; but I know what I am about; I labor for the future." He was right, and now reaped the fruits of his own foresight.

As to the church, in placing upon the head of Napoleon the right of seniority which had been prudently conceded to the kings of France,

she only renewed the action of Stephen III., when, nearly eleven centuries before, he came to consecrate, in France, Pepin the Short and his sons. Probably, too, the Romish clergy—good, easy men—were beholding in their visions a return of those golden days of the people's ignorance and the church's power, when kings were her vassals and she enjoyed the monopoly of both worlds. At least, I recollect to have heard the Cardinal de Bayanne assert a very general sentiment among his cloth that the consecration of Napoleon was an event extremely favorable to the power of the Papal See, since it proved that none other save the Pope could give a legitimate right to the crown of France! I was by no means of the same opinion with his Eminence; but certain it is, that the consecration of Napoleon removed much of the religious scrupulosity entertained by those honest people who conceived themselves still bound to the Most Christian King. Even in England, though no longer connected with the Romish Church, the arrival of the Pope in Paris produced perhaps a greater sensation than elsewhere; and I subsequently learned that the Cabinet of St. James's and Mr. Pitt were greatly moved; so justly did they appreciate the influence of this event in adding weight to the crown of the new sovereign.

When the Emperor understood that the mission to Rome had been successful, of which he was informed while on his progress through the states of the Rhine, he lost no time in returning to St. Cloud, in order to prepare for his coronation. He desired, without delay, to have the scepter of Charlemagne confirmed in his grasp, his right to which had already been acknowledged by all the powers of Europe, with the exception of England. The Emperor of Germany had, at first, shown some hesitation in recognizing the Emperor of the French, waiting to know what part he of Russia would take; but, pressed by the necessity of declaring himself, he sent in his acknowledgment of the Empire, assuming to himself the new title of Emperor of Austria. This determination of Francis, in all probability, was the result of information which could not fail to reach him that Napoleon had been visited, during his progress on the Rhine, by the majority of the Princes of the Holy Empire.

Orders had been given in the meantime that everywhere throughout the French territories the Pope should be received with the highest distinction; and the Emperor himself, accompanied by the Empress, set forward to meet the Holy Father at Fontainebleau. From this chateau, now become, like all others, an imperial palace, and lately most splendidly refurnished, the Emperor advanced on the road to Nemours, when he learned by the couriers the near arrival of Pius VII.

His object in this was to avoid the ceremonial which had been previously settled. Under pretense of the chase he contrived, as if by chance, to be upon the road when the Pope's carriage passed. He dismounted from his horse, and Pius alighted from his traveling carriage. Rapp, who was present, described to me with amusing originality, and in his German accent, this grand interview. I think I still hear the comic recital of this independent Alsacian. "Figure to yourself," said he, "how this singular comedy was played. In order that they might be on a footing of equality the Emperor and the Pope, after properly hugging each other, got into the same vehicle, each by his own door, so as to enter at one and the same time: all this had been arranged. At the entertainment which followed the Emperor had taken his measures so as quite naturally to find himself seated on the Pope's right; and all fell out as he desired. As to the rest," added Rapp, "it must be owned that I have nowhere seen a better looking or more respectable old gentleman than his Holiness."

After this conference at Fontainebleau between the Pope and Napoleon, who, as we have seen, commenced their personal correspondence by the first of Christian Kings taking the precedency of the Head of the Church by a subterfuge, Pius departed first for Paris. All the honors usually given to the Emperor were conferred upon him; and he was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora. By a delicate attention the Pope found his bedchamber arranged and furnished exactly as in his own palace on Monte Cavallo. His Holiness became the object of public respect and of general solicitude. His presence in Paris furnished a singular contrast to the state of that capital, where, only four years before, every altar was still lying prostrate. I wished to see the old man, and had my desire gratified when he visited the imperial printing office, situated where the Bank of France now stands. The director of the establishment caused to be printed, in presence of his Holiness, a volume which was dedicated to him, namely, *The Pater*, in one hundred and fifty different languages.* Upon the occasion of this visit the Pope made the remarkable observation which so well merits preservation. A young man kept his hat on in presence of the Holy Father; some persons, indignant at such gross and ill-placed disrespect, went to pull it off, when the Pope, observing the disturbance, and having learned the cause, approached the young man, and, addressing him in a manner truly patriarchal, said, "Young man, uncover, that I may give

* There is to be seen in the famous establishment of the printer Bodoni, at Parma, the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty-six different idioms; printed, I believe, in emulation of this imperial edition.—*Translator.*

you my blessing; the benediction of age never yet did harm to anyone." I remember well that the greater part of those present were deeply affected by this paternal allocution. Pius VII. possessed a figure which commanded respect; as may be proved even to those who have not seen him, for he yet lives in the admirable portrait from the pencil of David.*

The Pope arrived in Paris on the 28th November; and no time was lost in preparing for the solemnity which had brought him thither. Two days after, that is to say, on the 1st of December, the Senate presented to the Emperor the result of the votes of the people on the question of hereditary succession; and next day the consecration took place. It was pretended that the title of Emperor changed nothing of the republic, and that the succession of this dignity in one family was the only innovation introduced under the empire. On this question, therefore, Napoleon affected to desire the sanction of the people. Throughout the whole of France, then divided into 108 departments, 60,000 registers had been opened. There had voted 3,574,898 individual citizens, of whom only 2,569 had given their voices against hereditary succession. I know that Napoleon caused the list of these opponents to be transmitted to him and frequently consulted it. They were not royalists, but, for the most part, old and stern republicans; and, to my knowledge, many royalists abstained from voting, not wishing uselessly to compromise themselves, yet unwilling to give their support to the author of the Duke d'Enghien's death. As for myself, I gave my vote for the succession in Napoleon's family; my situation, as may be conceived, not permitting me to act otherwise.

From the month of October the Legislative Body had been convoked to assist at the coronation of the Emperor; not only did the Deputies make their appearance, but swarms of the presidents of cantons attended, who occupied, without usurping it, a conspicuous place in the annals of ridicule for the year 1804. They became the subjects of all manner of witticisms and of every species of ludicrous squib. The necessity under which they labored of wearing a sword rendered them truly grotesque. All sorts of anecdotes were placed to their account, just as ten years later they were christened the light horsemen of Louis XIV. Here I cannot resist the desire of inserting just one specimen, which, though probably an invention, appears to me really a capital story. One day a certain number of presidents of cantons had the honor of

* There is but one, we will not say better, but *more* than equal, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, done at Rome, for his late Majesty.—See "Miscellany," vol. xxxix.

being presented to the Pope. As, generally speaking, these functionaries were by no means rich, it became necessary to unite a great spirit of economy with the exigencies of the new etiquette; so, to avoid the expense of coach hire, they agreed to convey themselves to the Pavilion of Flora in gaiters, as a protection to their white silk stockings against the inconvenient attachment of December mud. One of the party, preparatory to the introduction, had stowed away in his pocket these habiliments of the nether man. But, as the story goes, it so happened that his Holiness received his visitors with a very touching address. By this the man of gaiters was so melted that, feeling for his handkerchief to clear his eyes, in the distraction of his emotion, he pulled out his unfortunate overalls, dabbled as they were from the effects of his walk and deliberately begrimed his entire visage. By this mode of reply the president in turn so moved the Pope that the Holy Father, forgetful of his own pathetic oration, could no longer contain himself, but fairly laughed outright.

Should I be reproached for encumbering my pages with such puerility, I shelter myself under the fact of the Emperor's having been so delighted with the anecdote, true or false, that, as I learned from Michot, our old professor of declamation at Malmaison, he made him relate it to the Empress after a private performance at court.

On the 1st of December, when the votes were presented, the Senate, with its president, Francis de Neufchateau, waited upon the Emperor. The president's speech was lengthy, as usual; and, as usual, spared none of the laudatory themes. The harangue, in fact, differed in nothing from those which the same functionary had formerly inflicted, except that the eulogies of the imperial were substituted for the praises of the republican government. It was a *sempre bene*, as the Italians say—a good story, nothing the worse for being repeated. To this long address of his Senate the Emperor replied:

"I ascend the throne to which the unanimous voice of the Senate, the people and the army has called me, with my heart full of the sentiment of the mighty destinies of that nation which, from the midst of camps, I first saluted by the name of great.

"From youth upwards my whole thoughts have been devoted to them; and I owe it to myself now to declare that my pleasure and my pains are this day nothing, save as reflections of the happiness or the griefs of my people.

"My descendants shall long preserve that throne.

"In camps they will be the foremost soldiers of the army, laying down their lives for the defense of their country.

"As magistrates, they will ever bear in mind that contempt of the laws and the confusion of social order can be the result only of the weakness and the wavering of princes.

"You, senators, whose counsel and support have never failed me in the most arduous circumstances—you will transmit your spirit to your successors. Be ever the upholders and the nearest counselors of that throne, so necessary to the welfare of this vast empire." *

The Tribunate waited also upon the Emperor with gratulations, but these were not honored with a reply. Thus Napoleon had attained the height of his avowed ambition; but his ambition spurned limits, as the bounds of the horizon recede before the traveler. It were curious, however, to remark the strange coincidences, separated only by ten years. At Fontainebleau he met the first bishop of the Christian church, who was to consecrate, by the sanctions of religion, his assumption of the imperial crown: there, ten short years afterwards, he took leave of his army, bereft of crown — of empire — of wife and child. The same Senate which now complimented him—"and which had never been wanting in the most arduous circumstances"—then pronounced his forfeiture! But such inferences I leave to history; my humbler province is to trace recollections.

The reader will not expect me to detail the tedious ceremonial of the 2d December, 1804. All the world knows that the Pope repaired first to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, before the Emperor, and that a mule, led in front of the procession, according to the usages of Rome, so excited the laughter of the Parisians, as the Holy Father passed, that the grave pomp of the coronation was not a little scandalized. † It is equally well known that the imperial cortége appeared resplendent with gold, plumes, and rich furniture of the horses; that the costumes dazzled the multitude, and for the first time pages were stuck round the imperial carriage. It is also matter of notoriety that the vast interior was crowded with an audience in full dress and with swords. The Emperor took the crown from the hand of the Pope and placed it himself on his own head. Afterwards he crowned, in like manner, the adorable Josephine, from whose lips I subsequently learned that the day of her coronation was one of the most sorrowful of her

* In the first sentence of this speech there occurs an error in grammar, which seems an original, not a typographical, mistake.—*Translator.*

† "Where the devil will the French not laugh?" said an English traveler. "*Mais oui,*" interrupted a Frenchman, "but who the devil dare laugh at them?"—"I," replied the former; "ha! ha!"—"*Ma foi,*" observed the Gaul, "*ou vous êtes Anglais, ou vous êtes fou!*" (you are either English or mad).—*Translator.*

life. But, leaving all this to the respectable order of chamberlains and masters of the wardrobe, I prefer relating an anecdote little known, referring to this very day of the coronation, which was recounted to me by the Empress herself, and admirably paints the character of Napoleon.

Many years before, at the time when Bonaparte paid his addresses to Madame de Beauharnais, neither of the parties kept a carriage, and the General, who was most deeply enamored of Josephine, often gave her his arm while they made visits to her men of business. On one of these occasions they went together to the notary Raquideau, one of the most remarkably little men I have ever seen. Madame Beauharnais, having great confidence in this *brief-writer*, had gone intentionally on the day in question, for the purpose of informing him of her resolution to take, for better or for worse, the young general of artillery—the protégé of Barras. Josephine alone had entered the cabinet, leaving the General in the office where the clerks wrote. The door of Raquideau's private room having been left ajar, Bonaparte heard him very distinctly using all his endeavors to dissuade his client from the marriage she was about to contract. "You are very wrong," said he, among other things, "and will repent your imprudence; you are going to marry a man who has nothing but *his cloak and his sword*."—"Bonaparte," continued the Empress, after having related the foregoing particulars, "never spoke to me on this subject, nor had I the slightest suspicion that he had overheard the remarks of Raquideau; only think, therefore, Bourrienne, what was my astonishment when, on the day of the coronation, in the imperial robes, he said, 'Call Raquideau; let him come here instantly; I want to speak with him.' Raquideau was quickly brought into his presence, and he then asked him—'Well! now have I nothing but *my cloak and my sword?*'"

The fact is, Bonaparte, who, during the period of our intimacy, had recounted to me all the events of his life as they occurred to his memory, never once mentioned this little rebuff which his vanity had sustained in the notary's office, and which seems to have been forgotten till the day of the coronation.

On the morrow, all the troops then in Paris were assembled in the Champ-de-Mars, and deputations from the different arms of the service attended to assist at the distribution of the eagles which were to replace the republican colors. This spectacle I really enjoyed, for it was truly delightful to see Napoleon, in his uniform of a colonel of the guards, in the midst of his soldiers. An immense platform had been erected in front of the military school, which, though now transferred into a bar-

rack, could not then have failed to recall the singular associations of early youth; behind was to be seen the double throne of the Emperor and Empress. On a signal being given, the whole of the columns moved forward, and in "serried files" surrounded the throne. Napoleon then arose, and pronounced, with a firm voice, the following words:—

"Soldiers! behold your standards! These eagles will ever prove your rallying point; they will always be wherever your Emperor may judge their presence necessary for the defense of his throne, and of his people. You swear to sacrifice your lives to defend them; and by your valor to uphold them constantly in the road to victory. You swear this!"

It is impossible to describe the acclamations which followed these words; and, as there is something seductive in popular enthusiasm, even those unconcerned could not help being carried away by the impulse of the moment. These various spectacles, the continued excitement which they produced, and still more the positive interests of our improving trade, rendered the coronation very popular in the capital, and acquired more partisans to the Emperor than opinion and reflection ever could. For the preceding twelve years the commerce of the interior had not been in so prosperous a condition. These circumstances rendered of little or no avail the "Reclamation" emitted by Louis XVIII. from "the bosom of the Baltic," and dated, by a most singular coincidence, on the 2d December, from Calmar.

Two other events of considerable importance in the politics of Europe took place, also, about the same date, namely, a treaty between Great Britain and Sweden, by a subsidy from the former; and a declaration of war between the same power and Spain. These events were speedily followed by the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806.

In these circumstances the Emperor resolved on profiting by his new honors, which till now he had affected to consider as incomplete, and to make an attempt to blind his enemies to his policy, or to induce an acknowledgment of equality, which, in either case, could not fail to be useful. He wrote to the King of England as follows:—

"Sir, my Brother—Called to the throne of France by Providence, by the suffrages of the Senate, the people, and the army, my first desire is peace. France and England waste their prosperity. They may contend for ages. But do their respective governments fulfill the most sacred of their duties? do they not feel the conscious accusation of so much blood vainly shed, and without even the prospect of a close? I do not conceive that there is dishonor in proposing the first advances.

I believe it has been sufficiently proved to the world that I dread none of the chances of war; besides, it offers nothing which I can fear. Peace is the wish of my heart; but war has never been adverse to my glory. I conjure your majesty not to refuse the happiness of giving peace to the world; bequeath not that grateful satisfaction to your children: for, in truth, never have occurred more favorable circumstances nor a more propitious moment for calming every passion, and listening solely to the sentiment of humanity and of reason. That moment once lost, what term shall be set to a struggle which all my efforts have been unable to terminate? In the space of ten years your majesty has gained more in wealth and territory than the extent of Europe comprehends: your people have attained the height of prosperity. What, then, has your majesty to hope from war? To form a coalition among some powers of the Continent?—The Continent will remain tranquil. A coalition can only increase the preponderance and continental greatness of France. To renew internal troubles?—Times are no longer the same. To destroy our finances?—Resources founded on a prosperous agriculture are never to be destroyed. To deprive France of her colonies?—Colonies are to France but secondary objects; and does not your majesty already possess more than your power can protect? If your majesty will but consider, you must perceive that war is without object or presumable result for your majesty. Alas! what a sad prospect to keep nations in contention merely that they may contend! The world is sufficiently extensive for our two nations to live therein; and reason has sufficient power to discover the means of conciliating all, were both parties animated by the spirit of reconciliation. At all events, I have discharged a sacred duty, and one dear to my heart. Your majesty may rely on the sincerity of the sentiments now expressed and on my desire to afford your majesty every proof of that sincerity."

This letter I can regard in no other light than as a masterpiece of perfidy; for, most assuredly, the Emperor would then have been very sorry to have seen peace re-established between France and England, more especially since the war declared by Spain had placed at his disposal the Spanish fleet, consisting of sixty and odd ships of the line, commanded by Admiral Gravina.

The conduct of England in this conjuncture has always appeared to me not only reprehensible—so accordant with my principles is it that all nations are bound to respect the right of neutral powers—but also a great political blunder. Better instructed concerning the secret

desires of Bonaparte, the English cabinet would probably not have committed so egregious a mistake as to oblige, by unjust aggressions, a neutral state such as Spain to attach itself, by an offensive alliance, to the fortunes of Napoleon. Whatever might have been the deference, or, to speak more correctly, the submission of the cabinet of Madrid to that of the Tuileries, France alone was at war with England, while not one ally, Holland excepted, had made any demonstration of hostility: nothing, therefore, justified or even called for the interference of the British government with Spain. Without any previous declaration of war, Admiral More insisted on the right of searching four Spanish frigates returning from Mexico to Cadiz with treasure. The Spanish commodore resisted these demands, and a combat ensued, in which, after an obstinate resistance against a very superior force, three of the Spanish frigates struck and the fourth blew up. These vexatious violences were not the only injuries sustained from the English cruisers: they burned, even in the very harbors of the Peninsula, the Spanish merchantmen, and intercepted and captured various convoys, while the minister of that court, M. d'Anguada, was still in London, as ambassador from Charles IV. These aggressions, opposed as they were to the independent rights of all nations, irritated to such a degree the King of Spain, or, to speak truly, the too famous Prince of Peace, that a declaration of war followed against England.

Bonaparte, in the midst of a magnificent fête given by the capital, and while his coronation was similarly celebrated throughout France, could feel but little impression from the official note transmitted by Lord Malmesbury to Talleyrand, in answer to the letter addressed to the King of England. This note recognized not the brotherhood which it had pleased Napoleon to claim with his majesty of England without his consent. It began, "His majesty has received the letter addressed to him by the head of the French government;" and went on to state "that nothing was nearer his majesty's heart than the restoration of peace to his people; but that he declined to reply particularly without consulting the continental powers, especially the Emperor of Russia."

The year 1804, as we have seen, had been pregnant with great events. The machinations of the police; the culpable death of a young prince; the criminal prosecution terminating in so many executions of illustrious victims and in some acts of clemency were crowded into the former part: the latter portion had been engrossed by the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne; his journey through the new territories annexed to the empire; and, finally, by an event the most

extraordinary, perhaps, in modern times, because carrying our ideas back to an epoch anterior to the ages of civilization—the arrival of the Pope in France to dispose, in name of the church, of a throne unoccupied but not vacant. The eventful year terminated with the opening of the Legislative Assembly by the new Emperor in person, whose speech on this occasion made a most powerful impression throughout Europe, and even now appears too remarkable to be passed over entirely in silence.

After mounting a magnificent throne, placed where the chair of the president had formerly stood, and the new oath having been administered, Napoleon spoke as follows :—

"Gentlemen, Deputies of Departments to the Legislative Assembly, Tribunes, and Members of my Council of State—I proceed to open this your session. I would thus desire to impress upon your functions a character the most august and imposing. Prince, magistrates, soldiers, citizens, all have, in our respective relations, but one aim—the wellbeing of our country. If this throne, upon which Heaven and the will of the nation have seated me, be dear to my heart, it is because by this alone can be defended and preserved the most sacred interests of the French people. Without a government, strong at once and paternal, France would have to dread a return of the evils which she has suffered. The weakness of the supreme power is the most fearful of all calamities to a people. Soldier or First Consul, I cherished but one thought; Emperor, I have none other—the prosperity of France: I have been so happy as to render her illustrious by victories; to consolidate her power by treaties; to rescue her from civil disorder and prepare the renewal of morals, of society and religion. If death does not surprise me in the midst of my labors, I hope to leave to posterity a remembrance which shall forever serve as an example or a reproach to my successors. It would have afforded me pleasure, on this so solemn occasion, to behold peace reign throughout the world; but the political principles of our enemies, their recent conduct towards Spain, sufficiently expose the difficulty of this. I have no desire to augment the territory of France, but to maintain the integrity of her possessions. I cherish no ambition of exercising in Europe a greater influence, but I will not resign that which I possess. No state shall be incorporated with the empire; but I will not resign my rights nor the ties which connect us with those states which I have created." The rest of this the Emperor's first speech, delivered on the 27th December, was little more than a formula of politeness to the several bodies of the legislature, recommending a

conduct such as they had ever maintained—in other words, submission to the imperial will.

I turn now to matters of personal concern, although relating immediately to Napoleon. I mean my nomination to the office of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the cities of the Hanseatic League, or, generally, to the circle of Lower Saxony.

This nomination took place on the 22d of March, 1805, that day twelve months precisely from my visit to Josephine at Malmaison after the death of the Duke d'Enghien: a singular coincidence of dates. The Empress, always excellent, ever mindful of her friends, had promised, as the reader is aware, to inform me of the Emperor's intentions in my behalf; and accordingly announced my nomination by an express, and that I might expect an order to make my appearance at court. The very day on which I received this kind message from Josephine arrived an official intimation to wait upon the Emperor next morning at Malmaison. I shall not attempt to conceal how much rather I preferred meeting him there than at the Tuileries or even St. Cloud. I had not seen him since our interview and conversation on Moreau; and the splendor of recent events was not calculated to encourage familiarity. The latter had left France; nor did the Emperor put in force that part of the laws relative to the confiscation of property. Moreau was permitted to dispose of his estate of Grosbois, which he sold to Berthier. I shall not have to speak of Moreau again till after his return from America and his second entanglement in those political maneuvers by which he was finally undone. It may easily be imagined that our former intimacies at Malmaison placed me much more at ease during an interview which, from my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, gave me always a little uneasiness. Was I to be received by my old companion of Brienne or by his imperial majesty? It was the ancient college friend who received me.

Immediately on my arrival at Malmaison, I was ushered into the alcoved apartment leading to the library. The devil of a man!—let me be excused the expression—played the coquette in a manner that surprised even me, who knew him so well in his arts of seduction. He came up to me, a smile upon his lips, took my hand, a thing he had never done since the consulate, pressed it affectionately; it was impossible to see in him at this moment the Emperor of France and the future King of Italy. Still I was too much upon my guard against the susceptibilities of his pride to permit my intimacy to exceed the bounds of affectionate respect. "My dear Bourrienne," thus he ad-

dressed me, "surely you do not think that the elevated rank to which I have attained can change me as respects you? No! The trappings of the imperial theater do not constitute my value; but these are necessary for the people. I claim esteem in myself. I have been very well satisfied with your services, and have appointed you to a post where I shall have need of them: I know I can rely upon you." He then inquired about my family and my occupations with the most friendly interest: in short, I never beheld him in a disposition more free, more open, or exhibiting more of that captivating simplicity which he displayed with greater frequency in proportion as his greatness had become unquestionable. "You know," added Napoleon, "that in eight days I set out for Italy; I make myself king thereof; but that is only a stepping-stone: I have greater designs regarding Italy. It must become a kingdom comprising all the transalpine country from Venice to the maritime Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient. It is, however, necessary, in order to accustom the population of Italy to live under common laws. The Genoese, the Piedmontese, the Venetians, the Milanese, the Tuscans, the Romans, and the Neapolitans detest each other. Not one of these would acknowledge the superiority of the other; and yet Rome, by her associations, is the natural capital of Italy. But to accomplish that the power of the Pope must needs be restricted to affairs purely spiritual. I do not think just now of accomplishing all this; but we shall see hereafter: I have as yet only crude ideas, but these will ripen with time; and then everything depends on circumstances. What was it that told me when we were strolling, like two idle fellows as we were, through the streets of Paris, that I should one day be master of France? My wish; but then a vague wish—circumstances have done the rest. It is then wise to provide for what may come; and it is what I am doing. Regarding Italy, as it would be impossible to unite her at once into one power, yielding submission to uniform laws, I commence by making her French. All these little good-for-nothing states will thus become habituated to live under the empire of the same laws; and when habits are formed, enmities extinct, then there will again be an Italy; and I shall restore her to independence. But for this twenty years are requisite; and who can count upon the future? At this moment, Bourrienne, I take a pleasure in telling you these things; they were shut up in my thoughts; with you I think aloud."

I do not believe I have changed two words of what Bonaparte said to me on Italy, so interesting was the subject, and such my habitude of retaining his words. After speaking of these vast projects, without

any other transition save that produced by the crossing of his own rapid ideas, Bonaparte continued, "Apropos, Bourrienne, one thing I must tell you! Do you know Madame Brienne has requested me to pass through Brienne, and I have promised her: I do not conceal it from you. I anticipate great pleasure in revisiting the scenes which for six years were the witnesses of our youthful sports." Seeing the kindly dispositions of the Emperor, I thought I might venture to say how happy I should feel in being permitted to accompany him and participate in those emotions of the past; to recall on the spot our walks, our studies and our recreations. Napoleon was silent for a moment, seeming to reflect; then, with an accent of extreme kindness, replied, "Hear me, Bourrienne. In your situation and in mine that is impossible. It is more than two years since our separation. What would be said of a reconciliation so sudden? I will frankly confess that I regret you; and the circumstances in which I have frequently been placed more than once inspired the idea of recalling you. At Boulogne I had resolved upon it; my resolution was taken. Rapp may have spoken to you on this subject; for he loves you, and told me with all the frankness of his nature that your return would delight him. But reflection came; and if I did not carry out my intention it is because, as I have repeated to you more than once, I will not that the world can say I have need of anyone. No! Go to Hamburg. I have designs upon Germany in which you can be very useful to me. There will I strike England to the heart. I shall shut the whole Continent against her. I have ideas besides that go farther;—but these are not matured. There is not sufficient similarity among the nations of Europe; European society requires to be regenerated; there wants a superior power which may so far bear sway over the other powers as to constrain them to live in good intelligence with each other; France is well placed for that. As to details, you will receive instructions from Talleyrand; but what I commend to you, above all things, keep strict observance upon the emigrants. Woe to them should they become too dangerous! I know there are still among them those who will not be quiet—certain of the old leaven of the Marquis de Versailles. They are fools who come like moths to burn themselves at the candle. You have been an emigrant, Bourrienne; you have a weak side towards them? and you know I have recalled more than two hundred on your recommendation. But it is no longer the same thing. Those now in exile are confirmed; they no longer stand in need of revisiting their country. Keep good watch over these: that is the sole recommendation I have to give in particular. You are to be Minister of France at Hamburg;

but your mission is one apart. I authorize you, in addition to the official correspondence with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to address myself directly when you have anything special to say to me. You will correspond likewise with Fouché."

Here, the Emperor remaining for a moment silent, I conceived it proper to retire, and, misinterpreting his thought, was about to take leave when he retained me, saying in the most engaging manner—"What, Bourrienne! going already? Why in such a hurry? Let us have a little more talk. God knows when we shall see each other again! Listen!" added he, after a few moments of silence, "the more I think of our situation, of our former intimacy and separation, the more I am convinced you ought to go to Hamburg. Go there, my dear fellow, I advise you; rely upon it, you will find your advantage in so acting. When do you set out?"—"I reckon on departing in May."—"In May? Ah! ah! I shall then be in Milan, for I shall remain some time in Turin: I love the Piedmontese; they are the best soldiers in Italy."—"Sire, the King of Italy will be the junior of the Emperor of the French." Here I made allusion to a conversation which I had held with Napoleon when we first took up our abode in the Tuileries. He was speaking of his projects of royalty; and, in answer to my objection of the difficulty he would experience in getting himself acknowledged by the ancient reigning families in Europe, replied, "If that be all, I will dethrone everyone of them and then I shall be their senior!"—"Ah! ah!" answered he, "I see you have not forgotten what I once said to you at the Tuileries; but, my good friend, I have a devil of a long way yet to make."—"At the rate you now proceed, the end cannot be far off."—"Farther than you imagine: I see all the obstacles; but they do not dismay me. England is everywhere, and the struggle is prepared for me: I see what will happen; the whole of Europe will become our instruments, sometimes for the one, sometimes for the other; but, in the main, the question rests entirely between England and France."

"Apropos," said the Emperor, changing the subject—a word, as is well known, which served him for his favorite and almost only transition—"Apropos, Bourrienne, you have surely heard of the departure of Jaubert, and of his mission: what is said?"—"Sire, I have heard only vague reports."—"Then you know not whither he is bound?"—"Pardon me, sire; I know very well."—"The devil you do!" interrupted Bonaparte, turning abruptly towards me with astonishment. "No one, I assure you, has spoken to me on the affair; I have merely divined the object. Having received a letter from Jaubert from Leipsic, I recalled

what your Majesty has often told me regarding your views on Persia and India. I have not forgotten our conversations in the East, nor the grand projects you developed when you charmed the solitude and sometimes the tedium of our cabinet at Cairo. I am convinced, then, you have sent him on a mission to the Shah of Persia."—"You have divined rightly; but I beseech you, Bourrienne, say nothing of it to any one. The secret is of great importance at this stage. The English would certainly play my messenger some scurvy trick; for they know well it is against their power and their possessions in these countries that my views are directed."—"I think, sire, your Majesty can depend upon me. In place of going to Hamburg, if your Majesty will, I shall set out after Jaubert, accompany him to Persia and perform half the mission."—"How! would you wish to go with him?"—"Yes, sire. I love him much; he is an excellent man; and I am certain he would not be sorry to have me as a companion."—"But—hem!—listen to me, Bourrienne! that perhaps might not be altogether so bad a scheme; you know something of the East; are accustomed to the climate; and would be of service to Jaubert. Nevertheless—no—Jaubert must be by this a long way off; I fear you would not be able to overtake him; and then you have a large family. You will be more useful to me in Germany. Everything considered, go to Hamburg; you know the country, and, what is better, are perfectly master of the language."

I perceived that Bonaparte had still something to impart. As we continued walking up and down the alcoved saloon, he stopped on a sudden, and, regarding me with an expression almost of tenderness, said, "Now, Bourrienne, before I go into Italy, you must thus far oblige me. You sometimes visit *my wife;* and that is well; it is quite proper; you have been too long one of the family not to continue so. Go and see her; endeavor once more to induce her to listen to reason on these her foolish expenses. Every day I hear of new extravagances, and this really puts me to the torture. When I speak to her on the subject, I get angry—speak harshly. She weeps; I excuse all—pay all. She makes the best of promises; but the very next day comes the same thing; and we have always to begin anew. And then—had she but given me a child! It is the torment of my life not to have a child. I perfectly comprehend my position; it never will be secure till I have offspring. Should I die, not one of my brothers is capable of succeeding me. All is commenced; nothing is completed: God knows what will be the issue. Go and see Josephine; omit none of the advices I have given you." He then resumed the gayety which had marked the former parts of our conversation; for clouds driven by the tempest do not traverse

the vault of heaven with such rapidity as ideas and sensations succeeded each other in the spirit of Napoleon. He finally dismissed me, with the habitual nod; and, seeing him in good humor, I turned, in leaving the room, and said—"Well, sire, you are going to hear the old bell at Brienne; I wager you find the sound sweeter than the bells of Ruel."—"That's true; you are right: do not laugh at me;—come, good-by."

Such are my recollections of an interview which lasted above an hour and a half. We walked the whole time, for Bonaparte was indefatigable in these audiences, and would have walked a whole day, I believe, while conversing, without being sensible of the exertion. I left him better satisfied than ever with my friendly reception; and, according to his desire, went upstairs to the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which, in truth, had previously been my intention.

I found Josephine with Madame Rochefoucauld, an amiable woman and lady of honor to the Empress. On stating that I had just left the Emperor, thinking, doubtless, I had something to communicate, she made a sign to her attendant and we remained alone. I had no difficulty in bringing the conversation to the subject on which Napoleon had spoken; for Josephine herself, without knowing, put me upon the track by first speaking of a violent scene which had occurred only two days before. "When I wrote yesterday," said she, "to inform you of your appointment and that Bonaparte would require you, I hoped you would come to see me on leaving him, but did not think he would send so soon. Were you still with him, Bourrienne, you would persuade him to hear reason. I know not who takes pleasure in carrying him reports; but really I believe there are people employed everywhere searching out my debts in order to inform him." These complaints, so gently hinted by Josephine, rendered my mission less difficult than it otherwise might have been; which, notwithstanding, seemed but a sorry introduction to my new office of diplomatist. I related all the Emperor had said; reverted to the first affair of the twelve hundred thousand francs arranged for half the sum, and ventured to allude to the promises then made. "What would you have me do?" said she; "is it my fault?" These words Josephine repeated with an earnest sincerity which rendered them touching at once and comic. "People bring me fine things; show them to me; extol their beauty: I buy; they ask no money, and then demand payment when I have none: this reaches his ears and he puts himself in a passion. When I do have money, Bourrienne, you know how I employ it; I give the greater part to the unfortunate who apply to me, and the poor emigrants. Come,

now, I shall try to be more economical; tell him so if you see him again. But is it not a part of my duty to give as much as possible—to do all the good I can?"—"Certainly, madam," replied I, "but permit me to say nothing requires more discernment than properly to apply your bounties. Had you passed your life upon a throne, you might have known whether your favors were truly bestowed upon misfortune; but, as it is, you cannot be ignorant that they are oftener the spoil of the intriguing than the portion of necessitous merit. I cannot dissemble that the Emperor was very much in earnest when touching upon this subject, and desired me to speak with you."—"Did he utter no other reproach against me?"—"None, madam; you know the influence you have over him in everything not pertaining to politics; let me, as a sincere and devoted friend, beseech you to give him no more uneasiness on the subject of expense."—"Bourrienne, I promise you this. For the present, adieu, my friend!"

In relating to Josephine what the Emperor had stated to me, I had taken especial care not to touch upon a chord far more sensible, alas! than even the very distressing expostulations she had to undergo on the subject of her expenditure. The poor woman! I should have reduced her to despair had one word escaped me touching the regrets expressed by Bonaparte at having no child. On this subject she had ever cherished an invincible presentiment of what would one day befall her. As to the rest, Josephine really spoke truth when she said that it was not her fault: order and economy, while I knew the two, were as incompatible with her disposition as moderation and patience with the temperament of Napoleon. The sight of the least waste put him beside himself; and this species of emotion his wife rarely spared him. With what dissatisfaction, on the other hand, did he view the greed of his own family for wealth! the more he heaped upon his relations the more insatiable was their craving. With the exception of Louis, whose desires were always honorable and his wishes moderate, all the rest importuned him with incessant demands. "Truly," he once observed, "to hear these people one would say I had devoured the inheritance of our father!"

Voltaire has said—I forget in what place—"that it is very well kissing the feet of popes provided that hands be tied." Bonaparte had little esteem for Voltaire, and probably was not aware of this irreverent remark of the philosopher of last century; but he seemed to construe the pleasantry seriously, or at least to act gravely upon the principle. The Pope, or rather the cardinals who advised him, thinking that so great an act of complaisance as a journey to Paris ought

to pay somewhat more than its own expense, otherwise it was, in their opinion, thrown away, demanded as a recompense the restoration of Avignon and Bologna, with some other territories in Italy. This really was great awkwardness in a court whose policy is usually so fine and so well adapted to the occasion. To ask the reward after the service had been rendered!—the fable of the stork and the fox! Had the Papal See, *before* the Pope's journey, asked, not Avignon, which most certainly it would not have got, but the Italian territories, Bonaparte might have given these—in order to take them back again. Be this as it may, those tardy claims, authoritatively rejected, occasioned extreme coldness between the Pope and the Church's eldest son: and the former, after conferring the title of Emperor of the French, refused the same consecration to the King of Italy.

As he had stated to me in the preceding interview, Napoleon set out for Milan just seven days after, on the 1st of April, in order to assume the iron crown. The Pope remained behind for some time; and his prolonged presence was not without effect on the spirits of men, when afterwards the times of his own persecution arrived. It had been better for Bonaparte had Pius VII. never come to Paris; for it subsequently became impossible to behold other than a victim in one whose truly evangelical meekness had there been appreciated.

Napoleon was in no haste to seize the crown of Italy, because it could not escape him. He remained three weeks at Turin, where he inhabited the elegant palace of Stupinis, the St. Cloud of the kings of Sardinia. Here he received the report from the camp of Boulogne, and arranged the embarkation with such minuteness that those who executed his orders were the first dupes. Here, too, he was residing when the Pope passed through Turin, and thither he went to take leave of the Holy Father, affecting the greatest deference in all the relations of personal intercourse. Thence the Emperor set out for Alessandria, where he had already begun those immense works which absorbed so much treasure. After the battle of Marengo, he said one day to Berthier and me, "With Alessandria, I shall always be master of Italy. It must become the first fortified place in the world, with a garrison of forty thousand men and provisions for six months. The French troops, in case of revolts, or should the Austrians send formidable armies into Italy, will always find a refuge there; and wherever I am, that time will be sufficient for me to fall upon Italy, overwhelm the Austrians, and raise the siege of Alessandria."

So near the plain of Marengo, the Emperor did not fail to visit that

celebrated field of battle; * and, to give greater solemnity to the occasion, passed in review thereon all the French force then in Italy. Rapp afterwards told me there had been brought from Paris, expressly for this purpose, the uniform and hat which he wore on the day of that memorable conflict. It was remarked, also, that the worms, who spare neither the costume of living kings nor the bodies of deceased heroes, had been busy with these trophies of Marengo, which, nevertheless Bonaparte wore at the review.

Thence, by Casal, he repaired to Milan, where the most brilliant reception which had yet greeted any entrance into the capital of Northern Italy awaited him. In the month of May, 1805, Napoleon was crowned at Milan with the iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, which, on this occasion, was drawn from the dust wherein it had reposed for ages.† The ceremony of this new consecration took place in the cathedral of Milan, next to St. Peter's the vastest interior of Italy. Upon this occasion, taking the iron crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, Napoleon placed it upon his own head, calling aloud, "*Dieu me l'a donnée; gare à qui la touche,*" which remarkable expression afterwards became the legend of the Order of the Iron Crown founded by the Emperor in commemoration of this event.‡

At Milan, too, the last Doge of Genoa, M. Durazzo, came to add one gem more to the crown of Italy. His mission had for its ostensible object to supplicate the Emperor in name of the republic to permit the state of Genoa to exchange her independence for the signal honor of becoming a department of the French empire. This offer, as may well be conceived, was nothing but the result of previous intrigue, the whole being concerted beforehand. The prayer was accepted with a protecting air; and while the country of Andria Doria ceased from the list of nations, her last duke, his representative, was flung back among the crowd of senators. This city, once so opulent and proud of her surname "superb," became the headquarters of the 27th military division. The Emperor went in person to take possession, and slept in the Doria Palace in the bed whereon Charles V. had reposed centuries before.

Descending from these lofty reminiscences I cannot here omit the op-

* The greater part of the battleground is overlooked from the enormous ramparts of Alessandria.—*Translator.*

† The iron crown, as it is called, is a plain circlet of gold covering a ring of iron, *said* to be composed of the nails of the Cross. The imperial crown was in the form of a garland of leaves, resembling those on the antique busts of the Cæsars. Its appearance was light and elegant.—*Ibid.*

‡ The original exclamation was in Italian: "*Dio mi l'ha dato; guai a chi la tocca!* —God hath given it me; woe to him that touches it!"—*Ibid.*

portunity of setting to rights one of those inconceivable mistakes into which Bonaparte at St. Helena cannot have fallen otherwise than voluntarily. I find in the *Memorial* that "the famous singer, Madame Grassini, first drew his attention at this coronation." Afterwards Napoleon is represented as saying that this celebrated woman addressed him at this period; and has amused himself with putting into her mouth the following speech: "When I was in the full splendor of my beauty and genius, I desired to gain but one look, nor was that wish gratified; and behold, you now regard me when I am no longer deserving of attention—when I am no more worthy of you." I confess my utter inability to explain, or even conceive, what could have tempted Napoleon to invent such a fable. This I know, that in 1800, not 1805—before the battle of Marengo, not at the coronation—I have very frequently been one of three with Napoleon and Madame Grassini at supper in the General's chamber; whereat I was not more amused than necessary. Another circumstance is also among my recollections that when I awoke him on the night that information reached me of the capture of Genoa by the Austrians, Madame Grassini awoke likewise. But I write not for the lovers of the scandalous chronicle—only the whole is so ridiculous. My readers, too, will recollect that I have permitted but one other revelation of the same kind to escape me; and then the liberation of a good-natured husband by the English drew me on, as being a stratagem of tactics quite opposed to the ordinary character of British gravity.

I continue my recital of the Italian journey, though before the Emperor's return to Paris I had already taken up my residence in Hamburg. Before leaving Milan the Emperor caused to be erected on the Great St. Bernard a monument in commemoration of the victory of Marengo. M. Denon, who accompanied Napoleon, and who was always charged with the execution of such plans, subsequently informed me that, after fruitless researches for the body of Desaix, in order to entomb it beneath this monument, the discovery was made by General Savary. It is thus certain that the ashes of the brave Desaix rest upon the summit of the Alps.

The Emperor arrived in Paris towards the end of June and departed instantly for the camp of Boulogne. Then arose anew the belief of an immediate descent upon Britain; the more so that Napoleon caused several essays at embarkation to be made under his own eye. But these led to nothing. A circumstance which then occurred furnished a fresh proof of the inferiority of our marine. A French squadron of fifteen sail fell in with an English one under Admiral Calder of only nine ships; and in

the engagement which ensued, which ought to have been favorable to us, we had the misfortune to lose two of our fleet. This new journey to the coast had then no connection with the project of invasion of which Napoleon had long foreseen, if not the impossibility, at least the inutility. The only object was to show himself a second time as Emperor, with the new dignity of King of Italy, to the finest and best disciplined army which Europe had for a long time beheld. He wished also, by empty menaces against England, to inflame the enthusiasm of his soldiers and to conceal the intention that these armed masses had been organized in order to overrun Germany and repel the Russian forces already in march towards the frontiers of Austria. The dissatisfaction and intrigues of these two powers, and certain other movements in the North, as we shall find, had not escaped the eagle glance of Napoleon amid the pomp and splendors of his coronation. We shall soon behold him fall like a thunderbolt on Germany, and render himself master of the Austrian monarchy by the day of Austerlitz, as in like manner the field of Marengo had hailed him victor of Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

HABITS OF THE EMPEROR—FONDNESS FOR NARRATING GLOOMY FICTIONS—JULIO, A TALE BY NAPOLEON.

In the course of these memoirs I have already mentioned one of the peculiar tastes of Bonaparte—that of relating stories. This taste he still continued to indulge. In fact, during the first year after his advancement to the imperial throne Napoleon was accustomed to pass in the apartments of the Empress those evenings which he could gain from public affairs. Generally he threw himself upon a sofa, and in this attitude remained absorbed in voluntary abstraction and somber silence which none had the hardihood to interrupt. Sometimes, on the contrary, he gave scope to his ardent imagination and his taste for the marvelous; or rather, to speak more exactly, to that necessity of creating effect which, perhaps, was one of his dominant passions. On these occasions he related narratives almost always of the terrible kind and in harmony with the natural cast of his ideas. The ladies of the suite were present at these recitals of the Emperor and to one of them I owe the following tale. In the midst of my serious avocations as minister plenipotentiary at Hamburg, towards the end of September, I received

a packet with the postmark of Strasburg, where the Empress then was. The form differed from that of diplomatic dispatches and the address showed me immediately that it came from Josephine's establishment. On opening I found the narrative noted by my fair correspondent from the lips of Napoleon. "Never," continued the lady in her letter, "had the Emperor appeared to me more extraordinary. Carried away by his subject, he frequently traversed the apartment with a rapid step; the intonations of his voice varied according to the personages whom he introduced upon the scene: he seemed to multiply himself in order to represent all the parts, and no one needed to feign the agitation which he wished to inspire and the impression of which upon our countenances pleased him." In the style I change nothing, as several persons can attest who, to my knowledge, have copies. It is curious to compare the passionate part of the tale with the style of Napoleon in certain of his letters addressed to Josephine.

JULIO: A TALE.

Improvised by Napoleon.

There appeared at Rome a mysterious being who pretended to unveil the secrets of futurity and who was shrouded in such shadowy darkness that even its sex formed the subject of doubt and discussion. Some, while relating the singular predictions received from her mouth, described the forms and features of a woman; while others justified their terror by ascribing to its object the aspect of a hideous monster.

In one of the suburbs of Rome, within the recesses of a deserted palace, this oracle had established a retreat which superstition and its own awful nature sufficiently guarded from the effects of popular curiosity. None could assign the period of the arrival of this singular being: in a word, whatever had reference to her existence was enveloped in impenetrable secrecy. In the eternal city the Sibyl, for such was the name fixed upon by common accord, furnished the sole subject of conversation. All burned with a desire to consult her, but very few found courage to pass the threshold of her abode. On approaching to that fearful sanctuary the greater part of those whom curiosity had conducted thus far were seized with a horror which they could refer only to a fearful presentiment, and fled as if violently repelled by an invisible arm.

Camillo, a young Roman, of a noble family, resolved to visit the cave of the Sibyl, and prevailed upon Julio, his intimate friend, to

accompany him in this adventure. The latter, of a timid and irresolute character, at first refused: it was not the fear of unknown peril which caused this hesitation, but Julio shuddered at the idea of rending the salutary veil which concealed futurity. He yielded, notwithstanding, to the entreaties of Camillo.

On the appointed day they set out together for the fatal palace. The gate opened as if of its own accord; the two friends entered without trusting themselves to deliberate. After traversing for a long time the spacious but deserted apartments, they reached at length a gallery, closed by a black curtain, with this inscription: "*If you would know your destiny, pass this curtain, but prepare yourself by prayer.*" Julio experienced a violent agitation; he involuntarily fell upon his knees. Was he already under the influence of the mysterious power? After a lapse of some moments, the youths drew aside the curtain, unsheathed their swords, and penetrated into the sanctuary. They were met by a female; she was young, perhaps even beautiful; but her aspect defied and repelled examination: the cold calm of death, strangely mingling with the movement of life, formed the expression of her countenance. How find words to define or to portray those supernatural beings who, doubtless, inhabit regions where human language is unknown? Julio felt himself ready to sink, and turned away his eyes. Camillo, with downcast looks, waited till the Sibyl had demanded the nature of their visit, and then replied. But she heard him not. Her attention seemed wholly absorbed by Julio: agitated, trembling, she extended a hand towards him as if to seize him; then suddenly started back. Camillo repeated his desire for her to reveal his fate; she consented, and Julio retired.

After a short conference with the Pythoness, Camillo rejoined his friend whom he found plunged in deep thought. "Courage!" said he to him with a smile; "as for my part, I have learned nothing terrible. The Sibyl has promised that I shall espouse thy sister Juliana, [this marriage had in fact been settled;] she merely added that a slight accident will retard for a short time our union."

Julio, in turn, withdrew behind the fatal curtain, and Camillo remained in the gallery. By and by a fearful cry pierced the ear: he recognized the voice of his friend, and rushed forward to his succor. Julio was on his knees before the prophetess, who, waving a wand above his head, pronounced these terrible words:—"Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!" Camillo, seized with horror, approached Julio, whom he found pale, motionless, and unable to sustain himself. In vain he questioned; he could obtain no reply from his friend, who con-

tinued to repeat with an accent of vague terror the dreadful words—"Murder! sacrilege!"*

Camillo at length accomplished the removal of Julio to his own home, and the moment he could obtain a pretext for leaving him, hastened to the dark dwelling of the Sibyl, resolved to force an explanation. But all had disappeared—the curtain, the inscription; and the palace was in utter loneliness; nor did there remain one trace of the magician, who never returned more.

Some weeks had elapsed; the day for Camillo's nuptials had been fixed, and Julio seemed to have recovered tranquillity. Camillo avoided interrogating him, hoping the terrific scene would gradually be effaced from his memory. On the evening previous to the marriage, the Marquis de Cosmo, Camillo's father, fell from his horse, and, though he received no serious injury, the accident caused the celebration of the nuptials to be deferred. Julio, Juliana, and Camillo were seated round the sick couch of the Marquis, lamenting the cause which had delayed their happiness, when Camillo, struck with a sudden recollection, exclaimed—"The prediction of the Sibyl is accomplished!" All observed that the remark threw Julio into the greatest agitation. From that moment he shut himself up in his apartment, shunning all society. The only one whose visits he admitted was a venerable monk, who had been his tutor, and with whom he held long and mysterious conferences. Camillo no longer strove to obtain an interview with his friend; for he perceived that Julio, above all others, avoided him.

The day so ardently desired at length arrived; Camillo and Juliana were united. But Julio did not appear; he had quitted the paternal roof, and all endeavors to discover his retreat were unsuccessful. His father was in despair; about a month afterwards he received the following letter:—

"My Father—Spare yourself unavailing search: my resolution is inflexible; nothing can change it. Dispose of your riches; Julio is dead to the world. It pierced my heart to leave you, but I am constrained to flee from a horrible destiny.

"Adieu! Forget the unhappy JULIO."

This letter was without date; the messenger unknown: he had disappeared on delivering it. The Marquis interrogated the monk, who could yet offer him the sole chance of recovering his fugitive son; but

* These words were pronounced with a deep and mournful accent by Napoleon.—*Author.*

with him entreaties and menaces were equally vain: he could neither be persuaded nor intimidated. "I am not ignorant," replied he, "of your son's intentions. I long opposed them; but he had so firmly resolved, that I considered it my duty to yield to his wishes. I know the place of his retirement; no power on earth, however, shall force me to betray secrets intrusted under the sanctity of confession."

Julio had departed for Naples, and thence embarked for Messina, where he proposed entering into a Dominican monastery recommended by his confessor. Father Ambrosio, the superior of this house, had too much real piety and a spirit too enlightened to take advantage of the troubled imagination of a young man, and Julio vainly supplicated to obtain a dispensation of the novitiate. He wished to be at once fixed in his retreat; the superior was inexorable, and Julio underwent the usual trial of one year, through which he passed without even one lingering thought towards the world. He was under the empire of an awful superstition and believed it impossible to escape his fate, save by embracing a monastic life. The remembrance of the Sibyl haunted his mind, and the words which she had applied to him still sounded in his ear. "Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!" The cell appeared the only refuge capable of protecting him from love and crime. Ill-fated youth! as if the walls, the vows, or the rules of a cloister, could shield man from his destiny! *

The year of the novitiate expired; Julio pronounced his vows; he believed himself happy; and, at least, experienced relief from the torments he had suffered. The thought of the sacrifice which he had just sealed did not present itself, even for an instant, to trouble or to sadden his reflections. Yet, on the very evening of the solemn day, at the moment of retiring to his cell, he met one of the monks, who pressed his hand affectionately, and said to him, "Brother, it is forever!" These words, "forever!" appalled Julio. What marvelous power over a feeble spirit may reside even in a single word! This expression seemed, for the first time, to disclose to Julio the extent of his sacrifice: he already regarded himself as one dead, for whom time no longer existed: he fell into a deep melancholy, and appeared to bear with pain the load of life.

Father Ambrosio beheld with compassion the young man's state; it sufficed to know him unfortunate to excite a tender interest in his favor, and he thought that occupation might win him from his sadness.

* It was with an expression of profound conviction that Napoleon uttered this reflection, as if he had applied it to quite a different person than the hero of his narrative; then, seeing that his auditory betrayed the most anxious attention, he continued.—*Author.*

Julio possessed great eloquence: Ambrosio named him preacher to the establishment. His reputation rapidly extended; crowds flocked to hear him. He was young and handsome, and, doubtless, the very mystery which hung over him lent an additional charm to his words. The time approached for celebrating a grand festival, at which the King of Naples and the whole court were to be present. Julio was selected to pronounce the panegyric of St. Thomas, the patron of the monastery; and great preparations were made on the occasion. The day arrived: an immense crowd filled the church: Julio, with difficulty, was making his way through the people to reach his station when, in the midst of his efforts, the cowl fell from his head, leaving his countenance exposed. At this moment he heard a voice exclaim, "Great God, how beautiful he is!" Surprised, agitated, he turned involuntarily and beheld a female whose eyes were fixed upon him with the most touching expression. That single moment sufficed to reverse the entire existence of these two beings. Julio went through the service; and, immediately on finding himself at liberty, ran to the solitude of his cell; but no longer could he deliver himself up to his usual meditations. Pursued by the image of the unknown; experiencing sentiments altogether new to him: troubled, disquieted, he found no repose; yet deemed existence had only begun from that moment in which the voice had fallen upon his ear in accents that had penetrated his heart. He dared not hazard one thought on the future. Alas! what could it avail him? His destiny was irrevocable. Every morning he went to celebrate mass, and every morning he remarked in the same place a veiled female; he recognized her, but, at the same time, dared not even to wish to see her features, for he desired to forget her: such was his duty. Still he permitted his eager gaze to fall upon the veil! he followed every motion of the wearer; he felt, so to speak, the beatings of her heart, and his own responded to them. Too weak to tear himself from danger, he trembled at self-examination and put away from him the truth. His whole life was reduced to a few rapid moments: during these he existed; all time besides became an absolute nothing. He determined to flee from thoughts he could not subdue. "If she come again to the church to-morrow," said he at length, "I will return there no more. Armed with this resolution he thought himself secure and appeared to experience some tranquillity. On the morrow, he repaired earlier than usual to the church; she was not there. When all had retired, he approached the seat of the unknown and perceived her prayer-book; he seized and opened it and read upon the first page the name of Theresa. At length, then, he could call her by name—a

thousand times would he repeat that cherished name. "Theresa! Theresa!" murmured he with a low voice, as if dreading to be overheard, although quite alone. Since she came not, he no longer scrupled to return to the church: but days and weeks passed away and Theresa continued always absent.

Theresa, united to an aged spouse whom she loved as a parent, was happy in the fulfillment of her duties nor thought of other happiness beyond what had fallen to her lot. She saw Julio, and the peace of her bosom was destroyed. The soul of Theresa was so ardent that her first true sentiment must needs decide the fate of her whole life. She adored Julio. Until this critical moment her husband had been the confidant of all her thoughts; but she never spoke to him of Julio. This mystery was painful to her, and seemed a silent accusation to her own mind. She felt there was danger to be avoided, and had courage to abstain from going to mass. In the hope of calming her troubled breast she desired to have recourse to confession; and resolved, for that purpose, to return to the church of the Dominicans. She chose the hour when she knew Julio would be occupied: approaching the confessional, she there on her knees acknowledged all her feelings since the period of the festival; the pleasure she had enjoyed in beholding Julio every day; the remorse which had followed that felicity; and the courage with which she had renounced its indulgence: but she feared that this strength would soon fail her. "What must I do?" exclaimed she; "take pity, O father, on a miserable sinner!" Her tears flowed in torrents; her agitation was extreme. Scarcely had she ceased speaking when a threatening voice pronounced this sentence—"Unhappy woman! How is this? sacrilege!" At these words Julio—for destiny had so ordered that he should receive this avowal—rushed from the confessional. Theresa, still on her knees, arrested his flight, laid hold of his robe, beseeching him to retract his malediction: she implored him in the name of his salvation—she implored him in the name of his love. Julio repulsed her but feebly. "Theresa, Theresa," cried he at length, "quit this place; I feel my resolution failing." At these words Theresa threw herself upon his breast and encircled him with the arms of her love. "Tell me," entreated she, "oh, tell me that I am beloved before I separate from thee!"

Julio, no longer master of himself, and fearing to be thus surprised, returned for a moment her caresses and pressed her to his heart; but again, as if struck with the recollected prediction, he vowed to flee from her forever, and, without explanation, forced

from her the same promise. Theresa, existing only in her attachment and scarcely comprehending his words, yielded consent to all he imposed. What, indeed, imported language to her?—it sufficed that he loved her; was she not sure of again beholding him?

Julio—alone—restored to his own reflections, shuddered to think of his imprudence; but it was too late to avoid the danger; he could not flee from his destiny. Already he was a prey to the *love without limits;* the *sacrilege* had already been committed. Had he not declared his passion, even in the very church wherein he had pronounced his vows of sanctity? But, at the same time, he had sworn to flee from Theresa forever. Strange infatuation of the human heart! That which ought to have been his punishment became his consolation. In this painful struggle, however, Julio had but an alternative of misery. Theresa was less afflicted: she was a woman: Julio loved her; had confessed his love; and this, to her, was a shield against all the strokes of fate. With what delight did she retrace the fleeting moments of their brief interview!—a single hour of such existence leaves more recollections than a whole life without love. She no longer remembered even the promise to avoid Julio: she returned to the church and beheld Julio; who, on his part, seemed also to have forgotten his oath.

The whole of existence was absorbed by his passion; and, when he looked upon Theresa, the entire universe besides disappeared from before him. Still they abstained from conversing together. Julio, in the absence of Theresa, was tormented with bitter remorse; but a single glance of hers recalled the fatal charm which held his soul enthralled. At length he resolved to speak to her—to bid an eternal farewell.

There usually stood at the gate of the monastery a poor woman and her child, who lived upon the alms of Theresa. The little Carlo often followed her; carried her book to church, and prayed by her side. Julio, who dared not trust himself to accost Theresa, directed Carlo to say that Father Julio expected her at confession at seven o'clock the same evening. What a day for Julio!—he trembled at the idea of being alone with Theresa. He feared that he should lack courage to bid her an eternal adieu: never could he repeat the words—but he could write them. He decided, then, not to see her; and Carlo was charged with delivering a letter to her as she entered the church.

Theresa, on receiving the first message, felt a strange disorder. "What can he want?" sighed she; "were we not so happy!" She failed not, however, to repair to the church at the appointed hour.

Carlo gave her the letter; she broke the seal with eager emotion; but how great her surprise on reading what Julio had written!—"Fly, imprudent woman, and come not again to sully the sanctity of this place! Banish a remembrance which causes the torment of my life! I never loved you. I will see you no more!"

This cruel declaration pierced the heart of Theresa. She might have struggled against her remorse; but he loved her no longer—he had never loved her! Her remorse was far less bitter than these words. She was attacked by a violent fever; her life was in danger. The name of Julio often rose to her lips; but love guarded its own secret, even in the midst of delirium—that name was never betrayed; only from time to time she murmured, in subdued accents, "I never loved you."

Had Julio, meanwhile, recovered his tranquillity? had he stifled remorse? No, no. His life was one scene of misery. After his declaration to Theresa that he had never loved her, he yielded without reserve to his fatal passion. The sacrifice seemed to him sufficient, so terrible had been the effort of writing that letter! Oh! Theresa, couldst thou have known what it had cost the unfortunate Julio, thine own grief would have been softened by the consciousness of his sufferings! Julio became a prey to the most hopeless despondency. Three months had passed; and oh! how heavily had they passed! yet no news of Theresa. Time seemed still more to increase his love, and more than ever he avoided human society. Under the pretense of bad health he prevailed upon Father Ambrosio to dispense with all such duties as might lead him abroad. He remained constantly immured in his cell or wandered all night amid the tombs of the adjoining cemetery; his energies yielding daily to the disorder of his sentiments, and leaving him courage neither to vanquish nor to resign himself to love. Above all were his sufferings from that suspense which consumes life without remembrance and without hope.

To the long illness of Theresa succeeded a languor not less alarming. She felt herself dying, and wished to fulfill the last duties of religion. Her husband, who loved her with tender attachment, saw but too well that some secret sorrow was hurrying her to the tomb; but respected her silence and would not permit himself even a single question. He requested Father Ambrosio, whose ministrations were held in great reverence, to visit Theresa. The good Father consented; but an unforeseen circumstance prevented the fulfillment of this promise. The superior directed Julio to take his place and to repair to the house of Signor Vivaldi, the husband of Theresa, there to administer the balm

of consolation to a departing spirit. Alas! Julio, himself a prey to the darkest despair, had only tears and grief, but no words of consolation to impart. He desired, but in vain, to be excused; Ambrosio persisted in imposing this duty. Julio obeyed, and presented himself before Vivaldi's gate. He was conducted into a chamber dimly lighted, where a numerous circle of sorrowing friends surrounded the couch of a female. On his arrival all retired, respecting the sacredness of his functions; and Julio was left alone with the patient.

Julio, under an indefinable emotion, remained motionless and irresolute. "My father," said the dying penitent, "is there yet mercy in heaven for a sinful woman?" Hardly were these words pronounced when Julio fell upon his knees by the bed of death. "Theresa! Theresa!" he ejaculated—Who can describe the feelings of both? All explanation was useless; they mutually loved. Julio recounted all he had endured for her sake and accused himself for all she had suffered. Pardon! O pardon! Theresa!—Julio is thine forever!" These tender words recalled Theresa to life; she could not speak, but she saw Julio—she heard him—she pressed his hand. To die thus seemed to her more delightful than life.

Julio folded her in his arms: how willingly would he have prolonged her days at the expense of his own, "Thou shalt live!—will it not be so? Thy friend is with thee! My Theresa, speak to me!—must I never more hear thee?" The sound of that voice seemed to recall strength to Theresa. "I love you, Julio—I love you," murmured she; and these words contained the history of her whole life—what need of saying more?

The moments of such an interview flit rapidly away; the certainty of again meeting could alone have inspired them with courage to separate. Theresa regained health; Julio saw her every day. A tranquil intimacy subsisted between them and Julio seemed to have forgotten his fears and his remorse. Occupied entirely with Theresa, he watched with the tenderest interest the progress of her recovery. He dared not afflict her; he felt that her life depended upon him, and he interpreted this pretext for seeing her into a duty.

In the meanwhile, two years had elapsed since he had quitted Rome; the day of the anniversary of the fatal prediction having come round, he sunk into a gloomy thoughtfulness. Theresa would know the source of his secret sadness; she had never questioned him; but now, bent on sharing his sorrows, she could allege a motive for being informed of their cause. Julio related his interview with the Sibyl and his flight from the paternal home. In the course of this recital

all its horrible associations crowded on his remembrance and he cried out in accents of terror, "Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!"

Theresa's emotion was extreme; but the words *Love without bounds* threw a dangerous spell over her heart and imagination; and when Julio dwelt upon the other terms of the prediction, she gently repeated, "Love without bounds"—thinking thus to calm their troubled minds; for to her love was all.

Sometimes, hurried away by the violence of his passion, Julio fixed upon her a gaze so ardent that she dared not meet his look; she felt her heart palpitate, her whole frame tremble, and a perilous silence succeeded to these tumultuous emotions. Still were they happy for they were as yet without guilt.

Julio now received an important mission from Father Ambrosio which would oblige him to be absent for some time. He had not the courage to bid adieu to Theresa, but wrote, promising a speedy return. Detained, however, by a thousand, to him, trivial obstacles, a long month and more elapsed before he could return to Messina. On his arrival he hastened instantly to Theresa, whom he found alone, upon a terrace overlooking the sea. Never had she appeared to him so beautiful, so captivating. One moment he gazed upon her in ecstasy, but longer he could not refrain from the delight of speaking to her and of listening to the delicious charm of her voice. He called her, she started, beheld him, and rushed into his arms. Yielding to his tenderness, he returned it with transport; but, on a sudden, repelling her far from him, with horror, he fell upon his knees, remaining thus with clasped hands, fixed eye, and trembling throughout his whole frame. His deadly paleness, his bewildered expression, completed the terrible effect of this scene upon Theresa.

She dared not approach him; and, for the first time, found herself incapable of participating in his emotions. "Theresa," repeated he at length, with a mournful accent, "we must separate! thou knowest not all thou hast to fear." Theresa scarcely heard him, but saw his agitation, and endeavored to sooth his feelings. He repelled her again. "In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed he, "approach me not:" she stood trembling and motionless; she knew of love only from its tenderness, and could not comprehend its fiercer emotions. Julio, impatient of her silence, started to his feet: "To-morrow," said he, "my fate shall be decided;" he was gone ere Theresa could reply. On the morrow she received the following billet:—

"Theresa, I can see you no more; I am unhappy even in your society. I know you cannot conceive what I feel. Theresa, thou must yield thyself wholly to me, but it shall be the act of thine own will. Never could I take advantage of thy weakness. Yesterday thou sawest it; I tore myself from thine arms, for thou saidst not—I will be thine. But think well of this; we are lost forever. Oh! Theresa, eternal perdition! how terrible are these words! even with thee, they would mar my happiness. For us, no more peace—death our sole resource—death even is no longer a refuge for us! To-morrow, if you will see me again (and thou knowest at what price)—to-morrow send Carlo to church. If he bring your prayer-book, Theresa, it will be to me a sign that thou hast renounced Julio; but, if he come without that book—then thou art mine forever. Forever! it is the language of eternity! How dare to pronounce the word!—Adieu!"

Gentle and timid, Theresa was struck with affright on reading this letter. The words "eternal perdition" sounded to her like some fearful curse. "Julio," cried she, "we are so happy! why could not our happiness suffice thee?" She knew not how to resolve: to see him no more was impossible; "and yet," sighed she, "remorse will evermore pursue him. Oh! Julio, thou hast placed thy destiny in my hands: I will sacrifice myself—but save thee." Carlo received orders to carry her book to church; he placed it upon the seat usually occupied by Theresa.

As to Julio, an excess of love—an excess of remorse, had become alike necessary to his morbid feelings; yet, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, he would not be the favored lover of Theresa save by her own voluntary attachment. Cruel, through very weakness, he wished thus to throw upon her the whole responsibility of the crime. The church had been long deserted; Julio was waiting for Carlo; at length he beheld the messenger approach, go up to Theresa's seat, and there lay down a book. He was no longer master of himself, but, rushing forward, seized and returned the volume to Carlo, with orders to carry it back to his mistress. Long he remained immovably fixed to the spot, where he had awaited the decision of his fate and that of Theresa. At length, recovering from the stupor into which the agitation of his thoughts had plunged him, "At least," murmured he, "I will see her once more."

Carlo returned to Theresa and restored the book, saying that Father Julio had sent it back. What was the emotion of Theresa! She knew by this that Julio would return—and went to meet him on the same terrace where they had seen each other for the last time.

At length he appeared; but grieved, depressed and advancing with faltering step. Theresa read his inmost soul; she had trembled at the bare idea of this interview—had summoned up resolution to refuse it; but seeing the beloved of her heart so miserable, she no longer found courage save to console his wretchedness. No longer hesitating and trembling, she approached him and breathed the confession—"Julio, I am thine!"

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[Here occurred a sort of pause and silence, which it is impossible to represent on paper, otherwise than by blanks. Of this species of interact, Napoleon took advantage to recover breath, before the catastrophe of the drama, and then resumed in these words:—]

A prey to remorse, Julio became sad and gloomy, even in the company of Theresa: the tenderest marks of affection had no longer power to move him. Meanwhile Theresa's love increased even by the sacrifice she had made. She sighed in secret over the change but too perceptible in Julio: she complained not, however, fearing to afflict him, and deluded herself with the hope of yet rendering him so happy that he should forget all save her.

Far from answering to this love, Julio accused her as the cause of his misfortunes. "Thou hast seduced me—thou has been my ruin!" thus would he exclaim; "but for thee, my soul had still been pure!" His visits became less and less frequent; then ceased altogether.

Theresa sent to inquire for him; went constantly to church; wrote every day. Her letters were returned unopened, and Julio no longer left his cell. But it had become necessary that Theresa should see him—should speak to him, and confide a new secret. Alas! the secret of a mother! What was to be her lot, should he thus persist in abandoning her!

The following Sunday Julio was to officiate at the altar. Of this Theresa was informed, and felt that such an opportunity was not to be neglected. There was more than her own life at stake; this thought armed her with strength and courage. An important object occupied and absorbed her wholly. The two days preceding her anticipated interview with Julio were devoted to preparation for the flight which she now meditated. The situation of the convent on the seashore would facilitate this enterprise. As to the region whither they should direct their course, she thought not of that for one moment. Julio must decide; for, except Julio, all else had become indifferent to Theresa.

She had hired a little bark and arranged everything with so much secrecy and prudence that her design was not even suspected. Her

perturbation of mind secured her from the torment of contemplating the obstacles she might have to encounter. The day so impatiently expected arrived at length, and Theresa, shrouded in a long veil, placed herself near the altar. Julio was unable to recognize her, though she saw every movement of his. While the assembly was dispersing, she glided behind a column, near which he must necessarily pass in returning from the service. On perceiving him approach, she too clearly discerned that he looked more than ever a prey to sorrow: his arms were crossed upon his breast, his head drooped, his step was slow and dragging, like that of a criminal. Theresa beheld the effects of his despair with deep emotion. She would have sacrificed her own life to purchase his repose; but there no longer existed the right to hesitate—the innocent being to whom she was soon to give birth demanded of her a father. She presented herself before Julio. "Stop," cried she, "Julio, I must speak with you—and you must hear me! I will not leave you till you have given me the key of the garden of your monastery. I *will* have it! Oh, Julio! it is no longer *my* life only that depends upon you!" At these words Julio seemed to start as from some hideous dream: "Unfortunate woman," exclaimed he, "what sayest thou? Begone! fly far from this place." But Theresa flung herself at his feet and called Heaven to witness her resolve never to leave him till he had granted her request. All his efforts to escape were vain: a supernatural force seemed to animate Theresa. "Swear to me," were her words, "that we shall also meet again at midnight." While she reiterated these demands Julio heard a slight noise; fearing discovery he gave the key. "At midnight," was his sole reply; and they separated.

By midnight Theresa had reached the garden. The night was dark; she dared not call lest all should be disclosed. Soon she heard the steps of one approaching. It was Julio. "What wouldst thou?" inquired he; "speak! the moments are brief! Cease, I conjure you to pursue a wretch who can never render thee happy. Theresa, I love thee! without thee life is an insupportable burden; and with thee my remorse is a torment greater than I can endure: it poisons even my sweetest moments. Thou hast seen my despair. How often have I accused thee! Pardon! pardon! my best beloved! it is just I should become the author of my own punishment. I have renounced thee: that sacrifice is the expiation of my crime." He ceased to speak, overwhelmed by unutterable grief. Theresa sought to console him by painting a happy futurity that lay before them. "Julio," said she, "had it been for mine own sake I should not have dared to come hither

in search of thee ; like thee I could have braved death ; but the pledge of our love calls upon us to live. Come, then, Julio, let us depart ! all is ready for our flight ! "

Julio, suffering under inexpressible anguish, allowed himself to be conducted for a space ; a few minutes more and they were to be united forever—a few minutes more and the path of innocence and happiness would be regained. But all of a sudden disengaging himself from Theresa's arms—" No ! " cried he ; " never ! "—and plunged a dagger to her heart.

[While pronouncing these words Bonaparte approached the Empress with the action of one who draws a poniard : the illusion was so powerful that the ladies of the suite threw themselves between him and his wife, uttering a cry of terror. Bonaparte, like a consummate actor, continued his recital without taking notice, or appearing to remark the effect he had produced.]

She fell—and Julio was covered with her blood. He stood motionless, as if rooted to the spot, contemplating his victim with bewildered gaze. Day began to break ; the bell of the monastery chimed the hour of morning prayer. Julio starting at the sound raised and consigned to the deep the lifeless form of her who had loved him with such devoted affection. Then with precipitate step and frantic mind he rushed into the church. His robe dabbled with blood—the dagger still grasped in his hand—all denounced the murderer. He was immediately seized without offering resistance.—Julio disappeared forever.

[The Empress pressed the Emperor to add some details on the future fate of Julio. Napoleon briefly replied—

" *The secrets of cloisters are impenetrable.*"]

The history of Julio is not a fiction. Some time previous to the Revolution an event nearly similar occurred in a monastery at Lyons. The document referring to this occurrence fell into Bonaparte's hands and furnished him almost entirely with the circumstances and characters of his tale.

Often have I listened to similar recitals : on these occasions he always had the apartment illuminated by a feeble light, in order to produce greater effect upon the minds of his auditors. When he thus gave

loose to the impetuosity of his imagination, to such a degree did the warmth of his accented declamation transport him that all things around wholly disappeared, or took the color of his own "thick-coming fancies." For my own part, I read the story of Julio with the more pleasure, that I could readily conceive to myself the tones of his voice —his utterance at times difficult to be followed; the power of his expressive looks; and the action with which he accompanied these extempore recitations. I can assure my readers that, above all, his was a case to which they might justly have applied the remark of Æschines, "What, then, would have been the effect had you heard himself!"

CHAPTER V.

FOUCHÉ—VIEWS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN ELEVATING BONAPARTE—BOURRIENNE MINISTER AT HAMBURG—HIS DUTIES—POLITICAL STATE OF GERMANY—SWEDEN—AUSTRIA—HANOVER—BERNADOTTE—TREATY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND ENGLAND—NEUTRALITY OF PRUSSIA VIOLATED—THE EMPEROR JOINS THE GRAND ARMY—PROCEEDINGS OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM PARIS—SINGULAR HISTORY OF AN OFFICER OF ARTILLERY—BONAPARTE'S MODE OF INTERROGATING—PROCLAMATION.

As minister plenipotentiary to one of the German circles, I found myself in the very center of intrigue and military movement. But the reader will expect some account of my own proceedings, while I have several preparatory measures of importance to explain prior to the campaign of Austerlitz.

I left Paris on the 20th May, 1805; but, as the Emperor, in my audience of leave, had recommended me to communicate with Fouché, I had previously passed two days at his country seat. There being few visitors at Pont Carré, I had several private conversations of moment with that minister, in which I took care that he should be the chief speaker. Fouché had this in common with his master, that, in the warmth of discourse, he allowed very imprudent disclosures to escape. In ordinary circumstances, however, this was attended with no inconvenience, for, as he enjoyed so great a reputation for duplicity, the very truth from his lips seemed one of the lures employed by craftiness. I knew this celebrated personage sufficiently well to discriminate between stratagems and indiscretions, and had discovered, also, that the best way to draw him on was to let him talk without

interruption. Our conversations naturally turned upon the events of 1804. Fouché took great credit to himself for having advised Napoleon to the empire. "I attach no importance," continued he, "to any form of government more than another; all that signifies nothing. The object in the Revolution was not the overthrow of the Bourbons; nothing was at first contemplated beyond the reform of abuses and the removal of prejudices; but, when it appeared that Louis XVI. had neither the courage to refuse these demands nor the good faith to grant what his weakness had led him to promise, it became evident that the Bourbons could no longer reign in France; and things reached such a pitch that we were constrained to condemn Louis and resort to energetic measures. You know what took place then, and has ensued since the 18th Brumaire. We have now all seen that a republic is a thing impossible in France. Thus the whole reduced itself to the question—How are the Bourbons to be kept at a distance from France—and forever? and I conceive no measure more likely to attain this end than disposing of their hereditary right to the crown in favor of another family. Some time before the revolution of Brumaire I had a conference with Sieyes and Barras, in which it was agitated whether, in case of the Directory being menaced, the Duke of Orleans should not be recalled. I could easily perceive that Barras inclined to this opinion from his representing it only as a rumor, the progress of which he commended to my watchfulness; Sieyes said nothing. I cut all short by remarking that if such a report had ever circulated, I must have known, and that the restitution of the throne would be an impolitic act, which could change only for a moment the situation of those who had brought about the Revolution. Of this interview with Barras I gave an account to General Bonaparte, on first conversing with him after his return from Egypt. I sounded, and found him, in the decrepitude of the Directory, the very man we wanted, and subsequently ordered the agency of the police towards procuring his elevation to the chief magistracy. He speedily showed himself ungrateful. Instead of yielding me his confidence, after having seconded him as I had done, he set himself to spinning fine, and gave, I know not to how many people, their petty polices whose least fault was their uselessness. The majority of their agents were men at my beck, who obeyed my instructions in their reports; and then a hundred times have I seen the First Consul quite elated with having made discoveries without me, which came only from me, and the absurdity of which I had no difficulty in proving. I confess having been at fault in the affair of the 3d Nivose; but is there any human means of preventing two men, without accomplices, from plot-

ting between themselves and bringing a design into execution? You saw the Consul on his return from the opera; you heard his declamations. A secret instinct told me that the infernal machine was the contrivance of the royalists. This I explained to him privately; I am convinced, too, he was of the same opinion; nevertheless, he persisted in condemning some hundred individuals under the sole pretense of their old opinions. Do you suppose me ignorant of what he said respecting my vote in the National Convention? On my word, it is not his part to cast reflections upon the Convention; it was that vote which placed the crown upon his head. You must have remarked that the republicans, not the party of the Convention, were in general most opposed to the revolution of Brumaire. Witness Moreau and Bernadotte. I know that the former was opposed to the Consulate and that weakness only induced him to accept command of the guard over the Directory. I know that he even made an apology for his office to his prisoners; of this they themselves informed me!"

On the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, Fouché continued thus: "It was I who hatched that conspiracy, in order to recover my ministry and as a consolation for not having discovered the attempt of Nivose." He confirmed me fully in the correctness of the opinions already expressed on this subject, and on the machinations at the commencement of 1804. He congratulated himself in set terms on having tricked Regnier, and constrained Bonaparte to recall him to office. As a proof that he had put in movement means of uniting the conspirators, or rather of converting the discontented into conspirators, hear his own words: "Informed, as I was, of everything, had I continued in the ministry it is probable that the conspiracy would not have come to a head, but Bonaparte would still have had to fear the rivalship of Moreau. He might not have been Emperor, and we should still have lived under the apprehension of the return of the Bourbons—a catastrophe which, thank heaven, we no longer dread!"

These avowals of Fouché will surprise no one who knew him. I have already said that he was naturally indiscreet—he laid himself much more open after success. To draw him on, I confided the secret of my being authorized to correspond directly with the Emperor, and thus took the merit of revealing, as in confidence, what I was well aware he would soon discover by his agents. I said a few words, also, on the regrets expressed to me by Bonaparte on the subject of having no children; the object here was to discover Fouché's real opinion. Deeply did I feel my indignation stirred on his saying—"It were to be wished the Empress might die: that would remove many difficulties.

Sooner or later he will take a wife who may bring him children; for, so long as he is without an heir, his death is to be feared as the signal of a dissolution of the empire. His brothers are of revolting incapacity: we shall see a new party spring up in favor of the Bourbons, which, of all things, is to be prevented. At present they are not dangerous; but they have active partisans, especially where you are going: watch them narrowly. Beware, however, of double spies; they swarm in Germany."

At Hamburg, when I arrived and presented my credentials on the 5th of June, the diplomatic body then consisted of representatives—from Spain, Count de Rechteren, a *bon vivant*, and his secretary Romanillos, ill educated and disagreeable; from Prussia, Baron Grote, insupportably vain and talkative; from Denmark, Baron d'Eybe, an absolute cipher; from England, Mr. Thornton, an excellent man, prudent, and well informed; from Russia, M. Forshmann, a little droll fellow, a fool, and still more vain than foolish; from Austria, M. Gieffer, a very good man; from Portugal, M. Schubach, one of the most honorable merchants in Hamburg; from Holland, M. Reynoldt, talented, but self-sufficient; from Sweden, M. Peyron, whom I did not see, on account of the war. This I regretted: he was described as wise and conciliating, and dissuaded his majesty of Sweden from kidnapping and binding me up as volume the second to M. Rumbold, the English minister, whom Napoleon had carried off in my predecessor's time.

Immediately on arriving in Hamburg, I had instructions, first of all, to give assurance that his Imperial Majesty would guarantee the constitution and the tranquillity of Germany, and that he regarded this obligation as a most sacred duty: but scarcely had I entered upon my functions when war ravaged Germany, and the continental system ruined the trade of its commercial cities. I recalled then what the Emperor had said in my audience of leave—"You will be useful to me in Germany; I have views on that country." These *views* thus placed me in continued contradiction with my amicable assurances of friendship and protection. In other respects my situation, during the first few months of residence at Hamburg, was attended with excessive labor, while affairs succeeded and crossed each other with inconceivable rapidity. My occupations were different, but not less numerous, than those formerly devolving upon me in the cabinet of the Emperor; while my present avocations incurred a responsibility which had not attached to the functions of private secretary. In detail—I had to watch the emigrants in Altona, of itself no small affair; to correspond almost daily with the minister for foreign affairs and the minister of police;

to confer with the foreign ministers resident at Hamburg; to maintain active intercourse with the generals of the French armies; to examine my secret agents; to keep an eye over them also. I was enjoined, besides—not the least disagreeable of my engagements—to be constantly on the alert for those accursed articles in the Hamburg *Correspondent* which so grievously annoyed Napoleon. The editor sent me a proof, every evening, of the paper as it was to appear next morning—a favor granted only to the minister of France; but even thus nuisances crept in, or, rather, could not be kept out.* Fouché overwhelmed me with denunciations; had I listened to him I should have tormented everybody. During the first months succeeding my arrival I received an order to arrest a great many persons, almost all qualified as *dangerous men* and *bad subjects*. When convinced of the falsehood of an accusation I gained time; and he who gains time gains all: forgetfulness replaced severity, and no one complained. Besides, such orders were almost always illusory; even when no repugnance existed against their execution. The accused marched away from Hamburg to Altona as one takes a walk from the Tuileries to the Champs Elysées, the distance being somewhat less than three-quarters of a mile; and Hamburg, a city of ninety thousand souls, was under the control of a president and captain of police devoted to the English. I could not make myself be heard at Altona—a word in German expressive of too great proximity—save by way of Copenhagen; which long but indispensable circuit rendered null every measure. I renounced the attempt, and certainly found, for my part, that *Altona* was not *too near*.†

The enmity of the foreign princes against Napoleon encouraged all sorts of abusive writings, which greatly added to the difficulties of my situation. This hatred had greatly augmented on the death of the Duke d'Enghien—a fact not concealed by any one of the ministers or foreigners of distinction who resided in or visited Hamburg. Of this I find a curious proof among my papers in the shape of an article for the *Correspondent*. It did not, of course, appear in that publication, and mine is the intercepted copy. It states "that on the day when the news reached Berlin, a grand entertainment having been previously appointed to take place at the palace in the evening, the first thought was to postpone the arrangements. Time, however, did not suffice to countermand the invitations; and besides, the king, on reflection, felt the necessity of temporizing. But when the French minister made his

* Of the paper at this time 27,000 copies were circulated, which impression soon after rose to 60,000. It was got up excellently, and paid well.

† The etymology of Altona is said to be *alzu-nahes*, too close.

appearance, every one whom he addressed turned away, nor would any one sit at the same card-table with any of the members of the French diplomacy." The indignation against that transaction was, in truth, universal. The King of Sweden distinguished himself by his violence; and liked to make himself be talked of. About the time of my arrival, he gave a grand military fête in his camp at Scania. The Swedish minister afterwards showed me an autograph letter directing him to have inserted in the *Correspondent* the details of this mighty affair. Of this camp his own minister, M. d'Ocariz, spoke with derision. This prince sent back to the king of Prussia the collar of the black eagle, because the order had been conferred upon the First Consul. His Prussian majesty was much hurt by this proceeding, which he considered to be an insult, and as improper as the returning of the golden fleece by Louis XVIII. had been noble. Gustavus, in fact, was inconsiderate and irascible. He called Bonaparte *Master Napoleon*. He was brave, enterprising, and chivalrous; but his follies and reverses in Hanover unquestionably occasioned his abdication. His declaration of war on the 31st October, 1805, was filled with personal abuse against the Emperor. We shall see by and by what were the results of his grand expeditions.

On my first arrival in Germany the Emperor of Austria had not yet acknowledged Napoleon as King of Italy, though his ambassador had remained at Paris. From that moment, however, Austria prepared for war. England, glad to remove even the apprehensions of an invasion, urged on the cabinet of Vienna. But I have reason to believe that Napoleon *was not absorbed* in his pretended expedition when the hostile intentions of Austria manifested themselves; he desired such manifestation, and this lifting of bucklers in another quarter caused to be forgotten, without regret, his useless and expensive preparations against England. This power was, in the meantime, making immense efforts to resist the invasion which threatened her, and expended considerable sums in transporting troops from Hanover. Never, in fact, had such precipitation been witnessed. Vessels could not be procured in sufficient abundance, and immoderate prices for transports were given. These troops were those of General Walmoden, captured in Sublingen, by Marshal Mortier, who first commanded the army of occupation in Hanover. The British government had refused to ratify the capitulation because it stipulated that the troops should remain prisoners of war. Bonaparte had two motives for not insisting upon this harsh condition; he wished to retain possession of Hanover in lieu of Malta, and as the means of more easily attacking Prussia, whose

intentions had begun to excite his suspicion. He thus secured his left flank, in the event of marching to the north. Mortier, therefore, received orders to modify the capitulation, and the transport of the troops thus liberated, with the supposed urgency of their presence at home, occasioned the haste now described, by which many of the Hanoverian houses realized fortunes.

Marshal Bernadotte succeeded Mortier in Hanover. We resumed our ancient relations of amity, both officially and privately. Before my arrival two Irishmen had been recommended to the marshal by Berthier as spies. One of these, MacMahon, I quickly found to be more a spy of England than ours. Of this I apprised Bernadotte; he had made the same discovery, and wrote me, "I never had any confidence either in the capacity or the devotion of the said MacMahon. I never intrusted him with any commission of importance; and if he received employment, it was from his having been recommended by the minister of war and that his unfortunate situation inspired pity. I gave him at first 400 francs per month (£16, 13s. 4d.), but, detecting his incapacity, I reduced this allowance to 250—a pittance barely sufficient to keep him alive." After the occupation of Hanover, Mr. Taylor, English minister at Cassel, had been obliged to quit that court, but had returned notwithstanding the opposition of France. Bernadotte's letter to me on this subject is interesting:—

"My dear Bourrienne—I have just received advices which remove all doubt on the transactions at Cassel in Mr. Taylor's affair. That minister has been received, notwithstanding the representations of ours (M. Bignon), which, indeed, till now had been merely verbal. I know the Elector wrote to London, requesting that Mr. Taylor might not return; in reply, the English government sent him back: our minister did everything to induce the Elector to dismiss him; but the grand consideration of the Elector's pecuniary interests carried the day; he could not afford to quarrel with a court on which he depends for twelve million francs (half a million). The British ministry, to be sure, have been again addressed on the subject; and the Elector himself, by a private letter, has requested the King of England to recall Mr. Taylor; but it is very likely the court of London will elude the demand. Under these circumstances our troops have approached Cassel. Until then, the whole country of Gottingen had been exempt from military occupation; new dispositions required by the scarcity of forage determined me to send a squadron of horse chasseurs to Munden, a little town twelve miles from Cassel. This movement placed the

Elector ill at ease; he has expressed a desire to see things reinstated in their former position; and begged M. Bignon to write me in these terms, charging him to repeat the assurance that he should be delighted to cultivate my acquaintance at the waters of Nemidorff, where he is to be for some time. But herein I shall act, as already stated to you. I believed, my dear Bourrienne, you would not be sorry to learn all these particulars: you may depend upon them. I salute you.

"BERNADOTTE."

Our information, however, was not always so legitimately obtained, as the following incident which happened about the time of my arrival at Hamburg will show:—A courier from Vienna, on his route to England, was waylaid in a forest through which he had to pass, and his dispatches seized by order of the Emperor. His hands were then tied, and he himself in this condition bound to a tree. The unfortunate man remained in this frightful situation till an old woman, passing accidentally, discovered and released him from almost certain death. During the six years I remained in Germany no such order reached me: it was well; for I would not have directed its execution.

In the beginning of the month of August, a treaty was talked of between Russia and England; I had previously learned, upon unquestionable authority, that the Emperor Alexander had made overtures to General Moreau, to induce him to accept the command of the Austrian infantry. The Emperor made offer of twelve millions of rubles (£2,100,000) to defray traveling expenses. Moreau, as is well known, had not the misfortune to accept these conditions till long after, when he died in the ranks of the enemy.

This treaty persons of high rank and versed in these affairs, who saw the original, communicated to me by the following extracts:—1. The object of the treaty to be the re-establishment of the equilibrium of Europe: 2. The Emperor of Russia shall place thirty-six thousand men at the disposal of England: 3. Neither of the two powers to lay down arms till the King of Sardinia be restored to his dominions, or have received an equivalent in the northeast of Italy: 4. Malta to be evacuated by the English, and occupied by the Russians: 5. The two contracting powers guarantee the independence of the Ionian Republic, and England engages to aid Russia in her war with Persia. Had this project of a treaty been realized—and of its existence I have no doubt—it is impossible to calculate what might have been the consequences to Europe.

At this epoch no one in the north questioned the near approach of a

continental war. I affirm that, had not Napoleon assumed the initiative, and renounced in good time his extravagances at Boulogne, France would have been overwhelmed. I was not slow in advising him of the danger which threatened the country. Of this, more hereafter.

The movements of the Hanoverian army, which occupied a vast extent of position, required its force to be concentrated, in order to approach the line of those military operations which events announced to be at hand. Bernadotte was thus *obliged* to abandon Cuxhaven, which belonged to Hamburg, and took occasion of this necessity to elicit certain aids from that city, under pretext of the evacuation being a mark of respect for the municipality! The following is his letter to me on this subject:—

"You have good reason, my dear Bourrienne, to complain of me; I had, from the first, intended to advertise you of the movements taking place in the army, but supposed that in twenty-four hours you must be informed of everything. I have completed preparatory dispositions for concentrating the troops upon Verden and beyond that upon Ganove; I have also assembled some regiments at Gottingen. Up to this moment all is conjecture; but, so soon as I have anything positive, be assured, my dear B., you shall know. I feel how important it is that you should be *au courant* as to how matters go here. As the movement I have just made carries me a little from Cuxhaven, I may abandon that post entirely. Could you not turn that circumstance to advantage for the army? I think you would perform something agreeable to his majesty by procuring supplies for his army in Hanover. Accept, my dear B., renewed assurances of my regard.

"BERNADOTTE.

"September 3, 1805."

The Marshal soon after set out, in full march, for the south of Germany. Napoleon, remembering the successful mission of Duroc to Berlin, under the Consulate, dispatched him a second time, in order to appease the King of Prussia, who took very seriously the violation of his neutrality by the passage of Bernadotte's army through Anspach. Duroc's mission, however, was this time not so agreeable. The easy progress of the troops through Hesse had encouraged this new infringement; but there existed a mighty difference between a petty state and the kingdom of Prussia. In his first letter Duroc wrote me—"I know not how long may be my sojourn at Berlin. By my last news, the

Emperor is still at Paris, and numerous armies are assembling on the Rhine; the hopes of peace become more and more overcast: Austria is at the bottom of all. I have heard from Marshal Bernadotte. His passage through Hesse has been effected in the best manner possible; the Marshal lauds the Elector to the skies." To this was subjoined a note in the handwriting of M. Laforest, our minister at the court of Prussia, desiring copies of the Russian Military Regulations, and the Austrian Almanac—"a circumstance," to borrow my correspondent's words, "which, if it showed how far we are behind in these matters, proved at least our good faith." Duroc's second letter was in a different strain; the kindness of the King of Prussia had vanished with the news of the march through Anspach. Much misconstruction has been put on this no doubt illegal violation of the rights of a neutral power: but a letter from a servant of the Emperor, dictated in the confidence of friendship, may place things in their proper light:—"The corps of Marshal Bernadotte has traversed the marquisate of Anspach, and an order, issued in the best possible faith, but misconstrued, through certain underhand dealings, has been here at Berlin represented as an insult offered to the King and an outrage to his neutrality. But is it to be supposed that the Emperor, in the present circumstances especially, would think of insulting or of offering violence to an ally? Besides, reports have been exaggerated, or invented by those who are greater friends to our enemies than to us. I am very ready, however, to admit that Marshal Bernadotte's seventy thousand soldiers are not seventy thousand virgins. Whatever may be the extent of damage—and I am very sure it has been far from fatal—it is not the less injurious to us. Laforest and myself have been very hardly looked upon, though in no degree culpable. All the idle stories set afloat here must have reached you. Perhaps Prussia will not forget that France was the only power which took an interest in her aggrandizement and has still the same views to maintain."

The junction of the Marshal's corps with the grand army, prior to the battle of Austerlitz, was of too much importance to Napoleon not to be expedited by all means and by the shortest road. Gustavus of Sweden, always engaged in some scheme, proposed to form an army composed of his own troops, the Prussians and English; and unquestionably a vigorous attack in the north had prevented Bernadotte's departure from the Wezer and the Elbe to re-enforce the grand army in its march upon Vienna. But this coalition confined its operations to besieging the insignificant fortress of Hameln. Prussia would not yet break with us, and the King of Sweden, thus abandoned, only drew

upon himself the heavier resentment of Bonaparte, while his reverses alienated the affections of his own subjects.

Such was the state of affairs after I had been three months in Hamburg, when at length intelligence reached me that the Emperor had set out for the army. This event was preceded by the abolition of all that now remained of the Republic, namely, its calendar. This had been one of its most foolish inventions; for the designation of the months could not be generally applicable, even when confined to France. A decree of the 9th September decerned that, from the commencement of January, 1806, the months and days should resume their ancient divisions and names.*

It was Napoleon's constant policy to represent his enemies as aggressors—himself as forced to declare war. In this he had two objects in view—to maintain an appearance of sincere love of peace, and to remove the responsibility of a contest which he seemed not to have sought. His career offers few examples of this policy so striking as the operations previous to the first conquest of Vienna. Nothing could be more evident than that the transformation of the Cisalpine Republic into the Kingdom of Italy, and the union of Genoa to the empire, were acts contrary to the existing treaties; yet the Emperor did not the less complain of these treaties being violated by Austria. The truth is, Austria had armed in the most secret manner and assembled her troops on the frontiers of Bavaria. An Austrian corps had even penetrated into some of the provinces of the Electorate. From that moment Napoleon could assume for a pretext the necessity of marching to the succor of the allies of France.

In this spirit he published a singular manifesto, intended for the Diet then assembled at Ratisbon. In this document he exposed his grievances, and threw the odium of all that might follow upon the previous bad faith of Austria; here the facts were, of themselves, true, but presented only one side of the question. "In such grave circumstances," so concluded the document, "and after vainly endeavoring to bring the court of Vienna to sentiments truly pacifice, notwithstanding the reiterated asseverations of that court of having no hostile intentions against France, the Emperor of the French regards himself

* To the laboring classes the division into decades, instead of weeks, giving a day of rest only every tenth instead of every seventh day was particularly obnoxious. Few better sayings are on record than that of the French mathematician, who being consulted on the apportioning of the new calendar, replied, "Learned calculations are thrown away here; the question is decided by the commonest wants of man; a *dirty shirt* and a *rough beard* will ever be against your decades."—*Translator.*

bound to declare that he will consider as a proclamation of war, formally directed against himself, every aggression to the detriment of the Germanic body, and especially against Bavaria; the Emperor being fully determined never to separate the interests of his empire from those of the princes of Germany, his allies." This note reached me on the 15th September. Twelve days after, on the 1st Vendemiaire, which was to figure, for the last time, among the festivals of the Imperial Republic, Napoleon presided in the Senate and departed on the morrow for the army.

In the memorable sitting which preceded his departure the Emperor had presented to the Senate a plan for the reorganization of the National Guards. The minister for foreign affairs read an explanation of the reciprocal conduct of France and Austria posterior to the peace of Luneville. Before the sitting broke up the Emperor addressed the senators in a speech which produced a very lively sensation throughout Germany.

"In the present circumstances of Europe, I feel the necessity of meeting my Senate and explaining to you my sentiments. I am about to quit my capital in order to place myself at the head of the army, bear prompt assistance to my allies and defend the dearest rights of my people.

"The wishes of the eternal enemies of the continent are accomplished: hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany. Austria and Russia have united with England, and our generation is involved anew in the calamities of war. Only a few days hence and I still cherished the hope that peace would not be troubled—menaces and insults found me passive; but the Austrian army has passed the Inn; Munich is forcibly seized; the elector of Bavaria has been driven from his capital, and my hopes have vanished away.

"In this crisis, the baseness of the enemies of the continent is unveiled. They still fear the manifestation of my profound tone of peace—they feared lest Austria, at the aspect of the abyss which they had sunk beneath her steps, should relapse into sentiments of justice and moderation, and they have precipitated her into hostility. I lament the blood which this will cost to Europe, but the French name shall thence derive new luster.

"Senators! When, at your prayer—at the call of the whole French nation—I placed upon my head the imperial diadem, I received from you, and from every citizen, a pledge to maintain it pure and unsullied! My people, under all circumstances, have given me proof of their confi-

dence and their attachment. They will hasten to range themselves beneath the banners of their Emperor and of his army, who before many days will have passed the frontiers.

"Magistrates, soldiers, citizens — all will strive to preserve the country from the influence of England, who, if she prevailed, would grant us none other save a disgraceful and ignominious peace, the principal conditions of which would be the conflagration of our navy, the destruction of our harbors and the annihilation of our trade.

"All the promises which I pledged to the French people I have fulfilled. The French people, on their part, made no engagement which has not been redeemed. In these circumstances, so important for the national glory and my fame, they will continue to merit the name of great, with which, from amid the fields of blood, I saluted France. Frenchmen! your Emperor will do his duty; his soldiers will perform theirs; you will discharge yours!"

In this address I recognized the usual boasting of Napoleon. For this once, however, events seemed as if striving to accomplish these vaunts. The Emperor may have made campaigns more scientific than that of Austerlitz, but not one of his fields is surrounded with so much of the dazzling and the wonderful. Often have I thought of the secret joy with which he must have set out for a great war in Germany; a favorite idea which he had cherished even amidst the sands of Egypt. He first halted at Strasburg, whither Josephine had accompanied him, and, during this short residence of the Empress, I received from that city the manuscript of the "Tale of Julio."

All my reports spoke of the enthusiasm of the army on learning its destination to be for Germany. For the first time Napoleon had now recourse to accelerated means of transport. Twenty thousand carriages transferred his army, as if by enchantment, from the shores of the ocean to the banks of the Rhine.* Each young ambition grew yet more ambitious, in the hope of signalizing its powers under the eye of

* A very graphic description, by an eye-witness, of the breaking up of the camps at Boulogne, has lately been forwarded to me. "At daybreak the wind was fair for England—the blockading squadron had been blown down the Channel. The trumpets sounded 'On board!' and in six hours nearly two hundred thousand men—sailors, soldiers, artillery, stores, ammunition and arms, were embarked! Everything seemed favorable. All was hushed—each eye and ear intent for the signal to weigh. The trumpets pealed for 'To land!' The army disembarked in the same admirable order, but with different feelings. The soldiers hung their heads and even murmurs were heard as they retired to their camps. Here a brief proclamation announced the change in their destination; and by to-morrow's dawn the vanguard was on the march for Austerlitz."—*Translator.*

a leader who was the idol of his soldiers. Thus, during his residence at Strasburg, the Emperor might venture to predict with some security the success awaiting him under the walls of Vienna, which, as Rapp informed me, he did in presence of a great many persons while on the eve of quitting Strasburg—"The plan of Mack's campaign is settled; the Caudine forks are at Ulm." This was a favorite expression with Napoleon when he beheld the enemy's army concentrated upon a point and foresaw its defeat. Experience proved that he was not deceived; and I must here affirm that the report of Mack's having sold himself and Ulm, is a groundless—a notorious falsehood. What may have given some countenance to it, was the humane intercession made by Napoleon in favor of Mack, when threatened with trial by a court-martial.*

I may here relate the circumstances whence dates the fortune of a man of great merit, because occurring at this time, though the information reached me at a later period. The Emperor was still at Strasburg, when one day he desired Marescot, general of the corps of engineers, to name him a young man of spirit to whom a delicate mission could be confided. "He must be brave, prudent and well informed, so as to push a reconnoissance to the utmost." A young captain of engineers was recommended named Barnard; who accordingly set out without exciting notice. He advanced almost to Vienna and returned to the imperial headquarters about the time of the capitulation of Ulm. Napoleon interrogated this messenger himself and was much pleased with his replies. Not satisfied with answering verbally, Barnard had drawn up a written report; in which, among other things, it was advised to march directly upon Vienna without regarding the fortified towns; because the possession of the capital would secure the rest as a matter of course. "I was present," said Rapp to me, "while the young officer was examined: when he had finished his report, to our astonishment, the Emporor exclaimed in a passion, 'How! you are a bold one! very daring indeed! A petty officer presume to trace plans of the campaign to me! Begone and wait my orders.'" In this and what I have still to relate of Captain Barnard's career, we recognize Napoleon completely. "When the young officer had been thus roughly dismissed," continued Rapp, "the Emperor all at once changing his tone said, 'That is a young man of merit; he has observed well; I have no wish to expose him to the chance of a bullet; I shall want him,

* Why, if Mack were innocent, was intercession necessary? The reader will remember Nelson's character of Mack when the latter commanded at Naples—"That fellow either does not, or will not, understand his business."—*Translator.*

most likely, hereafter: go and tell Berthier to expedite an order for him to set out for Illyria.' Away went Barnard with a heavy heart, burning to be engaged in a campaign whence he conceived himself removed as a punishment, when, in fact, this removal was a precaution of the Emperor to preserve a young officer whom he had appreciated. At the close of the campaign, when the Emperor gave promotion to the officers who had been most distinguished, Barnard, supposed to be in disgrace, did not appear on Berthier's list among the captains of engineers proposed for nomination to the rank of colonel—the Emperor, with his own hand, inserted his name, placing it before all those presented to him."

Notwithstanding this, Napoleon overlooked his *protégé* for a long while; and I may as well introduce here the manner in which Barnard was again brought to mind, and how he became colleague to my informant, Rapp, in quality of aid-de-camp to the Emperor. Some time previous to the campaign of 1812 the Emperor, being at Paris, desired to have exact information regarding Ragusa and Illyria. He sent for Marmont, whose replies did not altogether satisfy him. Several other generals were examined; still the result was, "It is all very well, yet not exactly what I want. I do not yet know Ragusa." Dejean, inspector of engineers, was then called. "Have you among your officers any one who is well acquainted with Ragusa?" Reflecting a little, Dejean replied, "Sire, there is a colonel belonging to our corps, long forgotten, who knows Illyria perfectly."—"His name?"—"Barnard."—"Ah! stop; Barnard! I know that name: where is he?"—"Sire, he is at Antwerp, employed on the works."—"A telegraphic dispatch—Let Barnard mount and be here without drawing bridle." It is well known with what promptitude orders of this kind were executed. Barnard in a few days was in the cabinet of the Emperor. Napoleon instantly recognized his old constructor of campaigns and received him kindly, putting the subject before him thus: "Tell me about Ragusa!" This was his usual mode, and one day, during the Consulate, he himself told me, "By this manner of interrogating I am most certain to discover what a man has observed interesting in any place." The account given by Barnard was entirely satisfactory; and when he had finished, Napoleon said, "Colonel Barnard, now I know Ragusa." Afterwards he talked with him familiarly, entering into many of the details concerning the fortifications constructing at Antwerp—found faults and showed how he would turn many of them; Barnard, on his part, explained how he would foil these attacks in a way that quite enchanted the Emperor, who gave the young speaker a mark of confi-

dence which, to my knowledge, had never before been conferred. The Emperor, going to preside at the Council of State, desired the colonel to accompany him; and, during the sitting, even asked his opinion on the matters under discussion. On the breaking up of the Council, Napoleon, turning to the officer, said, "Barnard, you are my aid-de-camp." After the ensuing campaign he was made general of brigade, and, soon after, general of division. At this moment Barnard is well known throughout Europe as the first engineer in existence. A foolish proceeding of Clarke's deprived France of a man so distinguished, who, rejecting brilliant offers made to him by several of the European potentates, has retired to the United States, where he commands the engineers, and has there constructed those fortifications on the side of the Floridas which all men of science regard as a masterpiece in the art. In all the circumstances of this case I not only see completely displayed the character of Napoleon, but a remarkable instance of the eagle glance with which he detected merit wherever it was to be found, and of that species of instinct which urged him to attach it to his interests, as something which had emanated from, and ought to return to, himself.

Departing from Strasburg, the Emperor hastened forward and threw himself at the head of the Bavarian troops, thus holding the enemy at bay till his own army came up. When all were assembled, in order to excite to a still higher pitch, if that had been possible, the zeal and devotedness of these noble legions, he addressed them in the following proclamation, issued with the orders of the day:—

"Soldiers! The war of the triple coalition has commenced. Your Emperor is in the midst of you. You are but the advanced guard of the great nation, ready, if necessary, to rise as one man at my voice, to confound and overthrow this new combination, which the hatred and the gold of England have formed. But, soldiers! we shall have to make forced marches; fatigues and privations of all kinds to endure; whatever obstacles may be opposed to us we will surmount them all, nor rest till we have planted our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

CHAPTER VI.

RAPID CONQUESTS—CAPITULATION OF ULM—ANECDOTES—NAPOLEON AND THE CAPTIVE GENERALS—HIS OPINION OF A RUSSIAN ALLIANCE—CAPTURE OF VIENNA—DARING STRATAGEM OF LANNES AND MURAT—ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON AND THE DAUGHTER OF HIS FIRST PATRON—PRELIMINARY MOVEMENTS—BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ—RAPP'S DESCRIPTION—INTERVIEW OF NAPOLEON AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—TREATY OF PRESBURG—CONSEQUENCES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Were I to attempt merely to give an idea of the brilliant campaign of 1805, I should be obliged, in extracting from dispatches and letters, to assimilate my narrative in some measure to almanac, marking each day by one victory at least, or one of those rapid movements which the presence of Napoleon impressed upon his army, and which so powerfully contributed to the prodigious results of a campaign of sixty days. In truth, was not the celerity of the first operations of the Emperor a thing till then unimagined? On the 24th of September he left Paris, and hostilities had commenced by the 2d of October. On the 6th and 7th the French passed the Danube, and turned the army of the enemy. On the 8th, Murat, in the battle of Wertengen, on that river, made two thousand prisoners, with many Austrian officers of distinction. On the morrow the defeated Austrians sustained another discomfiture at Gunzbourg by our valiant squadrons, who, following up their advantage, entered Augsburg on the 10th, and Munich on the 12th of the same month. On receiving these dispatches, I could almost fancy myself perusing legends of romance. Two days after the entry of the French into the Bavarian capital, that is to say, on the 14th, an Austrian corps of six thousand laid down their arms to Marshal Soult at Memmingen; while, on the same day, Ney won, by force of arms, his dukedom of Elchingen. Last, the 17th of October beheld the famous capitulation of Ulm; and, in another quarter, the same date witnessed the commencement of hostilities in Italy between Massena and the Archduke Prince Charles. I am persuaded that Napoleon felt great disappointment that the Prince was not opposed to him, for often have I heard him complain of the unskillfulness of the enemy's generals, whose faults, though he ably profited by them, seemed to take from him the

full honors of victory. Never, perhaps, did any man more anxiously desire to encounter enemies worthy of his arms.*

With respect to the capture of Ulm, the report which I am now to render is that which was laid before the Emperor. He had paused, for a brief space, at Augsburg, with the venerable prelate and former elector of Treves, who was gratefully attached to his person, in order to consider the movements by which he was to operate upon the Austrian army. The pause was the couching of the tiger before he springs: he rushed forward with such incredible rapidity that the Archduke Ferdinand deemed himself but too fortunate in being barely able to to recross the Danube. All the other Austrian forces, however, were shut up in Ulm, and the garrison of a place deemed to be impregnable had thus been augmented to thirty thousand men.

General Segur, afterwards in the service of Murat, had been intrusted with conveying the first overtures to Mack. His report for the Emperor, on this subject, will be read with interest. "Yesterday, 24th Vendemiaire (16th October), the Emperor sent for me to attend in the cabinet. I received orders to repair to Ulm, to decide Mack to surrender in five days, or, if he should stand out for six, to grant them. These were my only instructions. The night was dark; a fearful hurricane raged; the rain fell in torrents; it was necessary to pass by cross roads, and avoid gulfs in which, man, horse, and mission, might have met an untimely end. I had almost reached the gates without lighting upon our advanced posts. There were none, in fact: sentinels, videttes, mainguards—all had got under cover; even the parks of artillery were deserted; no fires—no stars. I continued to wander about for three hours in search of some means to make known my approach. I traversed several villages; questioned those in them; all to no purpose. At last I found a trumpeter of artillery, half drowned in the mire, and stiff with cold, under a carriage. We were doubtless expected; for, at the first summons, an officer, M. de Latour, appeared, who spoke French very well. He bandaged my eyes and led me under the fortifications. I remarked to my conductor how useless were all these precautions in such darkness; but customary observances could not be dispensed with. The distance appeared long. I entered into conversation with my guide, endeavoring to discover what troops were shut up in the city. From his replies I conjectured we held inclosed

* Probably it would have been as difficult to convince the Emperor of the *worthiness* of his enemies, as to persuade Bourrienne on the same point. From some expressions of the secretary, he seems to doubt the *worthiness* of the Duke of Wellington; yet he beat Napoleon.—*Translator.*

all the remains of the Austrian army. At length we reached the inn where the commander-in-chief held head quarters. He speedily made his appearance—tall, aged, pale, and with an expression which announced a lively imagination. On his countenance was obviously impressed an anxiety which he labored to conceal. After the exchange of some compliments, I gave my name, stating I had come, on the part of the Emperor, to summon the Austrian general to surrender, and to arrange with him the terms of capitulation. These expressions appeared to him insupportable, and at first he would not listen to their being necessary. I insisted; observing that having been received it must be obvious to the Emperor that the General was aware of his own situation. He replied quickly that his situation would soon be changed; that the Russian army was approaching to his succor; that we should be between two fires and might find it our time to talk of capitulating. I replied that in his position it was not wonderful he should be ignorant of what had taken place in Germany; that in consequence I had the honor to inform him of Marshal Bernadotte's occupying Ingoldstadt, and his advanced posts being ont he Inn, where the Russians had not yet shown themselves. 'May I be ——,' exclaimed General Mack in great wrath, 'if I am not certainly informed that the Russians are at Dachau! Do you suppose you can deceive me thus! or treat you with a child? No, no! M. de Segur, if in eight days I am not relieved, I consent to surrender the place; my soldiers to remain prisoners of war and their officers to be prisoners on parole. Then there will be time for relieving me, and I shall have done my duty. But succors will reach me: of that I am certain.'—'I have the honor to repeat, general, that we are not only masters of Dachau, but of Munich. Besides, supposing you right—which is not the case—if the Russians be at Dachau, five days will be sufficient for them to come and attack us, and these his Majesty grants you.'—'No, sir,' replied the general, 'I demand eight days; they are indispensable to my responsibility.'—'Thus,' resumed I, 'all the difficulty consists in three days. But I cannot understand the importance your Excellency attaches to these when his Majesty is before your gates with an army of one hundred thousand men; while the corps of Marshal Bernadotte and General Marmont are able to retard for three days the march of the Russians, even supposing them to be whence they are yet far off.' —'They are at Dachau, I repeat,' interrupted General Mack.—'Well, be it so, M. le Baron,' said I, 'or, if you will, at Augsburg; we are so much the more pressed to a speedy termination of your affair. Do not force us, then, to carry Ulm by assault; for then, instead of five days

the Emperor will be here in the morning.'—'Ah, sir!' replied the commander-in-chief, 'do not imagine that fifteen thousand men will allow themselves to be forced so easily; it will cost you dear!'—'Some hundreds of brave fellows, doubtless,' replied I, 'and you the destruction of your army and of Ulm, with which Germany will reproach you; in short, all the evils of an assault; which his Majesty would spare by the proposition offered through me.'—'Say,' cried the Marshal, 'that it will cost *you* ten thousand men! The strength of Ulm is no secret.'—'It consists in the heights which surround it—and these are in our possession.'—Then, sir, is it possible that you do not know the strength of Ulm?'—'Doubtless we do, Marshal, and so much the more completely that we can look down upon your works.'—'Very well, sir,' said the unfortunate general, 'then you see men ready to defend themselves to the last extremity if your Emperor does not grant them eight days. I can hold out long enough here. There are in Ulm three thousand horses upon which we will feed rather than surrender, with as much pleasure as you would do if in our place.'—'Three thousand horses!' answered I; 'ah, Marshal, the straits to which you are already reduced must be considerable since you so early think of such wretched resources.'

"The Marshal hastened to assure me that they had ten days' provisions; but I gave no credit to the assertion. The day began to break; I arose, saying my instructions directed me to return before day, and, in case of refusal to surrender in five days, to transmit the order, in passing, to Marshal Ney to begin the attack. Here General Mack complained of the severity of the Marshal in refusing to receive his flags of truce; and I embraced the opportunity to represent the character of Ney as fierce, impetuous, impossible to be restrained; that he commanded the most numerous and nearest force of the army, and waited with impatience the order for the assault. The old general was not to be intimidated; insisted upon eight days; and pressed me to carry his request to the Emperor. I might have proposed six, but saw no advantage in the measure, and wished not to compromise myself. He held out for the only thing now left him to defend—time.

"On the 25th, at nine in the morning, I again saw the Emperor at the Abbey of Elchingen and gave an account of this negotiation, with which he appeared satisfied. On being recalled, I received from Marshal Berthier new propositions in writing, which General Mack was to be required to sign immediately. By these the Emperor granted eight days to the Austrian general, but to date from the 23d, the first day of the blockade, which, in fact, reduced the time to six days; but, in case

of obstinate refusal, I was authorized to date from the 25th. About midday I entered Ulm, always with the same precautions; but this time General Mack was at the gate. I presented the Emperor's ultimatum; he retired to consider it with some officers, among whom I thought I perceived Prince Lichtenstein and Generals Klenau and Giulay. In a quarter of an hour he returned to dispute with me about the date. From a misunderstanding he had conceived that the eight days were clear, exclusive of the 25th, and, with a strange emotion of satisfaction—'M. de Segur,' cried he, 'my dear M. de Segur, I reckoned on the generosity of your Emperor, and have not been deceived. Tell Marshal Berthier I respect him; say to the Emperor that I have only some slight observations to make, and will sign all he requires. But tell his Majesty that Marshal Ney has been very harsh; that generals do not treat each other in the fashion he has treated me. Be sure you repeat to his Majesty that I confided in his generosity.' Then, with an effusion of increasing delight, he added—'M. de Segur, I value your esteem; I attach much importance to the opinion you may entertain of me; I will show you a writing which I had signed, for I was determined.' While speaking thus he unfolded a sheet of paper, inscribed with these words—'*Eight days, or death!*' signed '*Mack.*'" *

Prince Maurice of Lichtenstein had also been sent to the imperial headquarters with a flag of truce, and, conformably to usage, was conducted on horseback with his eyes bandaged. Rapp afterwards described to me this interview. "Figure to yourself the astonishment," said he, "or rather confusion, of the poor Prince on the bandage being removed; he knew nothing at all of the real state of affairs, having no idea that the Emperor had yet arrived. On finding himself in presence of Napoleon, he could not forbear an involuntary expression of surprise, which did not escape the Emperor, and frankly avowed that Mack was not aware of his being before the walls of Ulm. The Prince demanded to capitulate, on condition that the garrison should be permitted to return to Austria. That request drew a smile from the Emperor. 'That is not to be thought of,' replied he; 'I can have no motive for granting your demand. What should I gain? Eight days? In eight days you are mine without conditions. Do you suppose

* Bourrienne denies the presumption which has hitherto been, and was at the time generally entertained, of contrivance between Mack and Bonaparte in the surrender of Ulm. The narrative in the text does not appear calculated to second such denial. The relation seems to want the straightforward simplicity of real business. Mack is too anxious to display, *indirectly*, the state to which he is reduced; he labors to impress the idea of being constrained by circumstances to a surrender, while he parades his resolution to stand to a defense.—*Translator.*

I am not informed of all? You expect the Russians? If they be in Bohemia, it is the nearest. If I allow you to depart, who shall assure me that you do not join their army, and afterwards fight against me? Your generals have too often deceived me; I will not again be their dupe. At Marengo I had the weakness to allow the troops of Melas to march out from Alessandria. What ensued? Two months after, Moreau had to fight the garrison of Alessandria. Besides, the present is no ordinary war. After the conduct of your government, I can trust to no engagement. You have attacked me. If I consent to what you demand, Mack would pledge himself—that I know; but has he the power to keep his word? As respects himself, yes; but no, as concerns his army. Were the Archduke Ferdinand still with you, I might confide in his word, because he would be responsible for the conditions, and because he would not dishonor himself; but I am aware he has quitted Ulm; he has passed the Danube—I know how to reach him, though.'—You cannot conceive," continued Rapp, "the embarrassment of Prince Lichtenstein. Recovering a degree of composure, however, he said, 'that unless upon these concessions, the army would not capitulate.'—'In that case,' replied Napoleon, 'you may return to Mack, for I will never grant such conditions. Do you make game of me? Hold, there is the capitulation of Memmingen; show that to your general; let him surrender on the same terms: I will consent to none other. Your officers only shall return to Austria, but the soldiers must remain prisoners. Tell him to make haste. I have no time to lose. The longer he delays, the worse he will render his own situation and yours. I shall have the corps to which Memmingen surrendered here to-morrow—and we shall see. Let Mack know that there remains no other part to be taken save conforming to my will.'"

The imperious tone which Napoleon employed with his enemies almost always succeeded and produced upon Mack its usual consequences. Ulm became, as he had predicted, the "Caudine forks" of the Austrian army. The defenders marched out with what are termed the honors of war, and were sent prisoners into France. I may here remark, that of all the troops which Napoleon had to combat in his military career, the Austrians most readily surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

How great the change which fifteen days of success, crowned by the capture of Ulm, had effected in the position of affairs! The hopes of our enemies had risen to a pitch of folly. The security of the cabinet of Vienna was really inexplicable. Some had even disposed of France as a conquered country; and among other presents, at her expense, had

awarded Lyons to the King of Sardinia, in compensation for the temporary occupation of Piedmont!

It was a singular trait in the character of Napoleon that, however irritated he might feel against opposition, and its authors, his resentment disappeared with success. He consoled the misfortune of the vanquished generals when admitted into his presence: nor did this arise from a feigned generosity or emotion of dissembled pride. Often have I heard him say, "How miserable must be the general, on the morrow, after a lost battle!" He had himself experienced the feeling at Acre, and I believe, at that moment, would have strangled the Djezzar; but had the latter surrendered, he would have treated him with the same distinctions as were lavished upon Mack and the other captive commanders at Ulm. These amounted to seventeen, among whom were Prince Lichtenstein, Klenau and Giulay, both enjoying reputation acquired in the preceding wars, and General Fresnel, whose situation was delicate, as being an emigrant and a Frenchman. It was really painful, as Rapp informed me, to look upon these generals, while they defiled, with Mack at their head, bowing respectfully, as they passed the Emperor, who addressed them as follows:—"Gentlemen, I regret that so many brave men should be victims of the folly of a cabinet which entertains absurd projects, and scruples not to compromise the dignity of the Austrian nation by trafficking in the services of its generals. Your names are known to me, and are honorably remembered wherever you have fought. Examine the conduct of those who have compromised you. What more iniquitous than to attack me without declaration of war, and unawares? Is it not criminal to bring upon the nations a foreign invasion?—to betray Europe, by thus introducing into her disputes hordes of Asiatics? In sound politics, the Aulic Council, in place of attacking me, ought to have sought my alliance, to drive back the Russians to the north. The union now formed by your cabinet will stand eternally in history as a monstrous thing; it is a compact of the dogs and shepherds with wolves against the sheep. Such a conception would never have entered the head of a statesman. It is fortunate for you that I have not been worsted in the unjust contest to which I have been provoked, otherwise the cabinet of Vienna would have but too late perceived its error—an error for which it will in all likelihood pay dearly some day."

On these successes Napoleon addressed to his army a proclamation, which has always appeared to me a masterpiece of military eloquence. For, while he commended their past exploits, he stimulated the ardor of his troops to fresh exertions. He congratulated his soldiers on

having, in a campaign of fifteen days, chased the Austrians from Bavaria, annihilated a force of one hundred thousand men by the capture of sixty thousand prisoners, two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety standards, and all the generals; fifteen thousand soldiers only having escaped. At the same time he roused their emulation by announcing—"But we must not stop here; you are impatient to begin a second campaign. That Russian army which English gold has transported *from the extremities of the universe* must experience from you the same fate. In the approaching struggle the honor of the French infantry is especially concerned: then will be decided, for the second time, the question already determined on the plains of Holland and amid the mountains of Switzerland, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe. There are no generals against whom I can acquire glory. All my care will be to obtain the victory by the least possible effusion of blood. My soldiers are my children." The reader must have witnessed, as I have done, the prodigious excitement into which his soldiers were wrought by the words of Napoleon, to conceive the effect of such an address.

The second campaign speedily opened, and was hailed with undiminished enthusiasm. There is no exaggeration in saying that the exploits of our troops surpassed the rapidity of thought. Every courier brought me reports more favorable than I had even dared to hope. Two days after the capitulation of Ulm, Murat, on his side, had shut up General Warnuk, and forced him to capitulate at Trochtelfrugen. With him were ten thousand men; so that, exclusive of killed and wounded, the Austrian army found itself diminished by fifty thousand in the course of twenty days. On the 27th October, the French troops, by crossing the Inn, first penetrated into the Austrian dominions, and immediately occupied Saltzburg and Braunau. Massena also obtained important advantages in Italy, having, on the same day that these two fortresses surrendered, that is, on the 30th, gained the sanguinary battle of Caldiero, and taken five thousand prisoners from the Austrians. On the 2d of November, Lintz was captured; and the bold march of Ney upon Innspruck had rendered us masters of the Tyrol. Still I was not prepared for a letter received by an extraordinary courier from Duroc, who, after leaving Berlin, had rejoined the Emperor in Lintz. This laconic epistle ran as follows—"We are in Vienna! The Emperor is well and better satisfied than ever; he is much pleased with your services at Hamburg, and appears equally contented with my mission to Berlin, although you are aware that I succeeded in nothing; but he had no doubts of my zeal. He expected me with impatience. I did not

conceal from him the tergiversations which I had witnessed. As much as possible hold yourself informed of proceedings at Berlin, and send us word." This letter, dated on the 13th, and these words, "We are in Vienna!" appeared to me like a dream. The capital of Austria, that city which from time immemorial had not beheld the face of an armed foe, become the prey of the *imperial eagle* of France! which, after three centuries, at the close of a campaign of forty days, had thus avenged the humiliation of Francis I., imposed by the *griffin eagle* of Charles V.*

Austria, however, did not fall without an effort, both in the field and in the cabinet. An attempt was made through Giulay, already mentioned, with the too palpable design of retarding us in the career of victory by proposing an armistice, preliminary to a peace, of which the Austrian government professed to be sincerely desirous. The snare was too gross. Napoleon said he too desired peace, but kept pushing on—bidding Giulay report to his master for answer that he was ready to treat, though as yet he saw no reason for suspending operations. Bonaparte could not, in effect, without the greatest imprudence, listen to Giulay, since he brought no powers from Russia, who therefore might easily have disavowed the armistice and interposed in time to defend Vienna, the occupation of which had become so important to the French army.

The Russians were, in fact, marching in front of our troops; and the division commanded by Mortier received a check in the first encounter which occasioned the Emperor very great displeasure. For the first time during the campaign he had thus experienced anything like a reverse; it was in truth very slight, but the capture of the three first eagles of which the enemy had obtained possession vexed him exceedingly, and detained him for some days longer than he intended at St. Poulten, where he then was.

The capture of Vienna is due to the fortunate temerity of two men, Murat and Lannes, who yielded to each other in nothing where bravery and daring were concerned. At the time, much was talked of the bold stratagem by which these two marshals prevented the destruction of the bridge of Tabor: without this, our troops could not have gained

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* Paul Jovius, at the commencement of the 16th century, wrote the famous line in a satire on Charles V., in favor of Francis I., on the Austrian eagle, which has passed into a proverb—

Aquila Griffagna, che dui becchi porta per meglio divorar.

When afterwards the satirist solicited employment from the Emperor, the latter replied to this request by repeating this line.—*Translator.*

possession of Vienna, save after incredible difficulties, since that capital is defended by the Danube and its branches.* This act of courage and presence of mind, which exercised such essential influence over the rest of the campaign, was subsequently related to me by Lannes himself, who spoke of it as an excellent joke, and seemed much more delighted with having outwitted the Austrians, than considering himself as having performed a splendid action. The most hazardous enterprises were so simple and so natural for him that he was very often the only one who saw nothing unusual in them. What men have been the victims of Napoleon's ambition!

"Conceive," said Lannes to me, I think during the Prussian campaign; "I was one day strolling with Murat along the right bank of the Danube, upon which lay our respective divisions of the army, when, reaching the extremity of the bridge of Tabor, we saw the Austrians at work on the opposite side, evidently employed in preparations for blowing up the bridge on the approach of our troops. These rascals had the assurance to work under our very noses; but we gave them a lesson. Our plan being settled and properly arranged, we returned to give orders. I confided the command of my column of grenadiers to an officer on whose courage and intelligence I could rely. Our dispositions made, Murat and I, with two or three other generals, returned to the bridge. Here we advanced along quite at our ease, and with so much composure that they took us for simple officers. We entered into conversation with the commander of a post established on the middle of the bridge; conversed, without affecting anything, on an armistice speedily to be concluded; and in this way contrived to divert the attention of the Austrian officers to the left bank. On this, according to previous orders, my column rushed upon the bridge. The Austrian artillerymen on the left bank, seeing their officers in the midst of us, dared not fire; my grenadiers, with Murat and myself at their head, charged forward; and thus we gained the opposite bank. All the materials prepared for blowing up the bridge were thrown into the river, and my men took possession of the batteries destined to protect the passage. The poor devils of Austrian officers remained per-

* Unquestionably the possession of this bridge proved of great importance in the succeeding movements of the campaign, but was not indispensable to the *easy* occupation of Vienna, since that capital stands on the *right* bank of the Danube, to which the invading army had crossed in Bavaria. On translating this passage in the first edition, I experienced a difficulty in reconciling my reminiscences of the Austrian capital with my author's remarks. The error in thus placing that city on the *left* bank I have since seen noticed by the German reviewers.—*Translator.*

fectly stultified on my telling them that they were our prisoners: it was even necessary to bully them a little."*

Such was the recital of Lannes, who laughed most heartily on recalling the figure cut by the Austrian officers in their consternation on discovering the blunder they had committed. Lannes, however, had not foreseen the importance of the enterprise which he had accomplished, though it soon became evident. Not only was a passage into Vienna thus secured to the army, but an insurmountable barrier interposed between the junction of the Austrian corps under the Archduke Charles with the Russian army. The Archduke, pressed by Massena, had retreated in all haste to the heart of the hereditary states, not doubting that a general battle would there be decided. I may just advert, in passing, to the disagreeable situation of Prince Charles: forced to take part in a war of which he had highly disapproved, but intrusted only with a secondary command in Italy, his reputation was exposed to a compromise, while he had never been brought fairly into the contest. Thenceforth he renounced all command in the Austrian armies.

As soon as the corps of Murat and Lannes had taken possession of Vienna, the Emperor ordered all the other divisions of the army to direct their march upon the capital, which became, in some sort, the capital of the French army; and he himself, as if at St. Cloud, established his headquarters at Schœnbrunn, whence he issued his directions both for forcing the Archduke Charles to retire upon Hungary and for leading his own army against the Russians. Leaving in Vienna and the environs only four divisions, under Mortier and Marmont, he took the route for Znaim (Moravia), where the mass of the Russian army was believed to be concentrated. The Russians, however, had marched upon Brunn, towards which Napoleon then eagerly hastened: the two armies, in mutual search of each other, could not thus allow the question to remain long undecided.

During these forced and next to miraculous marches Murat and Lannes constantly commanded the advanced guard. The lofty foresight of the Emperor seemed to augment during the operations preceding the battle of Austerlitz: it is certain—and too many officers, witnesses of the fact, have deposed to that effect in my hearing for me to doubt its truth—that he himself pointed out the ground in advance upon which he would engage the Russian army, and commanded his generals

* As some excuse for the folly of the Austrian commanders, it ought to be remembered that they had seen Giulay depart as envoy to the imperial headquarters ostensibly to arrange an armistice, and he had not then returned.—*Translator.*

carefully to examine its sinuosities, for they would there have to play a high game. Still to keep up the persuasion that he desired peace, he had caused the minister for foreign affairs to follow the army close at hand, and sent also Savary as envoy to the Emperor of Russia, offering peace before coming to blows with him. The conditions, however, were of a nature which he knew could not be accepted without dishonor and such as the gain of a battle could not more than authorize.* It is evident to every reflecting mind that he acted thus for the purpose of assuming the air of a pacificator, while he could securely indulge his passion for war.

I revert, for a moment, to affairs at Hamburg. On hearing of the march of the Russian troops upon the Electorate, the French in Hanover, under General Barbou, concentrated in Hameln. On the 2d of November the King of Sweden arrived at Stralsund, and subsequently the Swedo-Russian army crossed the Elbe at Luneberg, six miles from Hamburg. Government attaching great importance to movements on the flank of the grand army, I collected intelligence, and addressed to the Emperor a dispatch to which, I believe, Duroc alluded in the note from Vienna, and of which the following is the substance: After relating the movement of the different detachments, their force was enumerated at fifteen thousand Russians, with fifty-eight pieces of artillery; eight thousand Swedes and twelve thousand English: I added, "The general opinion is that these thirty-five thousand troops are destined to attempt a diversion in Holland. The English disembarked in the Weser and Elbe from one hundred and six transports. The passage had been more tedious than was expected, and the greater part of the horses perished for want of forage. One transport, with two hundred men, swamped in the Weser, and all perished. The King of Sweden is expected at Luneberg to-day or to-morrow. The King of Prussia is to take possession of Bremen, to prevent, he says, its occupation by others."

At all times when foreign armies were in the field against France the emigrants showed themselves, and several, on the present occasion, took up arms in the Austrian and Russian service. Of this number was General Dumouriez, who, I was informed, had landed from England at Stadt, in company with one St. Marten, whose wife was the general's mistress. This St. Marten, whom I was reproached with not having arrested, came secretly to Hamburg, bought two carriages, and was

* Savary, Duke of Rovigo, has given an account of this embassy in his Memoirs. —*Translator.*

off to Stadt, fortified, besides, with a brevet in the English service—a protection against everything in Hamburg. From Stadt, Dumouriez set out for Moravia.

At this time the King of Prussia desired to take possession of Hamburg, but Russia, so eager to aggrandize herself, would not permit aggrandizement to others. Things remained thus, and no doubt contributed to encourage the neutrality of Prussia. In December the recruiting for the English service met with prodigious success in Hanover, to the extent sometimes of a hundred men a day: of this the misery which prevailed in Germany, the famine in Hanover, and hatred towards the French, were the causes; and thus the English procured as many men as they chose. They had several vessels lying in the Elbe laden with money for this purpose. On the 7th of the same month hostilities commenced between the Russians and the garrison of Hameln.

I return now to my accounts from the grand army, and, among other anecdotes of Bonaparte during this campaign, occurs the following, received from Rapp, who was present:—"Some days before his entry into Vienna, Napoleon, riding along the road on horseback, dressed as usual, in the uniform of a colonel of the guard, met an open carriage in which were a lady weeping and an ecclesiastic. Napoleon drew up to ask the lady whither she was going and the cause of her tears? Not knowing the Emperor, she replied—'Sir, my country house, about two leagues from hence, has been pillaged by some soldiers, who murdered my gardener. I am going to seek your Emperor, who knew my family, and indeed is under obligations to us.'—'Your name?'—'De Bunny. I am the daughter of M. de Marbœuf, formerly governor of Corsica.'—'I am delighted, madam,' replied Napoleon, with much kindness, 'to have an opportunity of being serviceable to you—I am the Emperor.'—You cannot imagine," continued Rapp, "with what distinction the Emperor treated Madame de Bunny. He reassured her, expressed his regret, and almost offered personal excuses for what had happened.—'Be pleased, madam, to wait for me at headquarters; I will see you again presently: all who are connected with M. de Marbœuf have a right to my regard.' The Emperor assigned on the spot a picket of chasseurs from his own guard as an escort, visited the lady again in the course of the day, loaded her with attentions, and munificently indemnified the losses she had sustained."

Prior to the battle of Austerlitz, French columns were now traversing Germany and Italy in all directions, all tending to Vienna; and about the beginning of November arrived at Saltzburg the corps of Bernadotte, for whose presence so much anxiety had been evinced.

At this date we are at peace with Naples; in September the Emperor had even concluded a treaty of neutrality with Ferdinand IV., which allowed Saint Cyr, who occupied that city, to evacuate Naples, join Messena in Upper Italy, and, with his corps, follow him up to the grand army, which they reached on the 28th November. Scarcely, however, had the troops of Saint Cyr quitted the Neapolitan territories, when the king, ill advised by his ministers, and above all, by Queen Caroline, broke the neutrality, opened his harbors to the enemies of the Emperor and received into his states twelve thousand Russians and eight thousand English. It was on learning these occurrences that Napoleon, in one of his most violent bulletins, stigmatized the Queen of Naples as the modern Fredegonde; and subsequent events having added to his threats but too powerful an authority, the fate of Naples was decided.

At length arrived the great day when, according to the expression of Napoleon, "the sun of Austerlitz arose." All our forces were concentrated on the same point, about forty leagues beyond Vienna. There remained only the wrecks of the Austrian army, the division of Prince Charles not having been able to triumph over the skillful maneuvers which held it distant from the line of operations; but the Russians, of themselves, were superior to us in number, while their army was composed, in greater part, of fresh troops. Illusion had reached a high pitch in the enemy's camp. The north of Europe has its Gascons no less than the south of France: the Russian youth, as I afterwards learned, expressed their confidence in loud boasting. The evening before the battle, the Emperor Alexander having sent the Prince Dolgoroski, one of his aides-de-camp, to Napoleon, with a flag of truce, this young man could not govern his petulance, even in presence of the Emperor. As the conference took place in private, no one knew the nature of the "impertinence;" but Rapp, being in attendance, heard Bonaparte exclaim, in dismissing the messenger, "When you are on the heights of Montmartre! I can reply to such impertinence only with my cannon." Singular phrase, while in thought we transport ourselves to the time when it became a prediction.

As to the battle, properly so called, I am able to speak of it almost as if I had been present, having had the lively satisfaction of seeing my friend General Rapp soon after in Hamburg. His graphic relation was as follows:—

"When we arrived at Austerlitz, the Russians, ignorant of the Emperor's skillful dispositions to draw them to the ground upon which he had resolved to engage, and beholding our advanced guards yield

before their columns, conceived the victory won. According to their notions, the advanced guard would suffice to secure an easy triumph. But the battle began—they found what it was to fight; and, on every point, were repulsed. At one o'clock the victory was still uncertain; for they fought admirably. They resolved on a last effort, and directed close masses against our center. The imperial guard deployed: artillery, cavalry, infantry, were marched against a bridge which the Russians attacked, and this movement, concealed from Napoleon by the inequality of the ground, was not observed by us. At this moment I was standing near him waiting orders. At once arose on our left the rolling of a heavy fire of musketry; the Russians were repulsing one of our brigades. Hearing this sound, the Emperor ordered me to take the Mamelukes, two squadrons of chasseurs, one of grenadiers of the guard, and to observe the state of things. I set off at full gallop, and, before advancing a cannon-shot, perceived the disaster. The Russian cavalry had penetrated our squares, and were sabering our men. In the distance could be perceived masses of Russian cavalry and infantry in reserve. At this juncture the enemy advanced; four pieces of artillery arrived at a gallop, and were planted in position against us. On my left I had the brave Morland, on my right General d'Allemagne. 'Courage, my brave fellows!' cried I to my party; 'behold your brothers, your friends, butchered; let us avenge them, avenge our standards! Forward!' These few words inspired my soldiers; we dashed at full speed upon the guns and carried them. The enemy's horse, which awaited our attack, were overthrown by the vigor of the same charge, and fled in confusion, as we pursued, over the wrecks of our own squares. In the meantime the Russians rallied; but, a squadron of horse grenadiers coming to our assistance, I could then halt and await the reserves of the Russian guard. Again we charged, and this charge was terrible. The brave Morland fell by my side. It was veritable butchery where we fought man to man, and so mingled together that the infantry on neither side dared to fire, lest they should kill their own men. The intrepidity of our troops finally bore us in triumph over all opposition: the enemy fled in disorder under the eyes of both Emperors of Austria and Russia. These sovereigns had taken their station on a rising ground, in order to be spectators of the contest. They ought to have been satisfied, for I can assure you they witnessed no child's play. For my own part, my good friend, I never passed so delightful a day. The Emperor received me most graciously when I arrived to tell him that the victory was ours; I still grasped my broken saber, and as this scratch upon my head bled very copiously, I

was all covered with gore. He named me general of division. The Russians returned not again to the charge—they had had enough; we captured everything—their cannon, their baggage, their all, in short; and Prince Ressina was among the prisoners."

Such was Rapp's recital, and in many long and interesting conservations with this excellent man, I learned other details, which will appear in their proper place. What now remains of Austerlitz? The remembrance—the glory—and magnificent picture of Gerard, the idea of which was suggested to the Emperor by the sight of Rapp covered with blood.

The day after the battle the Emperor, being still in the Chateau of Austerlitz, Prince Lichtenstein, the former envoy at Ulm, arrived in the evening with a message from Francis, proposing an interview. This was accepted, and the ceremonial concluded on the spot to take place on the morrow, the 4th; for the battle had been fought on the 2d December, exactly the first anniversary of Napoleon's coronation. The French Emperor on horseback found himself first at the place appointed for the meeting, at a windmill, about three leagues from Austerlitz. Immediately after, the Emperor of Austria arrived in an open carriage. When Napoleon observed him approaching, he alighted, advanced on foot, surrounded by his aides-de-camp, and embraced Francis on accosting him. During the interview Napoleon was attended by Berthier only, and Francis by Prince Lichtenstein; so that the aides-de-camp—from one of whom, Lauriston, I received these details—could not overhear the conference, the subject of which it is easy to divine. I can portray to myself Bonaparte endeavoring to seduce his vanquished enemy by those insinuating words of which he possessed the secret in so great a degree, seeking in some sort to palliate his own glory by the exterior of affected modesty: we may, in like manner, paint the humiliation of the future father-in-law, forced to obey the imperious dictate of necessity. What a situation for the successor of Charles V.! The Emperors remained together nearly two hours, and separated as they had met, with an embrace. On returning slowly towards his army, the Emperor must have experienced the internal complacency of gratified pride: he seemed wholly absorbed in meditation which he suddenly broke off to send an aid-de-camp to the Emperor of Austria. Savary was selected for this purpose. The object of the mission was to inform Francis that the messenger had orders to proceed to the headquarters of Alexander, to receive his adherence to the terms as agreed upon by the two Emperors in their conference. Alexander agreed to everything, saying, that since the King of the Romans (the only title yet vouchsafed to the

Emperor of Austria) was satisfied, so was he; that for his sake only had he interfered, and consequently now found himself disengaged—having no wish to form for himself. Thus terminated the hostilities of this campaign, which elevated the glory of Napoleon to the highest pitch. The diplomacy of France and Austria assembled in Presburg, and there the negotiations were begun and carried on till the 25th, when all was concluded on that day three months from the time Napoleon left Paris. Russia, though she had taken part in the war, took none in the negotiations: hostilities ceased between her and France, but without any treaty of peace being established.

The Emperor had solemnly announced to his Senate, on leaving Paris, that he wished no aggrandizement for France; and he kept his word. Judging, apparently, that the promises of the Emperor of the French did not bind the King of Italy, he so ordered matters that, by the treaty of Presburg, were conceded—not to France but to Italy—the ancient territories of Venice in Dalmatia and Albania. In virtue of the same treaty, the Elector of Bavaria, with the title of king, received the principality of Eichstett, a part of the territory of Passau, the Tyrol, and the important city of Augsburg. The Elector of Wirtemberg was likewise raised to the regal dignity, and all the Austrian possesions in Swabia, Bresgaw and Ortenau, were divided between the two new kings and the Elector of Baden created Grand Duke. To have the appearance of granting some concessions, Saltzburg and Berchtolsgaden were yielded to Austria, while to the Archbishop of Saltzburg was assigned the principality of Wastzburg, erected into a grand duchy; Napoleon thus rewarding the good ecclesiastic with a province for the hospitable reception he had given him on his way to conquest. The same treaty recognized the independence of the Batavian and Helvetian republics, while it disannulled the Teutonic order. Thus was explained to me the expression, "I have views on Germany," as employed by the Emperor in our last interview.

After the battle of Austerlitz Napoleon established himself for a few days at Brunn, in order to superintend the cantoning of his troops. Here he ascertained the losses, sent his aid-de-camp to visit the hospitals and to present, in his name, each wounded soldier with a napoleon (16s. 8d.). To all wounded officers, also, he caused gratifications to be distributed, from five to three thousand francs (£21 to £125), according to their rank.

The Emperor then set out for Schœnbrunn, where he arrived without stopping at Vienna, through which he passed during the night. On the morning after his arrival he received for the first time the

Prussian minister, M. de Haugwitz, who had been for some time in Vienna, negotiating with Talleyrand, and who found himself as critically situated as can well be conceived for a diplomatist. The Prussian envoy was very saucily received, as may be supposed, and treated with haughtiness and severity. "Is that a loyal conduct," demanded the Emperor, "which your master holds towards us? It would have been far more honorable to have declared war at once, although he has no cause for so doing. Then he would have served his new allies, for I should have had to look two ways before giving battle. You would be the friends of all parties: that is not possible; you must choose between them and me. If you wish to side with these gentlemen, go—I oppose it not; but, if you hold with me, I desire sincerity or I separate myself from you: I prefer open enemies to false friends. What sense is there in that? you call yourselves my allies, and you permit, in Hanover, a body of thirty thousand Russians to communicate with the grand army across your states: nothing can justify such conduct; it is an overt act of hostility. If your powers are not sufficiently ample to treat of all these questions, inform yourself: I shall march against my enemies wherever they are to be found." The Emperor was so excited, said my informant, Lauriston, and spoke so loud that we heard him very distinctly, although in a different apartment.

The situation of the Prussian envoy was a delicate one; the more so, too, that the grievances of which Napoleon complained were not without foundation. The truth is, that Haugwitz had come from Berlin solely in quality of observer and having only conditional instructions. Had the Emperor been beaten by the coalition, the cabinet of Berlin had instructed its representative frankly to declare for the victors; but the result of the battle being so eminently in favor of the French, the object of the mission dared not even be assigned. Seeing that Prussia was likely to be alone against triumphant France—that peace unquestionably would soon be agreed upon—urged on, moreover, by the menancing words of Napoleon, who never threatened in vain, M. de Haugwitz, finding no other means of averting the storm ready to burst upon his country, took upon himself, unauthorized by his sovereign, to sign a treaty, in virtue of which the margravates of Bareuth and Anspach were exchanged for Hanover. I am far from any intention of justifying such a procedure, but, doubtless, the same reproaches are not to be laid upon the ambassador, as if he had acted under ordinary circumstances. In that case his incredible want of address could not have been too severely reprobated in exchanging two provinces for Hanover, which belonged to England, and for which his

master would have to account to that government. But hope was still at Berlin, though despair only presented itself to Haugwitz at Vienna, and he thought by thus sacrificing a part to save the whole.

While these things were transacting in the Austrian capital, I learned by my bulletins that the Count de Hardenberg, *by order of his master*, had concluded a new treaty with England — a circumstance which rendered the position of Prussia, with regard to her simultaneous allies, exceedingly hazardous and complicated. How get out of this embarrassment? yet get free of it they must; while Frederick William and his cabinet saw no means of safety. To Napoleon they could no longer allege even a dubious plea of neutrality. Thus, war could not be avoided: the only question was, shall it be with France or England? The former was in the strength of recent victory, and the latter had granted a subsidy of fifteen millions. Haugwitz, having signed his treaty at Vienna, set out immediately for Berlin. On the road he met Colonel Pfuhl, dispatched to inform him of the treaty concluded by the cabinet at home. The two returned to Berlin together.* At this moment all the diplomatists were in motion, although Bonaparte had greatly simplified their calling; for, as far as concerned him, only two principles now composed the diplomatic code—"My will, or war."

His Prussian Majesty, as may well be imagined, expressed the most lively dissatisfaction with the proceedings at Vienna. Never, perhaps, had sovereign been placed in more cruel perplexity. Under the difficulties of the case, recourse was had to one of those political shifts which may retard but can never avert the danger. It was conceived that the clause of the treaty which respected Hanover might be refused, at least until the sanction of England should be obtained — a sanction which, very obviously, would not be procured. To escape the immediate resentment of Napoleon, the two margravates were sacrificed, and Hanover was received as in pledge till the conclusion of a general peace. After all, the Emperor in thus dealing away Hanover absolutely bestowed nothing: it belonged not to him—not even by military occupation; for the occupying division had been recalled at the commencement of the campaign.

Still there were hopes for Prussia. The Russians, indeed, had retired from the field of battle at Austerlitz, but without renouncing all hostile action: the Emperor Alexander had not acknowledged Napoleon

* Thus making, if the pun may be allowed, "a pair of fools." (Pfuhl pronounced Fool.)

either as Emperor of the French or King of Italy. I remember to have heard even, that, having occasion to write before the battle, the superscription of his letter ran—"To the Chief of the French government." In fact, at this very moment, while the French cabinet at Vienna knew nothing of the new treaty with England, and entertained no doubts of the validity of the one just signed by Haugwitz, the Russian general, Buxhoewden, at the head of a corps of thirty thousand men, after passing the Vistula at Warsaw, was in full march for Bohemia. This was one of the fruits of Alexander's journey to Berlin: that prince had induced the King of Prussia to make common cause with the coalition; but the fortune of Napoleon had anticipated the declaration. Duroc had witnessed the interviews of the two sovereigns; but their political negotiations had been so adroitly managed under this, in appearance, amicable intercourse, that neither he nor our minister, Delaforest, spite of their rare sagacity, could discover, certainly, to which party the Prussian cabinet would adhere. Probably the King himself had not exactly made up his own mind; and, besides, there existed a difference of opinion among his counselors, of whom M. de Hardenberg and the Queen inclined more directly to hostility against France than did Frederick William.

Amid these various diplomatic arrangements, results of his late brilliant successes, the Emperor received intelligence of the disaster of Trafalgar, which had been nearly contemporaneous with the surrender of Ulm to his own arms. Admiral Villeneuve, who, with Gravina, commanded the combined fleets of France and Spain, sailed from Cadiz with the intention of attacking the English fleet under the orders of the famous Admiral Nelson. The southern shores of the Peninsula witnessed this naval combat, in which thirty-one French engaged thirty-three British ships; and, notwithstanding this equality of force, eighteen of our fleet were captured or destroyed.* This great battle gave to the world a new proof of our inferiority at sea, both in material and seamanship. Admiral Calder had given us a lesson which Nelson completed—but at the expense of his life. A bloodier naval engagement had not taken place since the renowned Armada. Its issue was

* In English writers, diversity of statement appears relative to Nelson's force; but the best accounts make it amount to only twenty-seven sail of the line, which were brought into action in two divisions. Nelson had the weather line of fourteen and Collingwood the lee of thirteen ships. But in the *order of sailing* of the previous day, an advanced squadron of *six* two-deckers is mentioned. Now, strange as it may appear, writers have left it a question whether these latter are, or are not, included in the *order of fighting* among the line-of-battle ships. The decision of this would decide whether Bourrienne's number is right or wrong.—*Translator.*

equivalent to the destruction of our whole fleet, since the thirteen ships that escaped to Cadiz were almost wrecks. For a space, courage gave hope to the French, as I learned by my information from Vienna; but finally they were obliged to yield to the superior tactics of the enemy. Our naval power was thus indefinitely paralyzed, and an end put to every thought of an attempt upon England. The day was fatal to three admirals; Nelson lost his life in the fight, Gravina died of his wounds, and Villeneuve, a prisoner, was carried to England, where he committed suicide.

The news of this disastrous conflict was known from public report and from foreign papers, but all intelligence of it was prohibited in France; and so carefully was the catastrophe then concealed that, till the Restoration, not one public print dared to speak of it throughout the whole extent of the empire. The details, however, were no secret at Hamburg. The mercantile interest was speedily informed of them; and I had learned many of the particulars from my own agents before receiving any communication or official statement from the minister for foreign affairs then at Vienna.

The intelligence gave profound uneasiness to Napoleon; but of its first effects he allowed no indication to appear. I lent the more credit to my information on this point, that I knew Bonaparte never permitted two things to engross him equally at one and the same time. When events jostled with his projects he laid them up, so to speak, for the future, in order to consider them at a fitting season; but banished from his thoughts—such incredible empire could he exercise over himself—every reflection which might distract his mind from the dominating idea of the moment. Thus, entirely absorbed in the design of terminating the campaign by one grand stroke, he escaped provisionally from the thoughts of Trafalgar; and to this ability of concentrating his whole mental energies on one aim, success is often to be ascribed.

General Rapp, to whose opportune visit my readers are so much indebted, had not reached Hamburg direct. He had made a tour, both of business and pleasure. "We had been fifteen days at Schœnbrunn," continued the general, "since the battle; but I had not resumed my duties of aid-de-camp near the Emperor's person, when he sent for, and asked me, 'If my wound would permit of traveling?' Upon assurance in the affirmative, 'Go then,' said he, 'be off, and relate the details of the battle of Austerlitz to Marmont; make him curse his stars that he was not with us.' I set out, and agreeably to my instructions, presented myself at Gratz. Here I found Marmont

sufficiently cast down at having been absent on that great day. I told him, always in conformity with the Emperor's directions, that negotiations were begun, but nothing concluded; he was, therefore, to hold himself in readiness for either event. I took cognizance of the state of his army in Stiria, and the number of enemies in his front; and after instructing him to send spies in abundance into Hungary, and to transmit to the Emperor the result of their reports, I took the road to Laybach. Here I joined Massena at the head of the eighth corps of the army, to whom I communicated the Emperor's intention that he should march with all speed upon Vienna, in case of hearing that negotiations had been broken off. Thence I continued my progress to Venice, and afterwards till I had fallen in with Saint Cyr and his troops, who had orders to face about and retrace their march to Naples, the Emperor having by this time learned the treachery of the king, and the landing of English and Russians. Having executed these various missions, I returned by way of Klagenfurth, where I saw Marshal Ney, and subsequently joined the Emperor at Munich. Here I had much pleasure in finding assembled all our friends, and also the excellent Josephine, who is always amiable—ever as you have known her. For my part, I was delighted on my arrival to hear that the Emperor had adopted Eugene. I was present at his marriage with the Princess Augusta. As to that affair, you know fêtes are not much to my liking, and the Emperor might very well have dispensed with my services as chamberlain. Eugene had no idea of what was going forward, when the Emperor sent to desire his presence at Munich with all speed. He, too, is still the same; always our old comrade. At first he felt not overpleased with a political marriage; but after seeing his intended, he got quite in raptures, and really, I do assure you, she is charming."

CHAPTER VII.

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES IN FRANCE—SPECULATIONS OF OUVRARD—INJUSTICE OF THE EMPEROR—TRANSACTIONS AT HAMBURG—ASSASSINS—PRESENCE OF MIND—OVERTURES TO MR. FOX—HIS GENEROUS CONDUCT—ELEVATION OF THE MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY—WAR WITH PRUSSIA—ITS RESULTS—BATTLE OF JENA—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

WHILE the Emperor might naturally have expected that his brilliant success would rouse the public mind in France, he learned that a general alarm was spreading, the bank assailed, and its notes at five

per cent. discount. At the same time in Hamburg the paper money of France had reached twenty-two per cent. below par. The public funds were falling: and the condition of this grand thermometer of public opinion had a corresponding effect upon the imperial temper. An immense financial enterprise of the famous M. Ouvrard was the proximate cause of the embarrassments of 1805. To this speculation the treasury had lent itself; and had the original scheme been followed out under the management and rigid probity of the projector, there can be no question that it would have proved advantageous to Spain and ultimately to France.

I knew M. Ouvrard well: the majority of the facts now to be related passed under my own eyes; and in 1808, during a visit to Hamburg, he himself informed me of the details of his gigantic operations. Though a bankrupt in 1806, before the 18th Brumaire he had realized sixty millions (£2,500,000), on which he owed not a single franc. This celebrated financier, the astonishing variations in his fortune, the activity of his life and the immense undertakings in which it was passed, have excited general attention. Upon these a judgment is not to be hastily formed; for the son of a paper manufacturer, who by his unaided efforts could raise himself into such eminence, is no ordinary person. At the same time, the honor of his dealings and the probity and secrecy with which he kept his engagements aided not a little in procuring him the management of affairs. Many a time have I witnessed the arts and the menaces of the First Consul vainly employed to obtain a single revelation capable of compromising anyone. But I must regularly interrogate my old recollections in order to explain the gradual progress of the frightful crisis of 1805. On attaining to the consulate, Bonaparte had found Ouvrard one of the navy contractors for supplying the Spanish fleet. This situation he owed to the Prince of Peace, which in three years netted fifteen millions (£625,000), accounts being held in piastres at three francs and a fraction, while in reality they were worth nearly five and a half francs. But then this money was in Mexico and Spain could not bring it home; yet her marine must be victualed. While we were still at the Luxembourg, one morning (25th January, 1800), during breakfast, the First Consul said to me, "Bourrienne, my part is taken; I order Ouvrard to be arrested."—"General, have you proofs against him?"—"Proofs! Is he not a contractor? he must disgorge! All these contractors and provision venders are so many knaves. How have they made their fortunes? at the expense of the state. I will no longer suffer such disorder. They have millions; they wallow in insolent luxury; while my soldiers have neither bread

nor shoes! I'll no more of that. At the latest, I shall speak to the Council to-day, and we'll see what is to be done." I waited with impatience his return, to know what had passed. "Well, General?"—"The order is given." I was uneasy about Ouvrard, thus treated more like a Turk than a citizen of the Republic; but learned in the evening that the arrest had not been executed because he could not be found. On the morrow I knew positively that a member, whom I do not name, escaped from the council-room for a minute, and writing on a slip of paper with a pencil, advertised, by a faithful domestic, the unfortunate financier of his danger. Before evading the officers, Ouvrard had secured his private papers: thus no one was compromised. The Consul, however, had his curiosity satisfied on one point—he found vouchers that the contractor had lent such and such sums to Madame Bonaparte.

Some days afterwards Ouvrard delivered himself up. Furious at his escape, Bonaparte was equally enraged at this. "The fool," said he, speaking to me on the subject; "he little knows what is awaiting him! He thinks he will thus make the public believe he has clean hands—that he has nothing to fear: but it is bad play; he shall not thus come round me. It is in vain to talk. Bourrienne, you may depend upon this, that, when a man has so much money, he cannot have come honestly by it; and, besides, all these fellows with such fortunes are dangerous. In a revolutionary time no one ought to have more than three millions (£125,000), and that even is too much."

As Ouvrard had money and powerful friends, great interest was made to get some one to speak in his behalf. Berthier, notwithstanding many entreaties, refused. "I dare not—it is quite impossible, *he* would say that Madame Visconti's pin-money was at the bottom." I cannot exactly remember to what circumstance the contractor owed his freedom, but he was not long confined; and, granting his liberation, Bonaparte asked him for twelve millions (half a million sterling), which Ouvrard refused. He had his revenge, however; for, wishing to set out to Mexico to recover the money due by Spain, Ouvrard applied, through Talleyrand, for a special passport, and thus became the victim of too great caution. I was in the cabinet, and can fancy still hearing the dry *No!* the only answer to the minister's application. When we were left alone, Bonaparte said—"Are you not quite of opinion, Bourrienne, that Ouvrard made a good job of his affair with the Prince of Peace? but then why, like an imbecile, send Talleyrand to ask me for a passport? That awakens suspicion. Why not have got a passport as everybody else does? Is it I who grant them? He is a fool—so much the worse for himself."

I was sorry for the disappointment; and not the less so that Ouvrard had offered me a share in any arrangements he might make with Spain. His brother undertook the mission, and succeeded, having found in Mexico seventy-one millions of piastres due to government, among which were his brother's four millions for the Spanish fleet at Brest, set apart and marked. In 1802 a frightful scarcity desolated France. A remedy had become absolutely necessary, both to save and to quiet the people. Ouvrard was applied to, and, with Wanlerberghe, undertook to import grain. This they did to the amount of twenty-six millions (£1,085,000), accepting for this sum, drawn from them by foreign venders, treasury bills at six months, government selling the grain. When due, the bills were dishonored; but six months afterwards the treasury offered to pay, on condition that government should retain half the profit on the commission. The victualers refused, and the treasury found it to be still more profitable to pay nothing. The hope of recovering this debt induced the house to continue transactions with government, till at length, in 1804, the three partners, Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and Seguin, of whom the first was the responsible, were creditors to the amount of one hundred and two millions (£4,250,000). The effects of the retarding these treasury payments were beginning to react to a very serious extent, when Ouvrard & Company agreed to accept orders on the receivers-general for one hundred and fifty millions, and to pay off the one hundred and two which government owed. In this contract Desprez was agent, to whom the house transferred their bonds at a discount.

In 1805, Ouvrard contracted with the treasury for the current expenses of the year, to the amount of four hundred millions (£16,500,000). At this time, thirty-two millions were due from Spain of a subsidy of seventy-one millions (nearly £3,000,000), which she had agreed to pay us, while a grievous famine raged in that country. Ouvrard was dispatched to Madrid to negotiate the payment of the outstanding balance, and, on this occasion, contracted with the Spanish government the vast enterprise of conducting the exclusive trade of its colonies and of importing on his own account the gold and silver bullion received from them. For these privileges he agreed to pay to France the thirty-two millions and to bring corn into the country. After some delay and difficulty, subsequently even to his fulfillment of the conditions, the following treaty, probably the most extraordinary ever entered into between a sovereign and a private individual, was signed by Charles IV. of Spain and M. Ouvrard of Paris—"Ouvrard & Company are authorized to export, to *all* the harbors of the New

World, *all* merchandise and provisions necessary for their consumption; and to import from all the Spanish colonies, during the *whole* of the war with England, *all* articles of gold or silver coming from these colonies." Immediately after the signing of this compact, whence the king was to derive half the profit, Ouvrard received acceptances from the treasury of Madrid for the sum of one hundred and sixty-two millions (£6,750,000) in piastres, to be brought from America. In the meantime, he paid off the debt to France, and brought into Spain two millions of quintals of grain, at twenty-six francs (£1, 1s. 8d.) the quintal. This required enormous outlay; and, before he could reap any advantage, or even be reimbursed for his advances to the treasury at Paris, it was necessary to bring the piastres into Europe. Some difficulties being got over, the English government agreed to facilitate this part of the arrangement, and furnished four frigates for transporting the specie.

Ouvrard had only commenced these amazing operations when the Emperor precipitated himself from the camp at Boulogne upon Germany. Funds were required. Ouvrard was sent for—negotiated successfully with the house of Hope at Amsterdam—and instantly returned to Madrid. In the midst of the most flattering prospects from these gigantic speculations, he found himself at once menaced by a crisis brought on through the misconduct of his agent, Desprez, who, without consulting his principal, had agreed to pay up the four hundred millions for the current expenditure. In these circumstances, the treasury thought itself authorized to draw upon Ouvrard for fifty millions (£2,083,000), the minister declaring he had granted to the partners a very advantageous disposition, and that, trusting to this sum being remitted, he had come under obligations. The money was sent; but a few days after arrived in Madrid a commissioner from Paris, the bearer of a ministerial dispatch for Ouvrard, to collect all possible assets, and to return to Paris. The treasury was in the greatest embarrassment, alarm becoming general. Of this the immediate causes were the following:—The treasury, by a circular, had authorized the receivers-general to remit to Desprez all their disposable funds, to be placed to its account-current for liquidation of the bonds held by him. Such an authorization was probably very wrong, but Desprez resolved to profit thereby, and entered into speculations which, in his situation, were very imprudent. He wrote to the receivers-general to transmit to him all the money they could procure below eight per cent., promising an advance above this rate. Money poured in from all quarters, and chests were daily received in Desprez's office

from every part of France. He lent fifty millions to the merchants of Paris, which reduced him to straits for ready cash: to meet the demand he placed in the bank the treasury bonds, which had, to an extent, been liquidated by the sums remitted through the receivers-general, as was found on presenting the bills of Desprez. The bank became alarmed when Desprez, instead of specie, sent in only his acceptances, and called upon him to explain the state of his affairs. Fears augmented, and were participated in by the public; in short, a species of financial panic seized all minds; the bank suspended payments, and its bills fell twelve per cent. at one stroke. Terrified at such a crisis, in the absence of the Emperor, the minister of the treasury, M. Marbois, convoked a council wherein Joseph presided, at which Desprez and Wanlerberghe were examined. Informed of all, Ouvrard hastened from Madrid, applied to his correspondent Hope, and negotiated a sale of fifteen millions of piastres at three and three-quarters francs each. Ouvrard had purchased these piastres at three francs, consequently was very happy to dispose of them at this rate;* but his abrupt departure from Madrid and the state of financial matters at Paris alarmed the Spanish government, which withdrew from its engagement, and he was thus unable to make any advance of piastres. The bankruptcy of Desprez produced a dreadful result upon houses that had hitherto enjoyed boundless confidence, and throughout France, where the crisis continued to agitate all minds, till the news of the victory of Austerlitz and the hope of approaching peace allayed the ferment.†

Precisely as if to temper the pride of victory, the Emperor learned the troublesome situation of his treasury and bank on the day following the battle of Austerlitz. He previously knew there were some difficulties, but only then was informed of the full extent of the evil. The numerous and afflicting reports transmitted, accelerated his departure from Vienna; and the very evening of his return to Paris, as I have heard, while going up the stair of the Tuileries, he pronounced the dismissal of the minister of finance, M. de Marbois. The severity of that functionary had raised him up many enemies, and yet he was accused of having compromised the state through weakness. Even Madame de Stael, upon hearing the unyielding firmness of Marbois extolled, said, "He firm! he is only a reed bronzed." Be that as it may, Napoleon's resentment knew no bounds; and Marbois was replaced by Mollièn.

So finished this fatal catastrophe in finance: but all was not yet over

* He thus gained on each piastre sevenpence halfpenny sterling.—*Translator.*

† Among other houses which were thus ruined, was that of M. Hervas, father-in-law to General Duroc.

with Ouvrard. It may naturally be supposed that the imperial hand—not always a hand of justice—sometimes made its grasp be felt. In February, 1806, the Emperor issued two decrees, in which he declared the contractors for 1804 and 1805, with their agent Desprez, debtors to the state for eighty-seven millions (£3,625,000), received since the 16th August, and applied by them to private and *personal* speculations with Spain. Who would not think, from this last expression, that Napoleon had taken no interest in the mighty project of the two Americas? He was personally, and deeply, too, concerned in it; but he must needs never be known in anything not successful. Armed with the authority of his own decrees, he seized everywhere the effects and piastres of the company, and made a great deal of money; and if advantage can result to a sovereign from the prostitution of public credit, he enjoyed such advantage, together with the consolation of having reduced an enterprising subject, the partner of a king in the commerce of the two worlds, in less than two years to a state of bankruptcy.

These interesting details have seduced me somewhat from my path: I now enter my cabinet of minister plenipotentiary, wherein events not a little curious occasionally took place. The year 1806 began my troubles with the effects of the literary propensities of Louis XVIII., in shape of a "Declaration," transmitted by post on the 2d of January. This production had been dispersed in vast numbers, being in a form easily transmissible, even into France, as a letter. On the 16th I received a dispatch from Fouché, with three envelopes of the work of the *Pretender*, urging me to procure as many such as possible and transmit them to him. From this duty I got free by pleading its impossibility, knowing well that the object was to compromise individuals, who had received a letter without being aware of its contents. In this dispersion, Dumouriez, whose carriage was loaded with copies, had been very active; indeed, his occupation had now dwindled to vending pamphlets, more or less indifferent. At this date Germany, and especially the Hanse Towns, were inundated with such writings. Before the proclamation one of the most odious of these pamphlets had appeared under the title, "Bonaparte, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.—Rome, printed by the Pope." * The expressions were horrible, and I never could discover the author, though I prevented the circulation of this fearful tract. Fauche-Borel, our old friend, was very active in printing these annoyances.

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* Bonaparte, der du bist im Hemmel, geheiligt werde dein nahme.—Rome, in der pabstlichen Buchdrukery.

In February I was enabled to answer fully an information received from the ministry of police in Paris, relative to one named Dranob, who, with Lesemple, had formed a plot against the life of the Emperor. The name was an anagram of Bonard, the true appellation of the former, who, in female disguise, had escaped from the Conciergerie in 1798; and represented himself to me as having been an officer in the light artillery. Few examples occur of knaves with so much courage and address.

Arriving in Hamburg, about the commencement of 1805, to fulfill these engagements, which, as he had told me, were entered into with the English government, Bonard, instead of killing the Emperor, thought it would be better to inform against his accomplice Lesemple. Discovering, probably, that my agents were in search of him, he called upon me of his own accord and placed in my hands certain papers which he had long concealed about his person. These documents, written in a very small character and rolled up carefully, were inclosed in a tin case, very nicely made, very slender, and about six inches long. This case was concealed about his person so as not by any possibility to be discovered, and in a way which I dare not attempt to describe. It contained, likewise, a small file of a brownish metal, which cut iron as a knife cuts paper—an instrument several times discovered by the police of Paris on the persons of other malefactors. All these papers were written by Lesemple and contained extracts from the correspondenc of the two relative to their nefarious enterprise. That nothing might be wanting in the chain of evidence, I found a quarrel had taken place between the two villains at the moment of embarking at Harwich, and a combat fought in the burying-ground of that town, with the knives which they had been using at the tavern. While relating this horrible transaction, Bonard suddenly uncovered his right side and showed me a frightful gash, still bleeding. Let the reader imagine my situation; alone, with the most athletic man I have ever beheld, baring his breast, covered with gore, and confiding to me his fearful design of murder—not from repentance, but from the belief that its discovery would be more profitable than the accomplishment, producing at the same time the proofs of his own villainy, concealed in a manner so incredible! While his schemes were thus denounced, Lesemple was on his way from Holland. Assured by Bonard that his prompt arrival might be expected in Hamburg, I took measures to have him arrested, and had begun to entertain apprehensions when at length he did appear, having been detained by the Russians as a spy, and, on the 19th, I had him suddenly seized, with his papers, of

which he could thus conceal none. I examined him, and his confession confirmed the horrible details before given by his associate. In his pocket-book were three passports fabricated by himself, and a bill of exchange, the product likewise of his own manufacture. Upon his person were found several packets carefully made up, and each ticketed *fifty louis*, but which, on being opened, were discovered to be filled with copper only, as also a purse with counters of the same metal. These he used for deceiving at the gaming tables. He was at once pickpocket, spy, forger and assassin. I had promised Bonard to send him to Paris free, in order to reply in person to the examination of the minister of police; but as such characters cannot be a single day in a place without being sullied with some crime, he was accused of being accessory to several robberies in Hamburg, and accordingly consigned by the prefect to the care of the police. Fearing such recommendation, however, he contrived to escape, but was taken some days after and sent under a good escort to Paris.

Yet, among such degraded men have I found rare instances of courage and presence of mind. I had an agent among the Swedo-Russians, named Chefneux, who was detected almost in the act of espionage with a bulletin just ready to be sent off to me, though fortunately addressed to a merchant at Hamburg. He had also a letter of recommendation, which I had procured from a gentleman intimately known to the Russian minister, which saved him summary punishment from the Cossacks. With all these precautions it was still suspected that he had some connection with me. After many fruitless examinations, a last effort remained. Chefneux, condemned to be shot, was led out to the plain of Luneburg with a bandage over his eyes; he heard the word, "Make ready," given to the squad and the ticking of the locks of the muskets. At this moment a person approached and whispered in his ear, in a tone of interest and kindness, "I am your friend; only say you know M. de Bourrienne and you are saved."—"No!" cried Chefneux, with astonishing firmness; "I should then lie." The bandage fell from his eyes and he was restored to liberty, with the assurance of not getting off so easily a second time. It would be difficult to mention an instance of more extraordinary presence of mind.

Sometimes, too, I had it in my power to do good even by instruments of evil. In March of this year a M. de la Ferronays, at Brunswick, was denounced by the Parisian police as a very dangerous man. I sent the same Chefneux, giving him five hundred francs per month, to live as a gentleman, and he quickly insinuated himself into the good

graces of the suspected and his friends. I was obliged to send his information to Paris; but, from the manner I had otherwise heard De la Ferronays mentioned, he had awakened a lively interest in my mind, and I resolved to save him. Orders had been given for his arrest as he passed through Hamburg for England, notice of this journey having been forwarded by his friend, my agent. Traveling under another name, with the farther protection of secretary to Lord Kinnaird, a title granted by his lordship, and a momentary stay only in passing to Altona saved him here. But he was soon after guilty of an imprudence which had nearly proved fatal to himself and compromised me. One evening, while at the opera, the prefect of police came up to me, saying M. de la Furronays was in the house, and requiring an order for his arrest. He directed my attention to a young man wearing powder, whom I at once recognized from Chefneux's description. I still desired to befriend the young emigrant—but how save him now? "You must arrest him," said I to the prefect; "but first I shall take precautions to have it done quietly, without alarming the house;" and, slipping out, I begged one on whom I could rely to pass the unsuspecting victim so as not to be observed, and whisper him to flee. Returning instantly to my box, "Now, do your duty," said I to the prefect; but before he had shut the door upon me I saw the intimation given, and Ferronays was on the road to Altona.*

* M. de la Ferronays, a personage of considerable note and of excellent character, was one of the earliest and most attached friends of M. de Rivière, with whom the reader is already acquainted, and whose life offers one of the few noble instances of piety to his God and devotion to his sovereign by which the sad history of the French Revolution is occasionally brightened. The Marquis de Rivière was born in 1763; consequently, in 1804, when tried as an accomplice, in the memorable machinations of Georges and Pichegru, had attained his thirtieth year. Subsequently he underwent a most rigorous confinement of four years: part in a dungeon in the castle of Iona, and afterwards, with some alleviation, granted by the humanity of his jailer, at Strasbourg. On the Restoration he was created Duke de Rivière; and the last service which he performed to his royal master was the most important of all, as preceptor to the Duke de Bourdeaux, son of the Duke de Berri, and *then* heir to the throne of France. This office he discharged so conscientiously that he renounced every other engagement, sleeping even in the apartment of the young prince, in order that he might devote night and day to the study and formation of his character. The education of the Duke de Bourdeaux, so far as it is advanced, has perhaps been more carefully conducted than that of any of the young princes of Europe. He lost his last affectionate preceptor, the subject of this note, in April, 1828. Upon the Duke de Rivière's death being announced, Charles X. feelingly said, "My sorrow is twofold; I grieve as a man and as a monarch, nor do I know in which capacity I feel my loss more severely: my poor child is now *twice* an orphan." The reader will determine whether the conclusion of the memoir be affecting or merely curious:—"As an expression of tender respect for the memory of the Duke de Rivière, Charles X. has taken charge of his eldest son, in order that he may be educated along

But, while execrating espionage and spies, I am constrained to acknowledge the necessity under which the Emperor lay of being on his guard against the multitude of intrigues hatched in the vicinity of Hamburg, especially surrounded as that place was by the Russians, Swedes and English, still in arms; and when the treaty with Prussia stood on such dubious terms. On the 5th of January the Swedish monarch had approached with his troops to the very gates of Hamburg. He had menaced the hapless senate with the utmost weight of his displeasure for having, on my demand, ordered the colors to be removed which had been hung out over the Austrian recruiting office. Deputies from the city were, after some delay, received into the royal presence, and the storm blew past. The king, with his six thousand men, seemed resolved on playing the part of the restorer of Germany, and of exhibiting himself as the Don Quixote of the treaty of Westphalia. At this time his headquarters were Boëtzenburg, on the north bank of the Elbe. As a resource against dullness in this stationary warfare, the king sent for Dr. Gall, then at Hamburg, where he lectured on his system, at first rejected by false science and prejudice, subsequently adopted, in consequence of his arguments, which, to my mind, are unanswerable. I had much intercourse with Dr. Gall, who has done me the honor of inscribing with my name one of his works on cerebral organization. On taking leave for the camp of his Majesty of Sweden I observed, "My dear doctor, you will certainly find on his cranium the organ of vanity." In truth, had the learned doctor been permitted to feel all the crowned heads in Europe at that time, he would have got hold of some curious craniological studies.

The King of Sweden was not the only enemy to be feared. Prussia made many flattering overtures to be admitted to the protectorship and occupation of the city. This to Hamburg will be the last misfortune. The political and fiscal system of Prussia is one, of all others, most to be dreaded by a commercial city. Besides, England would never have consented to a measure which must have excluded her from the Elbe, and from one of the richest markets and most convenient points whence to extend her policy. At this time the recruiting in Hanover, no longer occupied by French troops, was carried on by En-

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with the Duke de Bourdeaux. Like his father, young De Rivière will thus ever be near his royal master; but more fortunate still, he will not experience the grief of attending his king in exile." This was printed in 1829!—In these posthumous memoirs I have found many proofs of Bourrienne's accuracy in matters which the two parties view very differently. M. de Ferronays is the same person who, in 1827-28, conducted the measures instituted by Charles X. for the relief of the Armenian Greeks driven from Constantinople.—*Translator.*

gland to a great extent. She scattered gold with both hands, and employed in this service an establishment of one hundred and fifty carriages with six horses each. The recruiting was intended for the Hanoverian legion; and I had little doubt the Anglo-Russians would attempt a diversion in Holland. Of these transactions I informed Napoleon, by an extraordinary courier, a means of intelligence in the use of which I had orders to stand on no hesitation; and Heaven knows how many I received and expedited. Russia, in all her dispositions, manifested extreme hatred of France; and from the movements of her corps in the north of Germany, of which I sent a fresh dispatch, with all the intelligence to be collected, left no doubt in my mind of an approaching rupture in those parts. Of all these circumstances—the movements of the Russians at Wilna, Brode in Austrian Moldavia, and Prussian Poland, the names of their generals, the strength of their corps, where they labored most assiduously on their fortifications—I sent information to government in a dispatch addressed to M. de Talleyrand. Russia, the reader will recollect, had merely retired from Austerlitz; for, at this time, there existed neither convention nor pacification—not even an armistice. Of this she seemed inclined to take advantage; but Napoleon watched, and to outplay him was not easy.

Notwithstanding the impending war, which I judged inevitable, some attempts were made to bring about a general peace. I was not deceived; for, even in the least things, I remarked a feeling of determined hostility to pervade all foreign nations against France. I often received, for instance, from the minister of marine, packets for the Isle of France, to the preservation of which settlement the Emperor attached much importance. I had great difficulty in prevailing upon the captains of privateers, who made occasional visits to that colony, to take charge of my commissions. The hopes of peace were founded on the demise of Mr. Pitt, and especially on the entrance of Mr. Fox to the ministry. It was well known that the deceased premier was personally hostile to France, while between his successor and the Emperor there had existed reciprocal esteem; and really Mr. Fox did show himself frankly disposed for peace. The possibility of this consummation he had always advocated when in opposition to Mr. Pitt. Bonaparte, likewise, moved by the high regard he entertained for Mr. Fox, might have been induced to some concessions he had formerly repelled. But two obstacles, I may say insurmountable, presented themselves: the conviction, on the part of England, that such peace would only be a truce, of longer or shorter duuration, from Napoleon aspiring to universal dominion; and, secondly, that he meditated an attack upon England.

Had he essayed this invasion, it would not have been more to strike his rival to the heart, and to destroy her commerce, so superior to that of France, than to blast the liberty of the press, which he had rooted up in every other place. The spectacle of a free people, separated by a strait of only six leagues, presented in his mind too seducing an example to France, and would eventually arouse the emulation of all those generous spirits who bend beneath no yoke.

During the first days of the administration of Mr. Fox, a Frenchman called upon him offering to assassinate the Emperor. The English minister wrote immediately to M. de Talleyrand on the subject, and stated that the British laws did not authorize the detention of any foreigner for a length of time who had not committed some offense, but that, nevertheless, he should not release this miserable wretch till such period as would allow the head of the French government to be informed of the proposal, and to take precautions against its effects. Mr. Fox, in his letter, farther said that he had done the fellow the honor of *taking him for a spy;* an expression strongly significant of the English minister's indignation. This information, so nobly given, was the key which opened a door to new negotiations. The Emperor directed Talleyrand, in reply, to express to Fox how deeply he was touched by his honorable procedure, and that he congratulated himself on contemplating what might be expected from a cabinet guided by those principles which such conduct evinced. Napoleon did not confine himself to this diplomatic courtesy: he thought the occasion favorable for creating a belief of his sincere love of peace. He sent from Paris Lord Yarmouth, one of the most distinguished of those Englishmen who had been so scandalously detained prisoners at Verdun, from the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens. To this nobleman he consigned proposals to the English government to enter upon negotiations, voluntarily offering to recognize, in favor of England, the possession of the Cape of Good Hope and of Malta. Some have thence attempted to elicit an occasion of praising the moderation of Bonaparte, while others have affected to discover too great concessions in these advances; as if the Cape of Good Hope or Malta could have entered into competition with the title of Emperor, the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, the acquisition of Genoa and all the states of Venice, the dethroning of the King of Naples and the gift of that realm to Joseph; in fine, the new form given to Germany—all posterior to the peace of Amiens, of which changes Bonaparte said not one word, and from which he certainly would not have departed.

I distrusted all accounts of peace, therefore, and too well knew Bona-

parte to place any reliance on the sincerity of the Emperor, especially after the success of the campaign of Vienna; in fact, every day I saw his ambition extending. He already coveted possession of the Hanseatic Towns, the last asylums of the wrecks of liberty in Germany. This design he veiled under pretense of offering or rather selling his protection. In this negotiation, I know not why, I became agent; although, from my own knowledge of the state of men's minds, with little hope of success, I did my duty: that is to say, in many conferences with the municipalities I endeavored to persuade the towns of Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck to accept the Emperor's protection, at a small sacrifice of six millions, which they were required to pay for this honor. They, too, were faithful to their duties by acting in the way I would have done in their place; they declined the Emperor's generous proposal.

The Elbe renders Hamburg the natural emporium of Germany. That beautiful river, traversing the whole length of the city, receives into its bosom the riches of the east and south. Here the agriculturist and the manufacturer receive in exchange every production of the earth which taste and refinement have rendered, from being luxuries, essential necessaries to the descendants of the ancient Germans, as well as to every inhabitant of civilized Europe. At the same time, the most unsullied probity of commercial relations had conciliated for the merchants of the Hanse Towns universal confidence. When the sacrifices, voluntary and forced, which these small states were condemned to make before they were ingulfed in the empire are considered, we can hardly believe it possible for them to have possessed such resources. In such states we discover the true secret of liberty.*

We have seen what brought the Emperor in haste to Paris in the end of January, 1806, where, on arriving, he learned that his troops occupied Malta. Having made kings in Germany, he now deemed the time arrived for surrounding his own throne with new princes. At this epoch he named Murat Grandduke of Berg and Cleves; Bernadotte Prince of Ponte-Corvo; M. de Talleyrand Prince of Benevento; and his two ancient colleagues, Cambacèrés and Lebrun, Dukes of Parma and Placenza. He granted also to his sister Pauline, some time before married, in second nuptials, to the Prince Borghese, the investiture of the Duchy of Guastella. Strange turn of events! who could then have foreseen that the duchy of Cambacèrés, the colleague of the

* At this time Hamburg reckoned a population of 90,000, with a territory containing 25,000; Bremen 36,000, and its territory 9,000; Lubeck contained 24,000 within and 16,000 without the walls.—*Translator.*

First Consul, was to become the place of retreat to a princess of Austria, the relict of Napoleon, before his death ?

In the midst of this prosperity of the imperial family, when the eldest of the brothers already swayed the scepter of Naples, while that of Holland awaited Louis, and even Jerome had thoughts of exchanging his lawful wife for the unlawful throne of Westphalia, inquietudes hovered around the imperial pillow itself. War did not actually exist with the continental princes, since they mutually observed each other without coming to blows. This state of momentary repose, however, had little resemblance to the tranquillity of peace. France was at war with Russia and England : the situation of the continent presented only uncertainty : the Prussians were arming in silence : the treaty of Vienna had been fulfilled only in part. Napoleon turned his eyes towards the east ; Sebastiani, in the beginning of May, was dispatched to Constantinople. The general's measures justified the choice of his master ; he was clever and conciliating : peace with the Turks resulted from his mission. The overtures to England had not so successful a termination, although, after the first conferences with Lord Yarmouth, Lord Lauderdale had been sent to Paris by Mr. Fox, and M. de Champagny and Clarke, a man as able to manage these things as he had been on the day before he knew them, had been sent over to London. Nothing resulted from these negotiations.

The Emperor had drawn enormous sums from Austria, exclusive of the vases, statues, and pictures with which he decorated the Louvre, and the bronze which now covers the column in the Place Vendome, in my opinion the purest monument of his reign.* As Austria was thus exhausted, all the contributions exacted from her could not be paid in ready money, and payment was tendered in bills. Of these I received and negotiated one for seven millions (£296,000 nearly), on Hamburg.

The affairs of the princes of the house of Bourbon became less favorable as their chances of success proportionably decreased, and their finances fell so low that the pretender was under the necessity of declaring to the emigrants in Brunswick his inability to continue their allowances. This was a heavy stroke ; for many had no other means of subsistence, and, whatever might be their sentiments of fidelity to

* There is at present talk of transporting, with the permission of England, the remains of the founder from St. Helena, and interring them under this column. It is constructed in imitation of the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, at Rome, covered externally with bas-reliefs, running in a spiral line from top to bottom, representing the history of the campaign of Austerlitz, and formed of the cannon taken from the Austrians. It is one hundred and eighty feet high, and *was* surmounted by a statue of Napoleon.—*Translator.*

the royal cause, few had any objections to the maintenance of their zeal by a salary. Of these the most remarkable was Dumouriez, who, wielding the weapons of a new warfare, scattered bad pamphlets everywhere. The vagabond life of this general, who kept running about begging arms of every one against his country, while no one listened, had begun to cover him with contempt. He was looked upon as stale. He resided at this time in Stralsund, under protection of the King of Sweden, who, as I had predicted, now bordered on the conclusion of the farce he had been playing for four months, and was thinking of returning to Sweden, with plenteous increase of ridicule, and an army decreased by a good third through desertion.

To cut short the disputes with Holland, of which the above general was dreaming the conquest, with an imaginary army, the Emperor gave that kingdom to his brother Louis. Another cause of discontent, also, had been the unwillingness of the Dutch to shut their ports against England. But these events I defer till the period of speaking of my relations with Hortense, who detailed to me all her own and her husband's troubles.

When I announced to the states of the circle of Lower Saxony the nomination of Louis to the throne of Holland, and other changes in the imperial house, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin alone failed to reply to my communication. I afterwards learned he had applied to the Emperor at St. Petersburg, *if*, and in what terms he should answer. At this very time the duke and the emperor were on terms for the marriage of the daughter of the former, Charlotte Frederica, with Prince Christian Frederick of Denmark. At this epoch it would have been difficult to predict the manner in which this union would terminate. The prince, young, handsome, and of an excellent disposition, promised to make a good husband; while the princess, beautiful as love, adored her husband, but, with a temper singularly giddy, was, in fact, a spoiled child. For several years their union was very happy; I had the honor of their acquaintance, when the duke afterwards sought refuge in Altona with his excellent princess, whom, to the general regret, death ravished from her family two years after. The family consisted, besides, of the hereditary prince, distinguished by talent and information, and widower of the grand duchess of Russia, Alexander's sister; Prince Gustavus, amiable and graceful; and, finally, the Princess Charlotte and her husband, the Prince Royal of Denmark. The then happy pair foresaw not that, in two years, they should be separated forever. The princess was in all the splendor of her beauty, but, notwithstanding the amiableness of her character, could not make

herself liked at the court of Denmark. Intrigues were formed against her: I know not if anything wrong could be laid to her charge; but, in the language of *ton*, she was accused of great levity of conduct, and, reason or none, her husband conceived himself obliged to separate from her; and, in 1809, sent her, attended by a chamberlain and a lady of honor, to Altona. On arriving she was in despair; and, hers being no silent sorrow, she told her story to all the world. The poor princess, however, really did excite pity while shedding tears over her infant son, doomed as she was never to behold her child again. But her natural levity returned; nor did she always maintain a conduct becoming her situation; and, after the lapse of some months, was sent away into Jutland, where, I believe, she still lives.

I return to our own affairs in 1806. Pamphlets and libels were becoming more numerous than ever; the press and types purchased in Paris and sent to Brunswick for the manufacture of diatribes against the Emperor had, for greater security, been transported to St. Petersburg, under the direction of M. Maison. However, we got rid of one annoyance, namely, "The Political Annals for the Nineteenth Century," edited by Count de Paoli-Chagny, who had received as editor a pension of five hundred pounds per annum from Mr. Pitt, but which, being withdrawn by Mr. Fox, the count's satirical vein dried up with the ceasing of his salary. But the enemies of the French government did not confine themselves to invectives; more than one miscreant sharpened poniards against the life of the Emperor. Among these was Loizeau, who, coming from England, landed in Altona for the purpose of enjoying the singular privilege claimed by that city of harboring all the dregs of humanity which had escaped from the justice of other governments. On the 17th July, Loizeau presented himself to Count de Gimel, agent there for the Count de Lille, proposing to go to Paris and assassinate the Emperor. The proposal was repelled with indignation: but on learning the fact, from the atrocious conduct of the intending assassin, I decided on arresting him. One of my agents had orders to keep himself constantly on the alert upon the walk leading from Hamburg to Altona, and when he found Loizeau within the territory of the former city to fasten a quarrel on him, and thus contrive to have both conveyed to the nearest guard-house. The snare took; but when the ruffian found himself in custody he suddenly untied his cravat and tore with his teeth the papers it contained. He attempted also to destroy others concealed below his arms, but was withheld by the soldiers, who after much resistance, succeeded in pinioning him. On first entering the prison he exclaimed, "I am a lost man!" One let-

ter affirmed that his proposal had been well received elsewhere. I sent the wretch to Paris and know not his fate, but believe Fouché would take good care to prevent his doing farther harm. At the same time one Martelly was recommended to my special care as the author of a libel against the Emperor and his generals, and as having been concerned in the surrender of Toulon to the English. I sent for Martelly, found he had not written the pamphlet, which was the production of his brother, nor been at Toulon; saw he possessed rare intelligence, and had been long in London. I converted, sent him back to London, and he ever served me with faithfulness and uncommon ability. By means of this agent I discovered the treachery of M. Lajusse, formerly the Abbé de Cherval, secretary of legation to the Lisbon embassy under Lannes. Lajusse was at this time employed in the foreign office, and kept up a correspondence with a quondam *chere ami* calling herself Countess de St. Quentin, and then actually mistress of Dumouriez. Through this channel whatever passed in France became known in England. Meanwhile Martelly kept well with the emigrants, received their letters for London, which thus became known to me; and, while he was praised in the English papers as a devoted and useful loyalist, his communications put me in possession of the details of an expedition under Dumouriez planned against Holland or Hanover!

We now approach the moment when war was to ravage Germany anew; for, in proportion as the hopes of peace diminished, Prussia redoubled her menaces. The remembrance of the Great Frederick agitated her; peace had become odious. Her measures, until then sufficiently moderate, all at once assumed a threatening tone from the time when the English ministry had stated to Parliament that France had declared her willingness to restore Hanover. The French cabinet, on the other hand, assured Prussia that this restitution was the nearest step to peace, and held out large indemnities. But the Prussian monarch, well informed of all, and convinced that the house of Hanover attached great importance to the possession of an ancient domain, which gave a certain preponderance in Germany, regarded himself as deceived, and resolved on war. At this period the whole of Prussia was animated by the same warlike sentiments. The public mind, and her youth especially, were exasperated. The king aspired to the character of liberator of Germany. Prussia, therefore, rejected every offer of compensation for Hanover; she knew that Napoleon would sacrifice her twenty times over to insure peace with England. In these circumstances, Lord Lauderdale having been recalled from Paris by his government—notwithstanding the personal esteem of Pitt's

successor for the Emperor—we continued at war with Britain, and were on the eve of having Prussia also on our hands.

The cabinet of Berlin sent an ultimatum replete with expressions, in which little measure was observed, and amounting almost to a defiance. Napoleon's character is known, and, as may well be believed, this ultimatum roused his choler. Berthier, who had remained at Munich, pressed him to anticipate the Prussian preparations. After an abode of eight months, passed in the chances of peace and uncertain negotiation, the Emperor departed on the 25th of September for the Rhine. We have works so excellent on the campaign which ensued, called the Campaign of Saxony, that I may dispense with entering upon its details. I shall merely mention some private events, omitting all public transactions. Who does not remember with what giant strides the first captain of modern times traversed Prussia, and planted his eagles in the capital of the Great Frederick?

M. Jacobi, Prussian envoy to London, remained at Hamburg with visible impatience. The crisis between France and his country approached, and he felt the need of union with England, and support from her subsidies. England was then like an open bank to all our enemies. On the 1st of October, a courier from the headquarters at Nauemburg arrived, with an order for M. Jacobi to embark for England immediately. On the morrow he went on board a cutter sent express. He assured me, before parting, that the subsidies for Prussia were to be sixteen millions sterling. He had no great hope of the approaching contest with France. I spoke to him of Hanover; he informed me that one of the conditions of compact between England and Prussia was the *restitution* and guarantee of that province to Britain.*

On the 10th October hostilities commenced between France and Prussia. I demanded of the Senate that the recruiting in the city for the Prussian service should cease. The news of a great victory gained by the Emperor over the Prussian army reached Hamburg

* What are we to think of such a conference between two men holding at this time the relative positions occupied by envoys of France and Austria? Also, the English reader cannot have failed to remark frequently in these volumes the absurdity of our subsidizing *separately* the German powers. In acting thus, the English cabinet actually furnished subsidies to Bonaparte, for he beat these (in more than one instance it is surmised feigned) allies in detail, and afterwards made them disgorge their English gold. If it was necessary to bribe the Germans to fight the battles of their own emancipation, at least it should have been upon the understanding that not a shilling was to be advanced till all, great and petty states, had united to strike one grand stroke. This policy alone, after eighteen years of blundering, finally succeeded.—*Translator.*

on the 14th; but, though the disaster of our enemies was evident, from the crowds of fugitives of all ranks and ages from the north of Germany, the accounts were so contradictory I knew not whether to rejoice or grieve, when, on the 28th, arrived official intelligence of the victory of Jena. On the day following, in his 72d year, loaded with infirmities, and grievously wounded in the battle of Auerstadt, the Duke of Brunswick entered Altona. His arrival in that city presented a new and striking proof of the instability of fortune. A sovereign prince, enjoying, right or wrong, a great military reputation, but very lately powerful and tranquil in his own capital, was now beheld beaten and mortally wounded, born into a foreign town in a miserable litter, carried by ten men, without officers, without domestics, escorted by a crowd of boys and rabble, who pressed about him from curiosity, deposited in a bad inn, and so worn out with fatigue and pain in his eyes, that the morrow after his arrival the report of his death was generally credited. During the few days the Duke continued in life, he was attended by his consort, who joined him on the 1st of November; he refused all visits, and died on the 10th. The death of this prince created little sensation in Germany, where the war occupied all minds. The small number of emigrants whom he supported, displayed, indeed, sincere sorrow. After the battle of Jena the prince's faculties appear to have been much impaired. He possessed remarkable qualities. He had served Prussia since 1792, and from that period had never once abandoned the interest of that court. The violent proclamations which he published against France had caused him to be regarded as one of the bitterest of our enemies.

At this time Bernadotte returned to Hamburg. I asked him how we were to construe his conduct with regard to Davoust, in refusing to assist him in his attack on the Prussian army at Nauemburg? "I am informed, by letter, that you took no part in the battle of Auerstadt. This I did not believe; but you have read the account which I myself received somewhat later, in which it is stated that Bonaparte said at Nauemburg, before a great many officers, 'Were I to deliver him to a council of war, he would be shot. I shall not speak to him on the subject, but neither will I conceal what I think of him. He has too much honor not to perceive that he has committed a disgraceful action.'"—"I believe him very capable," replied Bernadotte, "of holding such language. He hates me because he knows I love him not; but let him talk to me, and I will answer him. I am a Gascon, but he is still a greater one. I might have been piqued on receiving almost orders from Davoust; but I did my duty."

It is said that the Emperor, on arriving on the field of battle of Rosbach, going from Menneburg to Halle, pointed out the spot where the column erected by Frederick the Great should be found, and the direction to be taken in order to reach it. This I can readily believe; so perfect was his knowledge of ground, and of the relative position of armies on a day of battle. He caused the column to be removed; a contrast, it must be confessed, with the sentiments which I had always heard him express. He hoped, at least, that the monuments of his own victories would be respected.

Towards the commencement of November, the Swedes entered Lubeck; but on the 8th the town was taken by assault, and these Swedes, the remnant of the corps which had been at Jena, were made prisoners. In like manner a detachment of Prussians appeared before Hamburg, and already the citizens had stood to their defense, when Major Ameil attacked, routed, and took many of the Prussians at Zollenspieker. The danger, however, was far from removed. The major announced his intention to enter with his prisoners. Ameil could not be depended upon; he was a leader of a band of partisans, in the whole force of the phrase, and made war rather upon his own account, than as contributing to the success of the operations of the army. His troop did not exceed forty men; but these were sufficient to pillage and carry dismay into the neighboring villages. Besides, his boldness was unquestionable, and when he threw himself upon Hamburg with this handful of marauders, he made the good people believe in a rear-guard of twenty thousand men. He had plundered along his whole route, made nearly three hundred prisoners, and carried off a great number of horses. It was nightfall when he presented himself at the gate, leaving his followers and booty at the nearest village. Entering alone, he made for the residence of the French legation. I was very quickly sent for where I had gone on a visit, about seven o'clock in the evening, and, on entering, saw the major—the perfect *beau-idéal* of a brigand. It gave me, therefore, no surprise to learn that his tone, air and gigantic moustaches had struck terror into the inmates of my saloon. He then began to entertain me with the recital of his late exploits, talked of making a dash to-morrow with his troop upon Hamburg, and rioted in the idea of pillage and of ransacking the bank. I endeavored long, in vain, to dissuade him, for the thought of such plunder had intoxicated his imagination; but, assuming on this a higher tone, I said, "Know you, sir, that such is not the fashion in which the Emperor desires to be served. During the space of seven years which I passed with him in his campaigns I constantly observed the expressions

of his indignation against those who aggravate to the peaceful inhabitants the miseries of war. The will of the Emperor is that no damage be done to Hamburg or its territory." This brief address produced instantaneously an effect above all my entreaties; for the sole name of the Emperor made the stoutest tremble. The major then had recourse to a plan of selling his booty; this affair concerned the Senate, who had the good nature to consider, and the weakness to grant, his petition for a sale of the produce of his robberies on the morrow in one of the villages. They even bought his horses and gave him guards for his prisoners. The service I had rendered in ridding them of this freebooter was appreciated by the authorities, who next day presented to me a vote of thanks, expressed in a letter full of courtesy.

But the military occupation of the Hanse Towns could not be long averted. In his march upon Berlin, after the grand army had passed the Rhine, Napoleon detached a corps, under Marshal Mortier, for the purpose of securing the Electorate of Hesse and occupying Hamburg. On the 19th of November the city was taken possession of in the Emperor's name. The greatest order and tranquillity reigned on this occasion, though I make no secret of having feared the reverse. On the approach of the army the utmost consternation prevailed; and, on the pressing entreaties of the magistrates, I did not hesitate to assume other powers than those of diplomatist, and, going out to meet Marshal Mortier, endeavored to prevail upon him to respect the neutrality of the port. All my remonstrances were vain: he had a formal command from the Emperor. It was a fearful night on which I left Hamburg for this purpose, and a negro boy named Selim, about thirteen years old, a most affectionate creature, supposing me to be exposed to danger, resolved to accompany the carriage, though then suffering from the effects of a defluxion in his breast. Overhearing the dispute among my people, I gave orders to the boy to remain behind; but he got secretly upon the carriage and returned almost frozen to death. His lungs were attacked, and notwithstanding every care, and even sending him to Paris, I had the misfortune to know that his attachment to me cost him his life.

No preparations having been made for his reception, Marshal Mortier, with the staff, established headquarters in my house, and the few troops he had brought formed an encampment in the court. Thus the residence of the minister of peace assumed the appearance of a warlike leaguer, until such time as other arrangements could be effected. The demands which the marshal was necessitated to make, in consequence of this occupation, were hard. But my repre-

sentations suspended for a season the order given by Napoleon to seize the bank. I cannot do otherwise than render a tribute to the uprightness of the marshal's conduct, who forwarded my representations to Napoleon at Berlin, announcing that he had delayed acting till the arrival of fresh orders. The Emperor read and approved my views—a circumstance fortunate for France—perhaps not unprofitable to Europe—and most beneficial to Hamburg. Those who recommended to the Emperor the pillage of this noble establishment must have been profoundly ignorant of its utility; they thought only of one thing, the ninety millions of marks stored up in the vaults of the bank.*

The successive commandants at Hamburg were Mortier, not more rigorous than could be avoided; General Michaud, who, at least, inflicted no evil he could prevent; and Marshal Brune, who has been misrepresented: his moderation displeased, and he was recalled. These were succeeded by Bernadotte, when, by the battle of Jena, Napoleon, now master of Prussia and the north of Germany, no longer kept measures with the states composing this portion of Europe, but gave way to the most incredible exactions without opposition—for weakness could offer none. Subsidies, stores of every description, quarterings unceasingly renewed, contributions for table allowances—such were a few of these demands. During a long period the general-commandant had 1,200 francs (£50) per day. The Dutch, under General Gratien, as also the inhabitants of Lubeck and of Bremen, respectively enjoyed their share of similar *advantages*. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo softened and moderated, as far as possible, these vexatious burdens. This noble character preserved Hamburg from the extortions to which he might have subjected that unfortunate city. Never did he refuse to aid me in any measures which might tend to combat the system of ruin and persecution. Under his government the Hanseatic states reposed for a space; and, happily, his governorship continued longer than that of his predecessors. Everywhere he exerted himself to modify the excessive rigor of the custom-house regulations; his name was cherished by the inhabitants; it is, I am sure, never repeated without benedictions; and the opinion thus conciliated proved far from injurious, when, four years after, public favor hailed him Crown Prince of Sweden.

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* At par, the mark is equal to 1s. 6d. sterling, consequently the sum in the coffers was £6,750,000 sterling. What, in this case, made the difference between Bonaparte and Amiel? The Emperor was persuaded from a robbery by his own servant; the free booter yielded only to a superior.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER VIII.

ADDITIONAL ACCOUNTS OF THE PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN—BLUCHER'S RETREAT—HIS CAPTURE AT LUBECK—LETTERS OF MURAT—OF BERNADOTTE—NAPOLEON AND THE PRINCESS HATZFELD—NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO JOSEPHINE—BLUCHER A PRISONER AT HAMBURG—ANECDOTES OF HIS HABITS AND CHARACTER—HIS CONFIDENCE IN THE EMANCIPATION OF GERMANY—SENATORIAL DEPUTATION TO THE EMPEROR AT BERLIN—ATTEMPTS AT PEACE—EXTORTIONS—BERLIN DECREES, AND EVILS OF THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM—TRUE NATURE OF THAT SYSTEM.

EVERY one has heard of the celebrated General Perron, who played so important a part among the Mahrattas and at the court of Prince Scindia. I had been rather more than a year in my ministry when he arrived. As he had matters about passports to arrange, I had some amusing conversations with him on his really extraordinary adventures. He told me he had at one time been possessed of more than fifty millions (£2,085,000); but for the privilege of embarking at an Indian port he had been obliged to disburse to the English sums so considerable that three-fourths of his riches had been thus consumed. Many of his trunks were filled with splendid cashmeres, of some of which he had the kindness to make me a present. General Perron had lost a hand. With him were his two children, a boy and girl, born of an Indian mother, and whose copper color recalled their maternal origin. The costume of these children was so singular as to attract public attention wherever they appeared. Their necks and arms were encircled with massive rings of pure gold; but these collars and bracelets could not be undone like those worn in Europe; they were soldered, and so neatly, that the joining could scarcely be distinguished. These children knew not one word of French; their father appeared very fond of, and was constantly caressing, them. Some days after the general's arrival, M. Bourguien landed also from Bengal, and applied likewise for a passport to France. He was at open war with Perron, who, on his part, spoke to me in similar terms of his compatriot. They mutually professed a profound contempt, each bitterly reproaching the other with the ruin of the Mahrattas. Both, however, had contrived to realize immense fortunes. I know not what became of M. Bourguien;

as to General Perron, he is still living on his magnificent estate near Vendôme; and one of his daughters, by a second marriage, I have since known as the wife of M. de la Rochefoucauld, sub-prefect of Sens.

I have already stated my intention of giving only a few particulars of the great Prussian campaign. From the month of September, 1806, there appeared an absolute certainty, that if we went to war with Prussia, Russia would join against us. Peace, however, had been signed between the courts of St. Petersburg and St. Cloud, in virtue of a treaty concluded at Paris by M. d'Oubril. Russia was to evacuate the mouths of the Catara, which she was in no haste to do; and Alexander had published an ukase, calling out a levy of four men from every five hundred inhabitants, in order to guard against the evils which again threatened Europe, and to provide for the security of his own dominions. All this meant that he had determined not only to complete, but to augment his army.

Before the commencement of hostilities, Duroc had been sent to Berlin on a mission to the King of Prussia, in order to feel the way and attempt some means of renewing negotiations. All these attempts were fruitless; and perhaps it no longer depended upon the King of Prussia to make or not make war upon France. The enthusiasm of his subjects for the preservation of their independence bore some resemblance to the wild impetuosity which, at the commencement of the revolution in France, absolutely brought forth armies. The war having begun, victory everywhere declared for the Emperor. The Prince Hohenlohe, who commanded a Prussian corps, was forced to lay down his arms at Prentzlau. After this capitulation, General Blucher assumed the command of the wrecks of the army, and collected those detachments whose distance had saved them from the surrender at Prentzlau. These corps, and Blucher's own troops at Auerstadt, amounting to some twenty or twenty-five thousand men, formed the sole remaining defense of the Prussian monarchy. Soult and Bernadotte received orders from Murat to pursue, without pause, the partisan Blucher, who used all his efforts to draw from the capital the troops of these two generals. Blucher marched upon Lubeck, of which he gained possession, as we shall see. Murat went in pursuit of the remains of the Prussian army, which had escaped from Saxony by Magdeburg. It was of vast importance to the army at Berlin that a corps so numerous, and commanded by a general so able and brave, should be annihilated. Blucher, thus removing from the center of operations with so considerable a force, might throw himself into Hanover or Hesse, or even into Holland, and, uniting with the English troops, produce serious

uneasiness in the rear of the grand army. During this pursuit the Grandduke of Berg announced to me his designs and his hopes, and speedily his success, by the following letters:—

"My dear Minister:—I hasten to intimate to you my arrival here with the divisions of Marshals Soult and Bernadotte, and a detachment of cavalry of the reserve. To-morrow I shall be at Lubeck, where I count on giving the mortal blow to General Blucher, if he tempt the fate of a battle. I am informed he has a design to take shipping. I think he will not have time; and, should it be so, I hope that God, the protector of his majesty's arms, will render the wind adverse. If any Prussians appear before Hamburg, give the magistrates strong injunctions to shut their gates against them. It belongs to us to *call upon* you in that city. The Ex-general Moreau passed the 12th at Paris and the 28th at Hamburg, whence he departed for Russia. Fauche-Borel is now in Hamburg; endeavor to discover and arrest him. I beg you will send to me at Lubeck all information possible about the designs of General Blucher. I announce to you the defeat of Prince Hohenlohe. On the 28th, I made his whole division prisoners at Prentzlau. The hussars took Stettin at eleven o'clock at night; while General Michaud, whom I had directed upon Passewalek, there forced a corps of four thousand men to lay down their arms; and at Audane, General Becker obliged a detachment of equal strength to capitulate. Custrin opened its gates two days ago. In short, there remain of the Prussian army only from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, which certainly shall not escape us. Receive assurance, etc. Joachim.

"*Ratzbourg, 5th November,*
half-past eight, evening.

"Circumstances will, I hope, my dear Bourrienne, give me the pleasure of seeing you.—J."

"My dear Minister:—I have this moment, and while getting into the saddle, received your letter addressed to the Emperor, and thank you for the information to myself. The division under the command of the Prince of Brunswick and General Blucher, twenty-five thousand strong, had waited the attack of his majesty's troops at Lubeck. We carried that city by assault; six thousand prisoners, three generals, fifty pieces of cannon, standards and colors, are the brilliant results of the affair. The remainder of the corps has fled in disorder; and if, as is said, and as appears, the Danes be determined on causing their neutrality to be respected, it is to be presumed that

General Blucher will be forced to-day or to-morrow to lay down his arms. Thus finishes the reputation of that army which under the Great Frederick had wrought such prodigies. I received your letter of the 8th at one in the morning. I have not your reply to mine of the 5th. You say it was sent by express. I hope you have unquestionably received both the letters which I dispatched to you yesterday. The first announced the assault and taking of Lubeck and the second the capture of the whole of Blucher's corps. Thus has disappeared the last remnant of the Prussian army. I am now to reply to your queries; but what do I say?—Blucher's defeat has sufficiently answered all your questions and ought entirely to dissipate the apprehensions of the senate of Hamburg. True it is, a detachment from my division was sent your way in order to observe Blucher's motions on that point, but the commander had express orders not to enter the territory of Hamburg, nor was he ever authorized to levy contributions. I have given orders to repay the sums received and for the detachment to rejoin the army. We are upon the traces of the Westphalian plate, which ought still to be in Lubeck. I thank you for your information on that subject. The city of Lubeck has suffered severely, but I venture to hope that the senate and the unfortunate inhabitants will render justice to the efforts I have made to protect them against the evils inevitable in the case of a city taken by assault. I can but lament over the disorders which took place and did all that was humanly possible in order to put a stop to them. I repeat the assurance of my consideration. JOACHIM.

"*9th November.*

"P. S. At length, my dear Bourrienne, the combat ceases for want of combatants. I could have wished to see you, but know engagements retain you at your post. Accept the assurance of my friendship.—J." *

In one of his letters, as will be observed, Murat, probably deceived by his agents, or by some intriguer, gives me notice of Moreau having arrived in Hamburg, after passing through Paris on the 28th October. The only foundation for such an idea was an intercepted letter of Fauche-Borel. I recollect a curious circumstance explanatory of this intelligence, which proves how much informers are to be mistrusted. About fifteen days before my receiving Murat's letter, one called upon me to say that Moreau was in town; I gave no credit to the assertion,

* It may amuse to know that these letters, in the originals, are chiefly in the form of no less than seven P. S.'s.

but at the same time made all inquiries. Two days after I was assured that an individual who had served under, and who knew him well, had both seen and spoken to the general. I sent for this person immediately. "Well, you have seen General Moreau?"—"Yes; he asked me the way to Jungfersteige [a splendid terrace at Hamburg]; I gave the necessary directions, and added, 'Have I not the honor to address General Moreau?'—'Yes, but say nothing about it—I am here incognito.'" All this appeared to me absurd; and feigning not to know the general, I asked my informant to describe him. He gave me a description which bore no resemblance to the original, saying, "He wore a braided coat of French cut, with the national cockade." I instantly detected and dismissed the impostor. But a quarter of an hour afterwards entered one of my friends to present the French Consul at Stettin —the wearer of the identical braided coat, and who had mounted the national cockade. A slight resemblance in figure to Moreau had completed the deception; and so the whole story had originated.

During the Prussian campaign, nothing was more talked of throughout the whole of Germany than the generous conduct of Napoleon in regard to Prince Hatzfeld. I received very curious details of this incident, and have been fortunate in preserving a letter from the Emperor to Josephine, which the reader shall see presently. Meanwhile it is necessary to premise that, agreeably to the inquisitorial system too generally characterizing Napoleon's government, the first thing on entering any town was to seize the post-office; and, God knows, little delicacy could be expected for the secrets of correspondence. Upon entering Berlin, our functionaries did not fail to act upon the established plan. Among the letters remitted to Napoleon (for insignificant communications were forwarded or destroyed, as happened) was found one from Prince Hatzfeld, who had imprudently remained in the capital. This letter was addressed to the King of Prussia. The Prince gave to his sovereign an account of all the events which had occurred in his capital since he himself had been obliged to leave it; at the same time describing the force and condition of the various corps which composed the French army. After having read this letter the Emperor issued an order to arrest the Prince and to convoke a military commission, before which he was to be tried as a spy. The commission had already assembled, and there could be no doubt of the nature of the sentence that would be pronounced, when Madame Hatzfeld flew to seek Duroc, who, in such circumstances, was always happy to facilitate an approach to the Emperor. On the day in question Napoleon held a review without the city. Duroc knew the Hatzfeld family, having fre-

quently met the princess during his previous visits to Berlin. He remained behind at the palace, watching the Emperor's return. Napoleon, on entering, astonished to find Duroc within at that hour, asked if anything new had occurred. The answer was affirmative; and Napoleon led the way into his private cabinet. Here Duroc, without saying much himself, quickly introduced Madame Hatzfeld. The sequel is related by Napoleon himself in the letter just mentioned. It is easy to perceive that the note is a reply to one from Josephine, complaining of the way in which he spoke of women, and most probably of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, respecting whom he had expressed himself with unguarded disrespect in one of his bulletins.

The following is Napoleon's manner of expressing himself to Josephine :—

"I received thy letter; you seem angry with me for speaking ill of women. It is true, I utterly abominate intriguing females. I am accustomed to those who are amiable, gentle, and conciliating; and such I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but thine. But at least thou wilt see I have been very good to one, who showed herself a feeling and amiable woman—Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her the letter which her husband had written, she replied to me, weeping bitterly with heartfelt sensibility and ingenuousness, 'It is but too surely his writing!' Her accent went to my soul—her situation grieved me. I said, 'Well, then, madam, throw that letter into the fire; I shall then no longer possess the means of condemning your husband.' She burned my letter and was happy. Her husband is restored to tranquillity. Two hours later, and he would have been a lost man. Thou seest, then, how I esteem women that are gentle, ingenuous and amiable; but this is because they alone resemble thee.

"*6th November*, 1806,
nine o'clock, evening."

While the Emperor was at Berlin and employed in the famous decree on the Continental System, the effects of which we shall consider by and by, I had hoped to see Bernadotte at Hamburg; but, receiving orders to join the grand army, he sent me the following note :—

"I regret much, my dear minister, that circumstances and a slight indisposition deprive me of the pleasure of embracing you. I set out to-morrow to join the grand army, which is in march against the Russians. My own troops are already some days in advance. Adieu, my

dear B.; reserve me your friendship, and be assured that no circumstance of my life shall weaken the regard I entertain for you. I embrace and assure you that on my arrival at Berlin I shall endeavor to accomplish what you desire. J. BERNADOTTE.

"20*th November*, 1806."

When Marshal Bernadotte had forced Blucher from Lubeck and taken prisoner a general who has since become so celebrated, though then known only as a partisan chief, he had the goodness to inform me in the following terms:—"I send you some details of the brilliant affair which took place on the 6th, between our *corps d'armée* and General Blucher's division. May I request you will get them inserted in the Hamburg journal? Your friend intends coming to Hamburg with the sole intention of seeing and embracing you." Some days after I received another billet, as follows:—"I have written two letters within the last month; I know not if you have received them. I send two words of friendship—expecting to see you, to say that I am as much as ever yours.—J. B." But, when the marshal announced to me the capture of Lubeck and that of Blucher, I was far from supposing that his prisoner, since become so differently celebrated, would be confided to my charge; but so it was. After his surrender, Blucher obtained permission to take up his abode in Hamburg, with the whole city for his prison. My injunctions, as may be supposed, were to keep a very strict watch over him, and, on the slightest attempt to escape on his part, to employ force—a measure ever most repugnant to my feelings. During a considerable space, in which Blucher remained my prisoner, far from adding to the rigor of captivity I spared him all the annoyances of police which my general instructions might have warranted. Blucher appeared to me a fit subject for curious study, and I saw him very frequently. I found him an enthusiastic Prussian patriot, a brave, bold man, and enterprising even to rashness; but with only very limited information and incredibly devoted to pleasure, of which, to my certain knowledge, he was not sparing while in Hamburg. It was his delight to sit for hours at table, and, notwithstanding his exclusive patriotism, he rendered ample and very frequent justice to the wines of France. His amorous propensities were, so to speak, inordinate. He knew of no more agreeable relaxation than to remain for hours round a green rag, giving or taking gold, according to the good or bad run of play.

Blucher's disposition was exceedingly gay; and, considered as a boon companion, his society had something in it very agreeable: the originality of his conversation pleased me much. He entertained so

firm a belief in the emancipation of Germany that the disasters, even of the Prussian army, in no degree shook this confidence. He frequently spoke to me in such terms as the following—"I have much reliance to place in the public spirit of Germany and on the enthusiasm which reigns in our universities. The successes of war are but for a day; while even the defeats of an army arouse in nations the principles of honor and of national glory. Be assured, that when an entire people has a decided wish to emancipate itself from a depressing yoke it will always shake off its fetters. Do not doubt it—we shall have in time a home-bred army, such as the subdued spirit of France could never yet produce. England will always afford us the assistance of her subsidies and of her marine; we will renew our alliances with Russia and Austria." *

"Sir," Blucher would often add, "I dare pledge myself as guarantee for a circumstance of which I am certain, and you may believe me—not one of the allied powers entertains in the present war any design of aggrandizement. All that they want, with common consent, is to put a stop to the system of conquest which your Emperor has adopted, and which he pursues with a fearful rapidity. In our first wars against France, at the commencement of your Revolution, we contended for questions concerning the rights of sovereigns;—for such, on my part, I assure you, I care extremely little; but now, the case is no longer the same; the population of Prussia, to a man, makes common cause with its government; we now wage war in defense of our homes, and reverses may destroy armies without changing the spirit of the nation. I look undismayed to the future, because I foresee that fortune will not always favor your Emperor. It is impossible to think otherwise: there must arrive a season when the whole of Europe, humiliated by his demands, wearied out by his depredations, will rise up against him. The more he enchains the nations, the more terrible will be the explosion of the people bursting their fetters. Who dare deny the insatiable desire of devouring provinces, with which he is tormented? To the war of 1805, against Austria and Russia, succeeded, incontinently, the present dispute. We have fallen; Prussia is subdued: but there still remains Russia in the conflict. It is not granted me to foresee to what term the war may extend; still, admitting even that the issue be favorable to you, it will have an end, but only to behold new wars recommence: if we are true to ourselves, France will fall exhausted by her

* In reporting the substance of very frequent conversations with Blucher I cannot forbear remarking the singularity of his patriotism, which numbered among its means of triumph the subsidies of one, and the alliance of two other, foreign nations.—*Author.*

very conquests; doubt not the fact. You desire peace? advise it; you will thus give a genuine proof of love for your country."

I, of course, replied to these incessant remarks of Blucher with that reserve which became my station; but, as I ever made a point to drop the diplomatist in the drawing-room, I entered with frankness into his views on the desirableness of peace—a peace in reality, not a compact dictated by the stronger, and imposed upon the weaker. If, indeed, my advice had been of any weight—and I did not conceal my sentiments from the Prussian general—the Emperor had, ere that, ceased from wars of invasion—wars of horror, in which, spite of all discipline, the people are trodden to the dust, and which hoard up hate, the effects of which become terrible on the first change of fortune. Before Blucher's arrival, there had come among us Prince Paul of Wurtemburg, second son of one of the two kings, whose crowns, dating from the treaty of Presburg, were not a year old. This royal youth, imbued with the ideas of liberty, which then fermented in Germany, had committed a harebrained action in leaving Stuttgard to serve in the Prussian campaign. He had taken this step without the authority of his father, whom he thus incurred the risk of seriously compromising with Napoleon. The King of Prussia made him a general, but he was taken prisoner in the very commencement of hostilities, and conducted by a captain of gendarmes, not to Stuttgard, but to Hamburg, where he visited me frequently. His ideas were not very stable, nor his mind made up as to what he wanted; for, after having been made a prisoner in the service of Prussia, he became eagerly desirous of serving in the armies of France, and several times requested me to solicit for him an audience of the Emperor. It was granted, and he lived long in Paris, where I have seen him also since the Restoration.

My prisoners, and others, whom I had to watch in Hamburg, gave me, however, far less trouble than our neighbors in Altona. Recent events had added greatly to the number; for the emigrants, chased by our victories, fled from country to country at the first alarm. All sought refuge in Altona; and not only emigrants, but, after the battle of Jena, every chateau in the duchies of Weimar, Gotha, Brunswick, and Hanover, was deserted or filled with French soldiers, and its rightful inmates become refugees in Altona. To all I rendered service, or forbore the vexatious interference I might have exercised.

Napoleon protracted his residence so long in Berlin as to give his senate time to present, by a deputation of their body, their felicitations in the capital of Prussia. I was informed by one worthy of all credence that, upon this occasion, the senatorial representatives having

taken unto themselves some will of their own, wished to abdicate for a moment their ordinary passiveness of disposition, and even dared not to limit themselves to compliments and congratulations; nay, they even emancipated themselves to such an extent (according to assurance given me), as to wish to have a finger in the plans of the Emperor's campaign, spoke of the danger of passing the Oder, and even expressed a desire of peace! Their master received very ungraciously so unwonted a communication; found the senate very bold indeed to meddle with his affairs; treated the conscript fathers of France as foolhardy men, devoid of reflection, protesting as usual his sincere love of peace; and told the deputation that it was Prussia, supported by Russia, not he, who desired war. How could the Emperor—let me be pardoned the expression—have the effrontery to tell the deputation that Prussia desired war? She *had* wished it, indeed; but to the enthusiasm of hope had now succeeded a general stupor or signs of activity displayed only in flight. The stricken deer speeds not with greater rapidity from the hunters than fled all the German princes who had taken part against Napoleon.

Clarke—the inevitable Clarke—was appointed Governor of Berlin; and, under his administration, the wretched inhabitants who could not flee were overwhelmed under every species of oppression and impost. As in the execution of every measure there operated the basest and most servile compliance with the orders of Napoleon, so the name of Clarke is held in detestation throughout Prussia.

In the midst of so many infamies, which are not the indispensable consequences of war, the generals stationed in Holland, a country at peace, the kingdom of the Emperor's brother, rendered themselves conspicuous by an ardor in rapacity which recalled the delightful times of Italian dilapidation. It certainly was not their new king who set them this example: king in spite of himself, Louis, in the known moderation of his character and his principles of integrity, was destined to exhibit an instance of whatever an honest man can suffer upon a borrowed throne. Moreover, he took little part in the operations of the Prussian campaign. Napoleon, indeed, had expressed his desire that he should assume the command of the division of the grand army, formed of the Dutch, and invest Hameln. He did so; but, falling sick a few days after, could only summon the place to surrender and then retired. This bounded his military exploits. Subsequently, the town opened its gates to Savary; and it may give some idea of the conditions imposed upon the vanquished, that the Prussian commandant, among other clauses, stipulated for the officers being permitted to retain their stockings and

shoes! I believe a month and a half's pay was granted to enable them to return home.

When the King of Prussia beheld the defeat of his troops on every point, and his kingdom delivered into Napoleon's power, in even less time than Austria had been overrun during the preceding year, he wrote to the Emperor, requesting a suspension of hostilities. Rapp was present on the reception of this letter. "It is too late," said Napoleon; "but it matters not: I wish to stay the effusion of blood: I am ready to lend myself to everything which will not touch the honor or the interests of the nation." He then sent for Duroc, gave him orders instantly to visit the wounded and to see that they wanted for nothing. "See, in my name, each in particular," added he. "Give to all the relief of which they stand in need. You will then join the King of Prussia, wherever you may fall in with him; if he make reasonable propositions, send me word."

It was, in truth, high time, after so much success on the one hand, and such sad reverse on the other: the conquerors had need of repose to enjoy their triumphs, and the vanquished to cicatrize their wounds. Mutual necessities induced Napoleon to seem desirous of peace. Negotiations began, but with such conditions on the part of France that they were deemed inadmissible, while Prussia could yet hang her hopes upon assistance from the arms of Russia: besides, the Emperor's demands extended to England, who certainly had no motive at this season for acceding to the pretensions of her enemies. The Emperor desired that England should resign to France all the colonies taken from her since the commencement of the war, and that Russia should restore to the Porte Wallachia and Moldavia, which she occupied: in short, he acted upon the principle as expressed in some tragedy, where a king directs his ambassador to "Insist—demand all—that you may obtain nothing." The stipulations were, in fact, so extravagant, it could never have entered into the mind of any reasonable man that Napoleon conceived even a hope of their being listened to. These negotiations, resumed and broken off alternately, had been conducted with coldness by both parties up to the moment when Britain had induced Russia to side with Prussia against France. They then ceased altogether; and, to assume the air of renewing them upon a basis still more favorable to France, Napoleon sent Duroc to wait upon the King of Prussia. The envoy found that prince at Osterode, on the other side of the Vistula. The Prussian monarch gave for reply, "It is no longer time." In like manner Napoleon had before said, "It is too late." But the former could not do otherwise. Prussia could not be in a worse con-

dition—she had nothing more to lose; and the Russians, full of enthusiasm and hope, as had been William's own subjects before Jena, burned to wash out, in the blood of a victorious field, the disgrace of Austerlitz.

While Duroc fulfilled his mission to the King of Prussia, I also received orders to attempt a negotiation at Hamburg. Bonaparte had a mind to detach Sweden from the coalition, and finish the war with her by a separate treaty. She could be very useful to him when Prussia, Russia and England formed in the north a considerable mass of forces. We had already Denmark for us, and if to her Sweden could be united, the junction of these two powers might effect a diversion sufficiently respectable to give serious uneasiness to the coalition, obliged as it would be to concentrate its principal strength to oppose the shock of the grand army in Poland. The sentiments of M. Peyron, Swedish minister at Hamburg, were strongly adverse to the war carried on by his master against France, which he justly regarded as the only power capable of protecting Finland against the dangerous vicinage of Russia. I therefore regretted his removal at this very time, before I could even make overtures. His successor, M. Netzel, entertained, however, the same opinion as to the useless and expensive war in which their master had engaged. A few days after his arrival, this minister applied to me about the exchange of the Swedish prisoners captured on the Trave. I anxiously labored to accomplish the required arrangements and succeeded. During our conferences on this subject, I had gradually learned the state of his feelings on the subject of my own instructions, and at last frankly proposed the question of peace. I was assured that M. de Wetterstedt, Swedish secretary of state, also favored pacific views, and M. de Netzel undertook to write on the subject of our conversation. Thus, never was negotiation more happily commenced; but who could foresee what wind would turn the wits of Gustavus? That head-strong prince took very much amiss the whole transaction. M. de Wetterstedt himself received orders to expostulate in very harsh terms with the envoy at Hamburg, for having entered the house of a French minister, and for having dared to take upon him to converse with such a functionary on political matters, though ours was but a *conversation*. But the king did not rest satisfied with reproaches: poor M. de Netzel came to inform me, with tears in his eyes, that he had been recalled, by an order to quit Hamburg directly, without waiting for a successor. He considered his disgrace as complete.

The famous Continental System now demands my attention; and

more than to any other, perhaps, were its knaveries and its fatal consequences exposed to me from my situation in the principal commercial city of the Continent. This system arose during the war of 1806, and was promulgated by a decree, dated at Berlin on the 21st of November. This edict was the result of bad counsels. Seeing the just indignation of the Emperor against the duplicity of England, against her repugnance to come to serious negotiations with him, and, in short, against the hostilities which she unceasingly stirred up on the Continent, these short-sighted advisers urged him to launch forth that decree which I can regard in no other light than as an act of madness and of European tyranny. It was not decrees but fleets that he wanted : without fleets, without naval resources, it was ridiculous to declare the British isles in a state of blockade, while English squadrons did actually and effectually blockade every port in France. This, however, was what Napoleon declared by the Berlin decrees ; and such was what is termed the Continental System !—System of peculation, of injustice, and of plunder ! *

It is difficult at this day to conceive how Europe could for a single hour endure that fiscal tyranny which exacted the most exorbitant prices for articles, become indispensable necessaries of life, both to rich and poor, through the habits of three centuries. It is so far from being the truth that this system had, for its only and exclusive aim, to prevent England from disposing of her merchandise, that licenses were sold at a high rate to those who had influence sufficient to procure them ; and gold alone gave that influence. The quantity and the quality of articles exported from France were exaggerated with incredible impudence. It became imperative, indeed, to purchase such articles, in submission to the will of Napoleon ; but they were bought only to be thrown into the sea. And yet none was found who had the conscience to tell the Emperor that England sold to the Continent, but that she bought almost nothing from thence !

The traffic in licenses was carried to a scandalous extent, and that only to enrich certain flatterers and to gratify the wrongheadedness of the contrivers. This system proves, what is engraven in the annals of the heart and understanding of man, that the cupidity of flattery is insatiable and the errors of obstinate folly incorrigible. Let me cite one example out of thousands. At Hamburg, while under the government of Davoust, a poor father of a family narrowly escaped death for having introduced, into the department of the Elbe, a small loaf of sugar for the necessities of his family ; while, at the very moment, perhaps, Napo-

* See Appendix, B.

leon was placing his signature to a license for the introduction of a million of loaves. Smuggling, on a small scale, was punished with death, because government had undertaken the trade in the gross. The same cause filled the coffers of the French treasury with gold and the prisons of the continent with victims.

The legislation of the custom-house—that legislation of death, which was in open war against rhubarb, which armed the coasts of the continent against the importation of senna—could not prevent the Continental System from falling to pieces. Ridicule had attended the installation of the odious coast-guard courts. At Hamburg the president of their court, a Frenchman, delivered an harangue, setting forth that from the time of the Ptolemies there existed extraordinary custom-house tribunals, and that Egypt had owed its prosperity to these institutions! Thus the agents of government introduced its terror with their own folly. Compared with these courts, the common revenue officers, held in sufficient detestation, were regretted.

The counselors of Bonaparte in this system advised him to an act of folly and stupidity, requiring that each ship for which a license had been obtained should carry out home manufactures equal in value to the colonial productions authorized by license to be imported. What was the consequence? The refuse of silk warehouses—whatever time and fashion had rendered completely unsalable, was purchased at almost nothing; and as these articles were prohibited in England, they were thrown overboard without any loss to the speculation by this slight sacrifice. The profit of the license infinitely surpassed the value of a nominal cargo, the tossing of which into the sea only furnished matter of laughter. It was published, I believe, by order of Napoleon, that the forest of Fontainebleau, planted with *red beet*, would supply all Europe with sugar! I cannot comprehend how he came to allow such an absurdity to appear in the *Moniteur*. I do not, however, pretend to say that such culture should not be encouraged.

This odious and brutal system, worthy of the times of ignorance and barbarity which, when it had been admissible in theory, had proved impracticable in application, has not been sufficiently stigmatized. Men have had the folly to maintain that the continental blockade must, in the end, have overwhelmed England under the weight of her own products! What absurdity! Those who invented and those who set the system to work incurred alike the derision and hatred of their contemporaries; posterity will not for a moment entertain their dreams. The mutual wants of society, without exception, struggled with advantage against measures so fatal. The prohibition of commerce, the

severity so unceasingly and unsparingly cruel in the execution of this hateful conception were, in truth, but an impost on the continent. Let the reader take only one proof of many which I might produce from my own experience. The line of custom-houses along the frontier, from Hamburg, between Germany and Holland, was very strong. Enormous quantities of English merchandise and colonial productions had accumulated in Holstein, where they had arrived almost all by way of Kiel and Hudsum, and all passed the line at an advance of from thirty-three to forty per cent. Convinced of this by a thousand facts, and wearied out with the vexations of the custom-house system, I took upon myself to explain my views to the Emperor directly, as, the reader will recollect, I had authority from himself to do. I dispatched accordingly an extraordinary courier to Fontainebleau, where he was then residing. In this document I declared to him that all passed in spite of his custom-houses; the profit on the sale in Germany, Poland, Italy, and even France, being too great not to induce men to run all hazards. I proposed, that when he was about to unite the Hanseatic Towns to the empire, he should allow a free passage to colonial products, at a duty of thirty-three per cent., equivalent nearly to the premium of insurance. The Emperor adopted without hesitation my proposal; and in 1811, in Hamburg alone, the revenue from this speculation amounted to above sixty millions (£2,500,000). Yet the toad-eaters of the court kept crying out with enthusiasm, "We are ruining England by shutting against her the outlets of colonial produce." The same system was afterwards in part adopted in Prussia, with regard to articles seized, and that also produced considerable sums. Still the Continental System was not the less extolled and pursued.

That accursed system embroiled us with Sweden and with Russia, who would not submit to a strict blockade, while Napoleon himself lavished his licenses, and grumbled when they took the same advantage. Bernadotte, on his way to Sweden, passed through Hamburg in October, 1810. He remained with me three days, which we passed together in the greatest intimacy. He would see no one. Among other things, he consulted me how he should act with regard to the Continental System. I never hesitated to declare, not as minister of France, but as a man and as a friend, that, in his place, at the head of a poor nation, which cannot live without exchanging its commodities with England, I would open my ports, and give freely and generally to the Swedes that license which Bonaparte sold in detail to intrigue and cupidity.

The irrational decree of Berlin acted most powerfully against the Emperor, by exciting the population of entire countries against him. Twenty kings hurled from their thrones would have drawn upon him far less of deadly enmity than this disregard of the people's wants. This profound ignorance of the maxims of political economy occasioned general misery and privation : these, in their turn, stirred up an inevitable and wide-spreading insurrection.

The system, too, could succeed only in the impossible case that all the powers of Europe entered fully into its combinations. A single free port was sufficient to annihilate the whole. To its complete success, the conquest and constant occupation of all countries were requisite. As a means of ruining England, it was foolishness and impossible in execution : as an impost it was practicable, but too execrable and oppressive to be tolerated. Some one has termed it "the materialism of supremacy." This expression designates the system completely. To lodge the destructive array of retainers, it became necessary to convert several prisons into custom-houses. The jails that remained were so encumbered with offenders against the revenue laws, that one-half of the prisoners were forced to stand while the other half lay down to rest!

A captain reporter had coincided in a judgment favorable to a poor peasant, taken with a loaf of sugar which had been purchased beyond the barrier of the custom-house. This officer was at dinner with Davoust: in the middle of the repast, the marshal addressed him—"So, sir captain, you suffer from a tender conscience."—"Nay, but, my lord"—"Begone to headquarters; there is an order for you." This order sent the captain eighty leagues from Hamburg. But it would require the reader to have been a spectator, as I was, of the vexations and miseries caused by the deplorable Continental System, to conceive what mischief its authors inflicted upon Europe, or what hate and vengeance it amassed against Napoleon's day of retribution.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN—SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH TROOPS—ENTRANCE INTO WARSAW—VIEWS ON POLAND—NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS—HIS MANNER OF DICTATING, AND EFFECTS OF HIS PROCLAMATIONS ON THE ARMY—KINGDOM OF SAXONY—BATTLE OF EYLAU—AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH—INTERVIEW AT TILSIT—KING AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA — GALLANTRY OF NAPOLEON — PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN — MR. CANNING—TREATY OF TILSIT — BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN — AFFAIRS OF PORTUGAL — ABOLITION OF THE TRIBUNATE — CODE NAPOLEON.

Not only was Bonaparte the greatest captain of modern times, but he may be said to have changed the art of war itself. He converted it into a fearful game, no longer subject to the vicissitudes of the seasons. The greatest masters of the science had regulated their operations by the ordinary divisions of the calendar; and formerly, throughout Europe, the practice had been to brave the cannon and musket only from the first fine days of spring to the last fine weather of autumn; then on both sides to put off their armor amid the frost, snow, and rain of the intervening months, and to house their wearied soldiers in what they called winter quarters. Pichegru, in Holland, had set the first example of disregarding temperature; Bonaparte, also, at Austerlitz, had set at naught the ice of winter. The plan had succeeded: he resolved on trying it again. His military genius and incredible activity seemed to double his power; and, proud of his soldiers, he determined on conducting a winter campaign under a sky more inclement than had yet canopied his fields. He only required men such as he had chained to his destiny, who would brave the storms of the north as they had dared the meridian sun of Egypt. Skillful above all generals in choosing his battleground, he would not tamely await the Russian army till it should come to measure strength with him on the plains of conquered Prussia; he resolved to march forth to the encounter and rush upon his enemies ere they could cross the Vistula. But, before quitting Berlin to explore as conqueror the regions of Poland and the confines of Russia, he told his soldiers:—

"You have justified my hopes and fully replied to the confidence of the French people. You have endured privations and fatigue with fortitude equal to your intrepidity and steadiness in the conflict. You

are worthy to be the defenders of my crown, and of the glory of the great nation. While animated by this spirit nothing shall be able to resist you. Behold the result, of your toils—one of the first powers in Europe, which, in its deliriums had lately dared to propose to us a shameful capitulation, is annihilated! The forests and defiles of Franconia—the Saale—the Elbe, which our sires would not have traversed in seven years, we have crossed in seven days and fought in the while four engagements and one great battle. We have been preceded in Potzdam and Berlin by the fame of our victories; we have taken sixty thousand prisoners, captured sixty-five colors—among which are those of the guards of the King of Prussia—six hundred pieces of artillery, three fortresses, and above twenty generals; yet more than one-half of you regret not having fired a single shot. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy as far as the Oder are in our power. Soldiers! the Russians vaunt they are on the road to meet us; we will march to encounter them—we will spare them half the journey. They shall find another Austerlitz in the midst of Prussia. A nation which has so speedily forgotten our generosity towards her, after that battle wherein her Emperor—her court—the wreck of her army, owed safety wholly to the capitulation we had accorded, is a nation that cannot successfully contend with us.

"In the meantime, while we are marching against the Russians, new armies, organized in the interior of the empire, approach to occupy our place and guard our conquests. My people have arisen as one man, indignant at the shameful compact which the Prussian cabinet, in its delirium, had proposed to us. Our highways and our frontier cities are filled with conscripts, who ardently long to follow our steps. We will no longer be the sport of a treacherous peace; we will not again lay aside our arms till we have forced the English, those eternal enemies of our nation, to renounce their design of troubling the Continent, and their tyranny of the seas. Soldiers! I cannot better express the sentiments I entertain for you than by saying that I wear nearest my heart the attachment which you daily manifest towards me."

The word delirium, applied in this proclamation to the ultimatum of Frederick William, was really not too strong. When Napoleon, on the point of commencing the campaign, sent to treat about peace, Prussia returned for answer that the Emperor was *ordered* to renounce all his conquests. The Prussian monarch, blinded by the enthusiasm of his troops, and led away by the ardor of Blucher and the Duke of Brunswick, *threatened us with his resentment*, if the French forces should cross the Rhine. I know that Napoleon, with this singular manifesto

in his hand, could not finish the perusal, but, tearing it in rage, and throwing the fragments to the earth, exclaimed, "Does he deem himself already in Champagne? How! would he come to Paris—and in seven-league boots? Truly, I am sorry for Prussia, I pity William. He knows not what absurdities they have made him write. It is much too ridiculous. They send us a challenge; a fair queen wishes to be spectator of the combat—Bravo! Let us be courteous!—March!—the place of meeting is in Saxony—Forward! In the devil's name let us not keep them waiting!"

If activity had been requisite in the commencement of the campaign, everything now urged him to meet the Russians; for, if he waited till they had passed the Vistula, there probably would be no winter campaign, and circumstances would have constrained him to take up miserable quarters between that river and the Oder, or even to have repassed the latter to receive his enemies in Prussia. His military genius and indomitable activity served him well here; and the preceding proclamation, dated from Berlin, before his departure from Charlottenburg, proves that he acted not fortuitously, as often happened, but that his calculations had been previously fixed. But, splendid as such combinations of military talent may appear on the immediate scene of glory, how different is the effect upon the sufferers at a distance! Thus, for instance, at the commencement of the Russian campaign, the Emperor demanded from the city of Hamburg fifty thousand greatcoats; these I caused to be furnished immediately, knowing the importance of such defense to our soldiers, in a climate, to them, of untried rigor. On his side, Marshal Mortier was ordered to seize all the timber fit for ship-building, amounting in value to £60,000. Again, at Lubeck, my directions were to take possession of four hundred thousand lasts of grain, and forward them to Magdeburg. The grain and the timber, indeed, nominally belonged to Russia. In short, the Hanse Towns were drained like so many milk cows, at the moment when the Continental System was beginning to dry up the sources of their prosperity. Such were the evils of conquest, wrought for the greater glory of the empire, or rather of the Emperor—evils aggravated by agents who cloaked their imbecility or cupidity by overacted zeal. Of these, the secondary chiefs of the army gave me the greatest trouble, and against their exactions I never failed strenuously, and often successfully, to oppose my civil authority. These were the evils, however, which, some few years later, caused the people, at this time disarmed, as one man to put a term to their present sufferings and to avenge their past misfortunes.

Meanwhile, our troops, always pushing on, marched with such rapidity that Murat, leader of the vanguard, and whose passion for war surpassed the ardor of all his comrades, arrived in Warsaw before the end of November. The headquarters of the Emperor were then established at Posen, and from all parts arrived deputations praying the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland and the restoration of her independence. After having received the deputation from Warsaw, as I subsequently learned from himself, he said to Rapp, "I love the Poles—their ardor pleases me. I would willingly constitute them a free people; but to do so is very difficult. Too many have got a finger in the pie—Austria, Russia, Prussia, have each had a slice. The train once fired, who knows where the conflagration might stop. My first duty is to France, and I must not sacrifice her to Poland: that would carry us too far. And then, we must defer to the arbiter of all things —time; time will show ere long what we should do." Had Sulkowski lived, Napoleon would have remembered his own words in Egypt, and most probably would have restored a power, whose dismemberment, towards the close of last century, began to break down the species of political equilibrium which the Peace of Westphalia had established in Europe.

At the headquarters in Posen, Duroc rejoined the Emperor, after the last mission to Prussia. I learned with pain that, on the journey, he had been thrown from his horse and broken his collar bone. Every letter which I received was but a series of complaints of the miserable roads, wherein the army fought, as it were, with the mud; nor, without extreme difficulty, could the artillery and tumbrils be brought forward. I have since been told that the carriage of Talleyrand, whom Napoleon had summoned to headquarters in hopes of concluding a treaty of peace, became so imbedded that the minister stuck fast for nearly twelve hours. The soldiers were in bad humor at being in water and mud almost to the knees, and asked who it was that stopped the way? They were told, "The minister for foreign affairs."—"Ah, bah!" replied gruffly the Sancho of the company, "what the devil have they to do with diplomacy in this dog-hole of a country!"

The Emperor made his entrance into Warsaw on the 1st of January, 1807. The majority of reports previously received spoke in unison of the discontent of the troops, then suffering from severe weather, bad roads, and privations of all kinds. Bonaparte upon this inquired of the generals, who informed him of the discouragement which had succeeded to enthusiasm in the spirit of his army—"Have you spoken to the troops of the enemy? Does their courage quail on beholding their

foes?"—"No, sire."—"I thought so; my soldiers are ever the same." Afterwards, he said to Rapp, "*I will now stir them!*" and dictated the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers! On this day twelvemonth, at this very hour, you were upon the battlefield of Austerlitz. The terror-struck battalions of Russia were flying in disorder, or, surrounded, yielded up their arms to their conquerors. On the morrow they proffered terms of peace; but their words were fallacious. Hardly escaped, through a generosity perhaps blamable, from the disasters of the third, they contrived a fourth coalition. But the ally, upon whose co-operation they founded their principal hope is already no more: his fortresses, capitals, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field-pieces, five fortified cities, are in our possession. Neither the Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, nor the tempestuous season—nothing has been able to arrest you for a moment; you have braved all, surmounted all; every foe has fled on your approach. In vain have the Russians endeavored to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland; the eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, deems he beholds the legions of Sobieski returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers! we will not lay aside our arms until a general peace hath established and secured the power of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. Upon the Elbe and the Oder we have regained Pondicherry, our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. What shall give to the Russians a right to hold the balance of destiny? What should give to them the right of interposing in these our just designs? They and we are still the soldiers of Austerlitz."

When Bonaparte dictated his proclamations (how many have I written under the circumstances described!) he exhibited for the moment the air of one inspired. His imagination kindled like the fancy of the improvisatori of Italy; he was, so to speak, upon the tripod, and it became necessary to write with incredible rapidity in order to keep pace with him, for his dictation was then an outpouring. He was at this time serious, and caused to be read over to him what he had dictated. On such revisals I have seen him, more than once, with a laugh applaud the effect to be produced by such or such a phrase. Generally speaking, his proclamations turned upon three points—boasting to the soldiers of what they had performed; showing in perspective what re-

mained to be accomplished; and blackening his enemies. The last proclamation just mentioned was dispersed in profusion all over Germany; and it is impossible, without having witnessed it, to conceive the wonderful impression thus produced upon the whole army. The divisions stationed in the rear burned to traverse, by forced marches, the space which still separated them from headquarters; while those near the Emperor forgot their fatigues, their sorrows, their privations, and desired to be led on to the combat. At the same time they comprehended very little of what Napoleon had said to them: I do not believe, for instance, they understood how they had reconquered Pondicherry or the Cape of Good Hope, on the Elbe or the Oder; but they repeated to each other, as usual, "The Emperor has said so." They recalled the battles in which they had been present—marched on gayly, though without shoes—passed the long hours without victuals and without complaint. Such was the prodigious enthusiasm, or rather fanaticism, with which Napoleon could inspire his soldiers when he felt the necessity of "*stirring*" them.

My own occupations meanwhile in Hamburg were, as usual, of a mixed description—some agreeable enough, others the reverse. Among my most pleasing avocations was the intercourse of good offices which my situation enabled me to maintain with several of the German princes, whom the fate of war had deprived of their states and forced to seek refuge in the precarious independence still enjoyed by this part of the Continent. Of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his family, especially the Princess Charlotte and her royal spouse, the prince royal of Denmark, I have already spoken. The former, through his minister at Hamburg, requested my permission to visit occasionally that city from his retreat in Altona. He came so frequently—for there existed a secret source of attraction—that I was constrained to make some friendly remonstrances, lest both should be compromised. But as we were on the best footing with Denmark I continued to see generally his son-in-law and beautiful daughter. The latter, indeed, after being separated from her husband, came to visit Madame de Bourrienne. Almost every day I had the pleasure of receiving the Duke of Weimar, a man of cultivated understanding and excellent heart. I had the happiness of living with the Duke in such intimacy that my house might be called his home; and finally had the satisfaction of contributing, in my degree, to the restoration of his states. It is of a truth no impulse of vanity which thus induces me to recall my relations with these illustrious personages: I have beheld too closely how human greatness is elevated and cast down to be now se-

duced by its illusions. There is, however, pleasure in proving by what means of moderation, even while the instrument of executing the stern behests of an iron rule, I retained the confidence of many princes of the Outer Rhine. For this purpose I may just cite, out of many in my possession, the following letter from Prince Charles, Grand Elector of Baden, dated December, 1806:—"I have the honor of addressing you in this letter, and to inform you that I have recommended to my sister to repair to Hamburg in order to be nearer her husband, the Prince of Brunswick-Oels. I entreat, M. le Minister, that you will be pleased to interest yourself in her behalf during her residence in Hamburg—a favor for which I shall ever feel most grateful, and which will tranquilize my apprehensions for my sister in her present unprotected situation. I embrace this opportunity to assure you of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be, etc."

Such were some of my agreeable relaxations—now for a contrast. Truly the difference was great between those who were pleased to look in upon my drawing-room and the people whom duty constrained me to admit into my closet. Custom, it is said, reconciles us to all things: not so; the saying, at least with me, has its exceptions. Notwithstanding my habitual necessity of employing spies, I never yet could see one of these miscreants without a feeling of disgust amounting even to horror, especially when the individual had been born in a rank from which his own inherent love of baseness or of lucre had degraded him. It is impossible to conjecture by what combinations such men are capable of masking their design of betraying those whose confidence they have gained. An apposite example just recurs to my mind. One day a self-degraded man of this stamp came to offer me his services. He was named Butler, and had been commissioned from England as a spy upon the French government. Speedily disclosing his business, he palliated his conduct by complaining of pretended enemies, of injuries sustained, and finally expressed an ardent desire to attach himself to the cause of the Emperor for whose service he professed his readiness to make every sacrifice. The true reason of changing here, as in every other like case, was the hope of being better paid. I believed, however, no agent of this description ever carried to a greater extent his precautions to conceal double play from his original employers. To me he kept constantly repeating a desire of avenging himself upon his enemies in London; requested to be sent to Paris, in order to be examined by the minister of police himself; and for greater security had himself shut up in the Temple on arriving, and got the following paragraph inserted into the English journals:—"John Butler, commonly

called Count Butler, has just been arrested and sent to Paris under a strong guard, by the French Minister at Hamburg." After the lapse of some weeks Butler, upon receiving his instructions from *our* minister, set out for London; but, as a part of his own system of precautions, and because, according to his own advice, he could not be sufficiently vilified to be useful, he requested to have the following article published in the French journals:—"The individual named Butler, arrested at Hamburg and conducted to Paris as an English agent, is ordered to quit France and the territories occupied by the French or their allied army, and prohibited from appearing in any of the dominions of France or of her allies before a general peace." In England Butler thus assumed all the honors of French persecution. In him was beheld a victim who merited the entire confidence of the enemies of France. Fouché, meanwhile, obtained through his means much useful information; and yet Butler was not hanged! Who, in fact, would not have been deceived by such bold-faced villainy? Verily, these are crimes of which one would almost require to be capable before it were possible to suspect their existence!

Notwithstanding the supposed necessity for entertaining secret agents, Bonaparte discouraged, even under this pretext, too numerous communications between France and England. Fouché, however, went on as usual, ordering the dark evolutions of his subterranean forces. This latter had given great cause of offense to the Emperor, in reference to an affair of which I have already spoken—the deputation of the Senate. "Fouché," said Napoleon, "ought, as a Senator, to have dissuaded his colleagues from such a step; and, if persuasion had been unavailing, he ought to have employed the means at his disposal as minister of police to hinder the deputation from passing the frontier." In truth, Fouché's means were most ample; for, during the absence of the Emperor, the police might almost have been termed the regency of France. Always ready to favor whatever might lend additional importance to his branch, and flatter the dark suspicions of the Emperor, Fouché wrote to me of government having certain intelligence that many French subjects found their way to Manchester as commercial agents for the purchase of English manufactures. This was quite true: but how apply a remedy? These agents of French and even Parisian houses embarked in the ports of Holland, whence a run to England could be accomplished in not many hours. But this was a cause of double alarm: not only were the commercial or rather non-commercial laws thus violated, but it was argued if French agents can so easily reach England, will not English agents with equal facility enter the

continent? This mysterious syllogism furnished fresh work to our luckless ministers, *chargés des affaires,* and consuls. Not only were we required to keep an eye upon all those who evidently *did*, but upon all those also who *might*, come from England. Admirable this in the conception; but the execution?—In vain were vexatious informations, inquisitorial perquisitions, spies, menaces employed. English manufactures continued to inundate the continent. The reason of this is obvious; the necessities of mankind will always have more weight than the will of any sovereign, however powerful.

Return we now to Napoleon and his victorious army, who, as I have already stated, entered Warsaw on the first day of the year 1807. During his sojourn at Posen, the imperial headquarters, the Emperor, ever careful to realize the fruit of his victories, founded under the title of a treaty concluded with the elector the new kingdom of Saxony; and consequently, by the annexation of this kingdom to the confederation of the Rhine, extended his power in Germany. In terms of this treaty, Saxony, justly celebrated for her cavalry, furnished to the grand army a contingent of twenty thousand men. This aid was valuable, not only on account of the men, but especially for the horses which Saxony could furnish, and furnish abundantly, to the French troops. It was a spectacle quite novel for princes of Germany, accustomed as they were to the practices of feudal etiquette, to see an upstart sovereign treat them as subjects, and by his boldness oblige them to look upon themselves as such. Those famous Saxons who had made Charlemagne tremble threw themselves into the arms of the Emperor; and certainly it was to him no indifferent matter to see the chief of the house of Saxony attach himself to his fortune; for the new king, by his age, his tastes, and his character, was the most venerated prince of all Germany. From the moment of arriving at Warsaw the Emperor continued to receive new solicitations in favor of re-establishing the throne of Poland, and restoring to its chivalric independence the ancient empire of the Jagellons. On this subject he remained in great perplexity, but finally adhered to his first determination, which, indeed, was his usual practice—to submit to events in order to seem more fully to command them. At Warsaw he passed the greater part of his time in pleasure, in festivities, reviews, and audiences, all which did not prevent him from watching that no part of the public service, exterior or interior, should be deficient. He himself remained in the capital of Poland; but his vast intelligence was present throughout. I learned from General Duroc, when we had occasion to talk of the campaign of Tilsit, that never had Napoleon shown himself more

fully or completely. He delighted to offer himself to the view and enthusiasm of his soldiers, to receive princes who came timidly to beg the restitution of their estates; afterwards to show himself in brilliant audiences; and, anon, to plan gigantic designs upon the East. The war between the Turks and the Russians allured him on by hopes, or rather chimeras, favorable to his ambition. Meanwhile his universal capacity, descending to grave details, provided for all: thus, from the enormous quantity of dispatches I received, as well by extraordinary couriers as in the common way, I must regard as a masterpiece of administration the manner in which the Emperor, at Warsaw, established the mode of provisioning his army, which wanted for nothing.

Another very remarkable circumstance in the imperial wars is that with the exception of the interior police, of which Fouché was the damned spirit, the whole government of France existed at headquarters. At Warsaw, Napoleon not only turned his cares to the wants of his army, but there governed France as if he had been in its capital. Daily expresses, and from time to time the useless auditors from this council of state, brought with more or less exactness dispatches from the shadow of government left at Paris, and the most curious revelations frequently invented by the police. The portfolios of the ministers arrived weekly, with the exception of those of the minister for foreign affairs, who, after remaining some time at Mayence with the Empress, had been called to Warsaw, and of the minister of war, Clarke, who, for the misfortune of that city, governed at Berlin. This order of things continued for the ten months of the Emperor's absence from Paris. Louis XIV. remarked, "I am the state." Napoleon did not say the same thing in words, but in fact the government of France was always at his headquarters; an inconvenient arrangement, and which had nearly proved fatal to him, as we shall see by and by when I speak of an affair which I alone, perhaps, knew thoroughly—the conspiracy of Mallet.

The month of January the Emperor employed in military dispositions for the approaching attack on the Russians, but at the same time did not neglect the affairs of the cabinet: all marched in the front with himself. Whatever information reached me from Warsaw concerning his incredible foresight, intelligence, and activity, could not surprise me: I had beheld the same—and, however hazardous his position then was, in circumstances still more difficult. At Warsaw, indeed, the Emperor had not merely to think of battle: affairs were much more complicated than in the campaign of Vienna. It became necessary, on the

one hand, to watch Prussia, which we occupied; and, on the other, to anticipate the Russians, whose movements and dispositions announced a determination to assume the initiative in hostilities. In the preceding campaign, Austria, before the fall of her capital, had found herself alone engaged: it was no longer the same case. Austria had had only soldiers; and Prussia, as Blucher observed, began to have citizens. No difficulty had existed in returning from Vienna; but, in the event of failure, much was to be apprehended in a retreat from Warsaw, notwithstanding the creation of the kingdom of Saxony, and the provisional government of Prussia, and of the other German states we had conquered. None of all these considerations escaped the eagle eye of Napoleon; and so complete was the understanding throughout the whole of his administration, that it frequently happened to myself to receive the same information from headquarters which I had previously transmitted in such a way that the couriers had passed each other. Thus, for example, I sent intelligence to the Emperor of the arming of Austria, and received a dispatch, to the same effect, from the seat of government, only a few days later. Austria, in fact, since the Prussian campaign, had been playing the same part as Prussia acted during the Austrian warfare—indecision, on the one hand, and indecision repeated on the other. As Prussia, prior to Austerlitz, had waited the success or defeat of the French armies, before resolving on remaining neuter or declaring against France, so Austria, supposing, doubtless, that Russia would be more fortunate when united to Prussia than when her own ally, assembled in Bohemia a corps of forty thousand men. This body she termed an army of observation; but every one knows what such observation implies. The truth is, these forty thousand armed Austrians were intended to act with Russia, in case of success; and who could blame Austria for cherishing hopes of legitimate vengeance, by which she might wash away the disgrace of the treaty of Presburg?

In this state of things the Emperor had not a moment to lose: it was necessary to anticipate Russia, and maintain Austria undecided, in like manner as he had hastened the success of Austerlitz and kept Prussia in doubt.

Napoleon, therefore, set out from Warsaw towards the end of January, having issued the necessary orders for attacking the Russian army early in February. But, despite his eagerness to engage, the Emperor was anticipated. The Russian army attacked him on the 8th of February, at seven o'clock in the morning, in the midst of dreadful weather. Notwithstanding the snow, which fell in great quantity, the Russians

continued always to advance. They approached Eylau, in Prussia, where the Emperor then was, and the imperial guard first arrested the farther progress of the Russian column. Nearly the whole of the French army was engaged in this battle, one of the most sanguinary which, until then, had been fought in Europe. The corps under the command of Bernadotte was not present, because he had been stationed on the left, at Mohrungen, whence he menaced Dantzic. The issue of the contest would have been very different had the four divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, composing Bernadotte's section of the army, arrived in time; but, unfortunately, the officer dispatched with the order for him to move in all speed upon Preussich-Eylau was intercepted by a cloud of Cossacks, so that Bernadotte necessarily remained stationary. Bonaparte, who always desired to throw the blame upon some one, when things did not fall out as he wished, attributed the doubtful success of the day to the non-arrival of Bernadotte's division. This was true; but, at the same time, to make it a subject of reproach to the marshal, showed the greatest injustice. He was accused of having refused to march upon Preussich-Eylau, although, as asserted, General Haupolt had advertised him of the necessity of his presence. But how dispute this fact, since, on the same day on which the order is said to have been delivered, General Haupolt was slain? Who could give the assurance that this general directly and personally had communicated with Bernadotte? Whoever has closely studied Bonaparte, his craft, and the construction frequently given by him to words placed in the mouth of the dead, will find no enigma here. Let the reader recall Brueys and Aboukir.

But, be this as it may, the day of Eylau was terrible; the French gained night as they best could, always, but in vain, looking for the advancing columns of Bernadotte; and, after considerable loss, the army enjoyed the mournful honor of encamping on the field of battle. Bernadotte came up, but too late, having fallen in with and engaged the enemy, in full and unmolested retreat towards Konigsburg, the only capital yet remaining to Prussia. The king himself was at Memel, thirty leagues distant.

When, subsequently, at Hamburg, I mentioned to Bernadotte the accusations concerning his conduct at Eylau, he said, "You see him—always calumnious assertions on the part of that man; but it is quite the same to me—I care not a fig for him." He afterwards explained the whole in a manner favorable to himself, and indulged in some reflections against certain generals which, in my opinion, were improper. As the individuals are living, I say nothing more, for fear of

inducing a quarrel with their former comrade, now the king of Sweden.

After the conquest of the field of battle, covered with the dead of both armies, the French remained in position, as did also their adversary; and several days passed in unimportant events. The Emperor's offers of peace, made, indeed, with small anxiety, were rejected with proud disdain. It seemed as if a victory, disputed with Napoleon, was to be regarded as a triumph; and one would have said that the battle of Eylau had turned the heads of the Russians, for they caused a *Te Deum* to be celebrated on the occasion. But while the Emperor made preparations to advance, his distant policy had operated a successful diversion by rousing against Russia her ancient enemies, the Turks. Napoleon had advanced to Finkenstein, where he awaited the proper time for placing himself at the head of his troops, when he learned that a revolution in Constantinople had caused the sultan Selim his life and raised Mahmoud to the Moslem throne. The able negotiations of General Sebastiani had rescued the Porte from the influence of England, and brought the former so ardently into hostility with Russia that the standard of the Prophet was unfurled.

At the time of receiving this intelligence the Emperor had ordered forth the contingent of Spanish troops, conformably to a treaty of alliance with that monarchy. These were destined for the line of the Elbe, and we shall see the result hereafter. Somewhat later occurred General Gardanne's embassy to Persia; an opening for which had already been prepared by the successful mission of my friend Jaubert, in which the reader will remember I had proposed taking part.

Since the interview in which I made that proposal only two years had elapsed, and in the interval how many events had ensued! Austria conquered—Prussia occupied—Russia threatened—Naples wrested from the house of Bourbon—the Batavian republic transformed into the kingdom of Holland—three new kingdoms added to the old Germanic body, and a fourth, the kingdom of Westphalia, in progress in defiance of the treaty of the same name; all this, too, accomplished as if by enchantment! Verily, in the preceding age, to convert one Marquis of Brandenburg into a King of Prussia had created far more stir among the older diplomacy of Europe. Thus the geographer had enjoyed a sinecure, but now no sooner had he delineated, "according to the latest authorities," his political map of Europe, than, *presto*, boundaries disappeared, and Napoleon sent him to work afresh!

Gardanne's affair was none of those pompous embassies dispatched by our former kings to the East; it pertained to those ideas which had

germinated in the head of Bonaparte in the very dawn of his power: a light from the East had, in fact, first cast the shadow of his coming greatness before him and had never ceased to rivet his attention. I knew, from an unquestionable source, that the legation had been conceived by the Emperor on a much grander scale; in fact, that he had resolved to send to the Shah of Persia four thousand infantry, commanded by chosen and experienced officers, ten thousand muskets and fifty pieces of cannon. I am certain the orders were issued for these arrangements. The object proposed by the Emperor, and which he avowed on maturing this design, was to enable the Shah, in person, with eighty thousand men to make a formidable diversion upon the provinces of eastern Russia. But there existed another long cherished, real and abiding motive which reigned paramount in the recesses of his thoughts—the desire of striking at England in the heart of her Asiatic possessions. Such was the chief cause of Gardanne's mission, but circumstances permitted not the Emperor to give it all the importance he would have wished: he was constrained to rest satisfied with merely sending some engineer and artillery officers, who, on their arrival, were greatly astonished at the numbers of English whom they found in Persia.

To revert for a moment to more private and personal occurrences: Josephine had accompanied the Emperor as far as Mayence, and remained there for some time after his departure, when she returned to Paris at the period, I believe, when M. de Talleyrand, who had also remained at Mayence, received orders to rejoin at Warsaw. Well assured of the pleasure I should experience from being able to gratify her in anything, the Empress had the goodness to recommend various persons to my notice, and I need not say that such recommendations always called forth my utmost zeal. The following billet, of many similar ones, falls in with the present date and shows that, since my removal from Paris, she at least had not changed:—"Monsieur Bourrienne—M. Fuzy, a native of Geneva, goes to Hamburg to follow out a lawsuit relative to a property, his claims to which are contested. He requests me to recommend him to your good offices, and I address you in his favor, so much the more willingly that I can profit by the opportunity to send you renewed assurance of my friendship. JOSEPHINE.

"*Paris*, 11*th February*, 1807."

During the early months of this year my occupations in Hamburg, as respected the domestic affairs of my diplomatic circle, gave me more trouble than ever. The genius which can wield the whole energies of

warfare may have charms upon the field of battle; a rapid movement, impressed by a single will upon vast masses of living men, may dazzle the multitude as a flash of lightning blinds, by its excess of brightness, the eye that gazes; but when at a distance from the theater of glory we behold its sad results weighing the people down to earth, we curse the genius of conquest as the genius of destruction. What a cruel spectacle was opposed to my view! I was doomed continually to hear the complaints of universal distress; and, far from relieving, to execute orders which augmented the evil by increasing sacrifices already immense. In the midst of so much unavoidable suffering, too, there were those agents of the Emperor who, to show off their own importance, or to forward their own interest, rendered calamities still more grievous. I had to contend not with the excusable prejudices of the sufferers, but against their oppression by the French authorities, and, above all, the military functionaries. The greatest misfortune of the empire, in my opinion, was the abuse of that power arrogated by the wearers of great epaulettes. My situation then enabled me to judge of all that is odious in military government—the worst, in my judgment, that can exist. Bernadotte, indeed, was a solitary example of disinterestedness; but then he loved to be talked about. The more the Emperor labored to depreciate, the more he strove to draw public attention to his actions. He sent me an account of the brilliant affair of Braunsburg, where his division had been particularly distinguished. The following are the terms in which he desired his relation to be published, and one of many examples will serve:—"My dear Minister—I send you a note upon the affair of Braunsburg; probably you will find it essential to communicate it: in that case I shall be obliged by your getting the account inserted in the Hamburg journals." I did as he wished, for really the Emperor's injustice rendered it necessary that Bernadotte, for his own honor, should establish the truth of facts.

The surveillance of the emigrants was at this time, as always, my most disagreeable function. Fouché continued to pretend that they were formidable, in order to enhance the importance of his own ministrations. Count Gimel, who had so long resided in Altona as agent for the emigrants, being dead, after various changes M. Hué was definitively settled in that capacity by Louis XVIII., whose faithful servant he had been, as formerly of Louis XVI., whose captivity he had shared and who has consigned his name to honorable memory in his testament. That name must have recalled strange remembrances to Fouché, and he charged me, accordingly, to redouble my watchfulness. This distrust, whether real or well feigned, was carried to such extreme

that I frequently received advices to watch those who were far from suspecting themselves objects of such care. Often, too, upon informations purchased at a dear rate in Paris, the minister of police would set the accredited envoys of France in foreign countries to arm themselves with rigor, and lose their time in searching out personages denounced who had never been within the circle of their influence. I, for one, never allowed an opportunity to pass of tempering the severity of Fouché's instructions.

Another of my duties, incessant during the last campaign, was to provide necessaries for the army. So many articles of clothing were demanded by the Emperor that the whole commerce of Hamburg, with Lubeck and Bremen to boot, could not have supplied the orders. I entered into an engagement, therefore, with a house in Hamburg, authorizing the partners, notwithstanding the Berlin decree, to import the requisite articles from England. I thus obtained cloth and leather by a sure way and at half the price. Our soldiers might have perished of cold a hundred times over had we ridiculously stood upon punctilio with the Continental System and the confused mass of inexplicable decrees relative to English merchandise. Neither Hamburg, for instance, nor its territory, possessed any manufacture of coarse cloth; according to M. Eudel, director of the custom-house, every article of woolen stuff was prohibited; and yet I had to supply fifty thousand great-coats to one order. Another arrived for sixteen thousand coats and thirty-seven thousand vests, to be made up and sent off with all dispatch. The Emperor demanded of me two hundred thousand pairs of shoes, in addition to forty thousand just transmitted; yet M. Eudel said *tanned and curried hides* cannot enter Hamburg. The director took my proceedings in high dudgeon: I was quite easy. My woolens and my leather arrived; great-coats, coats, vests, and shoes were all quickly made; and our soldiers thus found themselves fortified against the rigors of a winter campaign. My representations at length induced government to hear reason with me; I carried on my trade with England, to the great comfort of our troops, who found themselves well clothed and well shod. But could anything in the world be more absurd than commercial laws enforced to our own detriment?

After the battle of Eylau, I received a dispatch from Talleyrand, accompanied by a French account of that murderous conflict, more fatal to the conquerors than to the opposite party – for I dare not say, vanquished, applied to the Russians. Had anything been wanting to confirm the unsuccessful result of that day, it would have been supplied by the anxiety evinced on the part of Napoleon that his version should,

by all possible means, be first dispersed throughout Germany. The Russian account, coming previously, might have produced troublesome results. But perhaps the reader may complain that I maintain an almost total silence on the maneuvers which followed this engagement, and brought on the memorable battle of Friedland, the success of which was incontestably in our favor. But there needs not to repeat what is known to all Europe in the immense results of that victory. The interview at Tilsit is one of the culminating points in modern history, and the waters of the Niemen reflected the star of Napoleon in its meridian splendor. Until then it had been rising—for some years longer it retained the ascendant—but the sequel! What passed externally at Tilsit, the friendship of the two emperors, and the sad situation of Prussia's monarch, all the world knows; and I wanted my ordinary means of closer intelligence; for Rapp was then marching upon Dantzic.

I give, however, some interesting private particulars; and, first, of what passed in the apartment of the Emperor at Tilsit when he received the visit of the King of Prussia. That unfortunate prince, whom his Queen Wilhelmina had accompanied, was banished to a windwill beyond the city, his only habitation, while the two Emperors occupied each his quarter, separated by the Niemen. The fact I am now to relate was reported to me by the colonel who on that day commanded the imperial guard, and was on duty in the interior of the saloon; I give it therefore with confidence, though not entirely pledging myself. After Alexander had entered, the two Emperors remained conversing together in a balcony, while an immense multitude below hailed their reconciliation with enthusiastic acclamations. Napoleon began the conference, as in the preceding year with the Emperor of Austria, by addressing to Alexander some polite expressions on the mutability of warlike success. While they were thus conversing, the King of Prussia was announced. His emotion, which was visible, may easily be conceived, since, hostilities being suspended and his dominions overrun, he had no longer any hope save in the generosity of the conqueror. Napoleon himself, it is said, appeared touched with his situation, and invited him, together with his queen, to dinner. While seating themselves at table, Napoleon with much politeness announced to his fair guest that "he restored to her Silesia." This province the queen had very much wished should be retained in the new arrangements which were necessarily to take place.

The Prince de Wittgenstein, of whom I have not yet spoken, holds an important place in these my recollections; we lived, I may say,

familiarly together during his residence in Hamburg, as will afterwards appear. Here, without occupying any ostensible situation, he enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, the King of Prussia, to whom his political talents and sage counsels proved of great utility on various occasions. After the Treaty of Tilsit, in the summer of 1807, the Prince made a voyage into England. On returning, he came to see me: our conversation naturally turned upon the grand political interests which were agitating around us, and, as he had reason to repose perfect confidence in me, I learned many things on the aspect of English politics, then useful, now curious; and which constitute the grand occupation of those who put faith in diplomacy. Prince de Wittgenstein told me that a courier, expedited from Tauroggen, did, on the 30th July, remit to M. Alopœus, Russian plenipotentiary in London, very important dispatches. One of these, which the Prince assured me he had read, stated that time did not permit *to send a copy of the treaties which had just been signed at Tilsit.* The same day, M. Alopœus expedited a courier to Russia, with the commercial treaty just concluded; and it may give some insight into the policy of England, though the treaty itself be now of no importance, to state that, in every respect, it was identically the same as the one offered in March by the Russian envoy on his arrival. Then the English ministry would not even hear it mentioned; but, as one French victory followed another, so concession followed concession, till finally the treaty was concluded such as first proposed. Yet I know not why England should give herself the trouble to affect squeamishness about conditions, which, when interest serves, are found to bind her to nothing.

On the morrow, continued the Prince in substance, after M. Alopœus had received the laconic dispatch from Tilsit, he offered, officially, to the court of London, the mediation of Russia to bring about a new treaty of peace between France and England, preparatory to a general peace. On the 1st of August, a privy council assembled at Windsor, at which George III. was present. Two days after, Mr. Canning replied, but verbally, to M. Alopœus—and every one knows the difference in diplomacy between things said and things written—"that the British cabinet accepted the mediation of Russia, but on condition of being furnished with copies of the public and of the secret treaty, the King being desirous of assurance that nothing contrary to the interests of his crown and of his people had been stipulated." Mr. Canning added, that "Austria, before the opening of the campaign, having offered her mediation between the belligerents, it would be just that she acted in concert with Russia in the mediation actually proposed;

a proceeding the more proper that the court of Vienna had formerly offered such mediation voluntarily." On the 8th, M. Alopœus dispatched a courier, with the verbal reply of Mr. Canning. The latter had, at the same time, declared to M. Jacobi, Prussian minister at London, "That the King deplored the misfortunes which had befallen his master, and condoled with him thereon; but that, the ports of Prussia being shut against British ships, the interests of his people, and the honor of his flag, forced him to adopt hostile measures against Prussia." The Prince added, to all these interesting pieces of information, that the Prince of Wales* and Mr. Canning strongly inclined to peace, and that the majority of the English nation earnestly coincided in the same desire.

By the Treaty of Tilsit, concluded on the 7th and ratified two days after, the map of Europe was not less altered than by that of Presburg the preceding year. Russia, indeed, suffered no shameful impositions, since her territory remained inviolate; but Prussia! Yet are there historians who extol the moderation of Napoleon in having respected some shreds of the monarchy of the Great Frederick.—Vaunt his glory, his genius, the rapidity of his decisions, the omniscience of his judgment—and all the world comprehends you: but to commend his moderation at Tilsit! Of a truth, gentlemen, you thus run the risk of getting discredited and laughed at. This is no moot point: to accuse Napoleon of moderation, "fixes upon him a most wrongful sentence," more especially in reference to the transactions of 1807. But there is one accusation pertaining to this date from which his name and policy must be redeemed. He has been blamed for not restoring the kingdom of Poland. Such a requisition at this period can arise—I shall be excused the expression—only from French impatience. I, too, ardently wished the re-establishment of the Polish monarchy, and do still regret, both for the interests of France and of Europe, that Poland was not restored; but because a desire, even when founded on reason, has not been gratified, are we therefore to conclude that it ought to have been fulfilled despite of all obstacles? Now at the close of the campaign of Tilsit obstacles to the re-edification of Polish independence were insurmountable. Had the whole of that unhappy country been seized by Prussia, nothing more easy for Napoleon than to have given freedom to its inhabitants by declaring himself their protector. But several of the Polish provinces had fallen to Austria's share, and a still greater number had been pounced upon by Russia in

* His late Majesty, George IV.

the successive divisions of the monarchy. Any attempt at restitution roused these two powers to make common cause; our right flank would have been inclosed by the Austrian army of *observation*, Russia remained almost unbroken in our front; Napoleon must either have revoked his declarations of independence, or have maintained them by the sword. In either case the Treaty of Tilsit, so advantageous and so necessary to him, would not have taken place. These reflections, it is most important to remark, apply exclusively to the period of which we now speak, and have no reference to the final establishment of Poland. At a later date, as we shall see—*when the pear was ripe*—the intrigues of inferior chiefs, the ambition of a secondary class, interposed to prevent Napoleon from accomplishing the views which he had ever cherished of elevating the heroic Poniatowski from the ranks of his guard to the scepter of his own heroic nation.

One throne, however, was at this time added to the monarchies of Europe—that of Westphalia, in favor of the "little blackguard" who, from petty officer of a corvette, was now transformed into a king, that his brother might have under orders one royal prefect more. The kingdom of Westphalia was constituted of the states of Hesse-Cassel, which formed the nucleus, a portion of the provinces torn, through the Emperor's *moderation*, from Prussia, of Paderborn, Fulda, Brunswick, and part of Hanover. At the same time, though no favorer of half measures, Napoleon planted upon the banks of the Vistula the grand duchy of Warsaw, bestowed on the King of Saxony, so that he might, as occasion served, either increase or root it out. Meanwhile, the Polish provinces of Austria and Russia were left untouched; partisans conciliated in the north; and still a hope for the future given to the Poles. Alexander, yet more the dupe than his father had been of the political coquetry of Bonaparte, consented to these arrangements; recognized in the slump all the kings manufactured by Napoleon; accepted several provinces which had belonged to his despoiled ally, by way of consolation, doubtless, for having failed in the attempt of getting more restored to him; and the two emperors separated, the best friends in the world.

Napoleon returned to Paris towards the end of July, after an absence of ten months. Recent events had given to opinion in his favor a moral force greater than had yet obtained since his coronation. Still the game was doubtful on more than one point. The war raged in all its intensity with England; the Swedish King had resumed his Quixotism —this, indeed, was a trifle, but it served to disturb the political susceptibilities; and war still continued between Russia and the Ottoman

Porte. The influence of the Emperor had here kindled a flame which all the exertions of Sebastiani, seconded by those of Guilleminot, and aided by his own intervention, could not extinguish. England even (a strange proceeding on her part) attempted to allay the ferment; but Mustapha Baractar continued inflexible in his enmity to Russia. Nor, indeed, was it easy to answer the Turk's logic; Russia, though beaten, demanded from him the two pashalics north of the Danube. What could she have done more, asked he, had she been victorious?

On the 3d of August an English squadron of twelve sail of the line, and as many frigates, passed the Sound, under Admiral Gambier. At the same time the British troops in the isle of Rugen were re-embarked. We in the north could not divine what was to be undertaken with forces so considerable; alas! our uncertainty soon ceased. M. Didelot, French minister at Copenhagen, arrived at Hamburg on the 9th, at nine in the evening: he had the good fortune to escape through the Great Belt, in sight of the English, without being pursued. I instantly dispatched his report by an extraordinary courier to Paris. Twenty thousand British troops, under the command of Lord Cathcart, had likewise been sent into the Baltic, and the coasts of Zealand were blockaded by ninety sail. Mr. Jackson, British envoy to the court of Copenhagen, backed by these troops the demands which he had been directed to propose to the Danish government. England pretended to apprehend an invasion of Denmark by French troops. Her demands, therefore, were nothing less than the surrender of the whole Danish fleet and stores. These, it is true, were to be held only in trust, but there existed a condition, an *until*, which presented but small security for the future; the deposit was to be retained until there should be no farther need of such precaution. The threat and its execution followed close upon this insolent demand. After a noble but vain resistance and a terrific bombardment, Copenhagen surrendered and the Danish fleet was destroyed. It would be difficult to find in history an abuse more cowardly and revolting of force against weakness.

Some of the principal consequences of the Treaty of Tilsit I have already enumerated; but it is more than probable that had the bombardment of Copenhagen preceded those arrangements the Emperor would have treated Prussia with still greater severity. He could have erased her from the number of states, but withheld to gratify Alexander. The destruction of Prussia, however, was no new idea, and I had noted on this subject a remark of Bonaparte to the poet Lemercier, during our early residence at Malmaison. The man of letters had been reading to the First Consul a poem in which occurred some allusion to

the Great Frederick. "You are a zealous admirer of his," said Bonaparte; "what, then, do you find in him so astonishing? he is not equal to Turenne."—"General," replied Lemercier, "it is not merely the warrior that I esteem in Frederick; you would not forbid our admiration of a man who, even on the throne, cultivated philosophy." The First Consul replied in a tone half conciliating, half sarcastic, "Certainly, my good Lemercier, such is not my intention; but that shall not the less prevent my blotting his kingdom from the chart."

Peace being concluded with Russia, it became requisite to choose our ambassador, not only to maintain the new situations of amity, but to prompt Russia in her promised mediation between the courts of Paris and St. James's. This mission the Emperor confided to Caulincourt, against whom there existed ill-founded prejudices on some circumstances connected with the death of the Duke d'Enghien. This sentiment, at once vexatious and unjust, had preceded Caulincourt's arrival, and, as was feared, would occasion his reception at St. Petersburg to be less honorable than was due to the minister of France and his own personal merits. I know, however, for certain that, after a short explanation with Alexander, that monarch not only retained no doubts unfavorable to the ambassador, but treated him, individually, with much esteem and friendship.* Caulincourt's was a difficult mission; England, having resolved never to permit the conquest of the Continent, which Napoleon so evidently meditated, showed invincible repugnance to admit the mediation of Russia. She counted on the indignation of kings and on the spirit of the people, and was not discouraged at the gigantic strides towards universal dominion with which Napoleon had successfully advanced for the last two years. He, on his part, armed in his imagination new combinations and dreamed of arousing new enemies against his rival.

It will not be forgotten that in 1801 France had constrained Portugal to make common cause with her against England. In 1807 the Emperor repeated what the First Consul had done. Through inexplicable fatality, Junot received the command of the troops destined to march against Portugal. I say against, because such is the truth, though we presented ourselves as protectors to deliver Portugal from the influence of England. The Emperor's choice astonished all. Was it really to Junot, a worthless compound of vanity and mediocrity, that he confided an army in a distant country where prudence and great military talents were alike indispensable in the commander? For my own part,

* See his life in the Appendix, C.

knowing Junot's incapacity, the appointment filled me with amazement. I afterwards learned, however, by a letter which Bernadotte had received from Paris, that the Emperor had sent Junot to Lisbon as a pretext for depriving him of the governorship of Paris. In that capacity he had disgusted Napoleon by his bad conduct, folly, and incredible extravagance. Junot had neither firmness, dignity, nor any one elevated feeling. The invasion of the unfortunate country, thus placed at the mercy of such a man, through imperial caprice, offered no difficulty: it was an armed promenade, not a war; but how many events were germed in that invasion! Unwilling to betray England, to whom he was bound by treaties, and unable to oppose the whole power of Napoleon, the Prince Regent of Portugal embarked for Brazil, declaring defense impossible; recommending to his subjects at the same time to receive in a friendly manner the French troops, and announcing that he confided to Providence the issue of an invasion for which no motive could be alleged. It was replied, in the Emperor's name, that Portugal being the ally of England, war was carried on against England by seizing the dominions of the House of Braganza.

But while our eagles were advancing upon Lisbon, England captured the island of Heligoland. To this feat of arms much more importance has been attributed than it really merited. The garrison, when brought into Gluckstadt, consisted of only thirty invalids. The sole consideration which gave some importance to the conquest is its situation at the mouth of the Elbe and Eyder; the island supplies the pilots required by vessels entering either river.

On returning to Paris the first act of Napoleon had been the abolition of the Tribunate. Thus was cast out from the fundamental institutions of his government the only shadow of a deliberative assembly and the last remnant of a popular administration: thus had he seized power by force and turned, as occasion served, the prestiges of military success to the destruction of what remained constitutional in his authority. There was ingratitude, too, in this act, for to the Tribunate he owed the consulate for life—to the Tribunate, again, Napoleon was indebted for the empire. But he willed that there should no longer be any deliberative body, save a Senate—not to deliberate, but to vote soldiers; and a Legislative Assembly—not to legislate, but to vote money.

In the following November another great change took place in the executive by the introduction of the code of French law, under the designation of the Code Napoleon, throughout all the states of the empire. Without doubt this monument of legislation, upon which the most

learned men had labored with indefatigable diligence since the commencement of the consulate, will recommend Napoleon in history. But was it practicable in application to an empire of such vast extent as that of France had now become? I think not. At least, under my own eye, I had proofs both of its inefficiency and inconvenience. The same coat will not fit all statures. I made my representations on this subject, but received no answer. The jury trial took pretty well; but the inhabitants of that part of Germany, accustomed to the infliction of penalties less rigorous than the punishments decerned in the Code against certain offenses, felt a repugnance to be accessary to this aggravation. Hence resulted the very frequent and very serious abuse of absolving delinquents whose guilt had been demonstrated to a jury, who chose rather to acquit than condemn in terms of a sentence which was judged too severe. I recollect the instance of a man convicted of having stolen a cloak, but who pleaded in extenuation that he was intoxicated at the moment of committing the theft. When the jury came to vote, the foreman pronounced the accused not guilty, assigning as a reason that the syndic Doorman, when dining with him one day, having drunk a little more freely than usual, carried away his (the foreman's) cloak. This bacchanalian defense had complete success; for how punish the criminal for a delinquency committed also in his cups by their own chief magistrate? But, to be serious, the best institutions, and those involving the gravest affairs, become, it may be, ridiculous, when rudely forced upon a country unprepared to receive them. I know, also, at a period anterior to the present date, that extreme rigor was used to introduce the French code into unhappy Italy. Throughout the greater part of the Italian kingdom the paternal laws of Beccaria were in force. These authorized no capital punishment, and wherever they prevailed murders were less frequent than in any country whatsoever. The first time a sentence of death was executed at Placenza the city became at once deserted, and it seemed as if the fire of Heaven had fallen upon a devoted place. Matters in Italy assumed, in fact, the aspect of revolt; but, though the peaceful Hamburgers were not inclined to proceed to such extremity, it certainly showed great folly to think of attaching even the most patient by thwarting all their habits and ideas. The Romans always reserved a niche in the Capitol "for the gods of the vanquished nations;" they desired only to annex provinces and kingdoms to the empire: Napoleon, on the contrary, desired to diffuse the empire—to realize the Utopia of ten different nations united into one people. How, for example, could justice, that safeguard of human rights, be rendered to the Hanseatic cities

after they became departments of France? In these new departments were placed many judges who knew not a word of German and were completely ignorant of law. The presidents of the tribunals of Lubeck, Stade, Bremerle, and Munden, were obliged to have the pleadings translated to them in the very council chamber. To all this add the impertinence and levity of many of those young masters who were sent from Paris to serve their apprenticeship in jurisprudence and administration in the conquered provinces of whose language and usages they were ignorant, and we may conceive the love of the inhabitants for Napoleon the Great.

CHAPTER X.

AFFAIRS OF SPAIN—DISPUTES IN THE ROYAL FAMILY—MURAT IN MADRID—SCENES AT BAYONNE—JOSEPH, KING—GERMANY—PRINCE DE WITTGENSTEIN—AFFRAY AT HAMBURG—BERNADOTTE'S LETTER—NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT ERFURTH—CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF ROMANA—ESCAPES TO SPAIN WITH HIS TROOPS—AFFAIRS OF HOLLAND—ELECTION OF LOUIS TO THE THRONE—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND LOUIS—OFFER OF THE THRONE OF SPAIN—REMONSTRANCES AND ABDICATION OF LOUIS.

THE transactions with Spain, which soon after became so prodigiously complicated, date from the close of 1807. Though distant from the theater of events, I possessed sure means of information; but as this is one of the portions of our history most generally if not best known, I shall expunge from my notes all that might appear repetition to those of some little reading on this subject. One fact sufficiently surprising, and which strikes us at first, I verify, namely, that Bonaparte, while yet his greatness existed only in idea, and while bending an eye by turns upon every kingdom of Europe, never once entertained views upon Spain. When descanting to me of the future and the coming destinies of his star, Italy always or Germany, the East or the destruction of the power of England engaged his meditations—Spain never. Consequently, when first informed of the disorders in that country, he allowed considerable space to elapse before taking any active part in those events which were to exert so great an influence on his fortune.

Let us consider the state of things: Godoy reigned in Spain through the imbecility of the feeble Charles IV. That favorite had become the object of execration to all not attached to his fortune; and even his creatures, while consulting their own advantage, entertained for their

patron the most profound contempt. The people's hatred is almost ever the just reward of favorites, because such a character implies something in the soul abject, menial and base. If this be the inference applicable to favorites in general, how much more so in the case of Godoy, who, to the knowledge of all Spain, owed his interest with the king, a royal marriage, and, as Prince of Peace, precedence over all the nobles of Castile, to the guilty favor of the queen. Godoy was a fatal man; his influence over the royal family was boundless; from a private guardsman he had become chief of the state: nor can there be a doubt that he was one of the principal causes of those misfortunes which under so many varied forms have overwhelmed Spain.

The hatred of the Spaniards against the Prince of Peace was universal. Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, heir to the Spanish monarchy, partook in the national resentment and declared himself openly the enemy of Godoy. The latter united himself to France, through whose powerful assistance he hoped for protection against his numerous enemies. This alliance rendered him still more detested in Spain and caused France to be looked upon with an unfavorable eye. The Prince of Asturias found sympathy and support in the grievances of the Spaniards, who to a man desired the fall of Godoy. On his part Charles IV. regarded as directed against himself every attempt in opposition to the Prince of Peace. From the month of November, 1807, the king accused his son of a design to dethrone him.

At this period our ambassador in Spain was M. de Beauharnais, a relative of Josephine's first husband and a person of great circumspection; but, perhaps, not quite competent to such a situation at such a conjuncture. Nevertheless, though not gifted with the highest talents, he possessed a certain tact, which enabled him clearly to see the state of things; and he it was who first informed the government at home of the misunderstanding between the king and the prince. He could, in fact, no longer preserve silence consistently with duty, since he had repeatedly interfered, as I have been informed, but without effect, though employing the weight of his situation as minister of France. Could he allow the Emperor to remain ignorant that, in the excess of resentment against his son, Charles IV. had strongly expressed his intention of revoking the law which gave to the Prince of Asturias the succession to one of the thrones of Charles the Fifth? Nor did the king limit his proceedings to verbal manifestations; he had recourse to action, or rather the Prince of Peace acted in his name, and the warmest adherents of Prince Ferdinand were arrested. The Prince of Asturias, aware of the king's sentiments, wrote to Napoleon requesting his support.

Open war was thus declared between the father and son, each appealing against the other and claiming assistance from the man whose nearest wish was to get rid of both and thus place one brother more as cadet in the European college of kings; but, as I have already stated this was a new ambition; nor, which will hereafter appear, was the throne of Spain offered to Joseph till after its refusal by Louis.

The Emperor, however, had promised his support to Charles against his son; and, averse from intermeddling in these troublesome family affairs, he certainly did not reply to the prince's first letters. But, seeing that intrigues at Madrid assumed a serious aspect, he began, as a precautionary measure, to send troops into Spain. The Spaniards were offended at this. The nation, in fact, had nothing to do with France; nor was it an accomplice either in the infamies of Godoy or the bickerings of the royal family. In the provinces through which the French troops passed the inhabitants demanded why this invasion had been undertaken: according to the party which they espoused, some attributed it to the Prince of Peace, others to Ferdinand; but all were indignant at the result; and disturbances broke out at Madrid with a violence which is inseparable from the Spanish character.

In these circumstances, fearful in themselves, and still more threatening for the future, Godoy proposed to Charles IV. to conduct him to Seville, where he would be in better condition to employ severe measures against the factious. A proposition from Godoy to his master was less an advice than a command. Charles, therefore, resolved to depart; but thenceforth the people regarded Godoy as a traitor. The populace rose, surrounded the palace, and the Prince of Peace was on the point of being massacred in a garret, whither he had fled for refuge. One among his pursuers had the presence of mind to invoke in his favor the name of the Prince of Asturias. This saved Godoy from certain death.

But Charles IV. could not preserve his throne. Easily intimidated, advantage was taken of a moment of terror to demand from him an abdication which he possessed neither the courage nor the power to refuse. He yielded his rights to his son, and thenceforth disappeared the insolent influence of the Prince of Peace, who remained a prisoner; and the Spanish people, like every unenlightened population, easily excited, expressed their joy in barbarous enthusiasm. In the course of these transactions the unhappy monarch, removed by his very weakness from the violence and danger—more apparent, however, than real—which he had incurred, changed his mind on perceiving himself in security, and seemed no longer satisfied with the privilege of living in

LÆTIZIA RAMOLINI, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

exchange for his crown. He resumed the desires of royalty and wrote to Paris protesting against his own abdication and placing in the Emperor's hands the decision of his future fate.

During the progress of these internal dissensions the French army pursued its march towards the Pyrenees. These mountains were quickly passed, and Murat made good his entrance into Madrid about the beginning of April, 1808. His presence in that capital, far from producing a beneficial effect, still more increased the disorder. The truth is, Murat regarded the Peninsula as a prey which he had been dispatched to seize for himself, and for none other; nor is it surprising that the inhabitants of Madrid discovered this, for, such was his imprudence, that he made no secret of his desire to become King of Spain. Of this I received unquestionable assurance at the time by my private correspondence from the Peninsula. The Emperor, informed of these doings, gave him to understand, in very significant terms, that the throne of Spain and the Indies was not intended for him, but that he should not be forgotten. Murat, then Grandduke of Berg, of Cleves and of Juliers, was not satisfied! Verily, nowadays, when calmly reflecting upon the epidemic ambition which, like contagion, spread from Bonaparte to his lieutenants, I become as one bewildered in my recollections.

Still even the remonstrances of Napoleon were not sufficiently efficacious to restrain the inconsiderate conduct of Murat; and if in the game of effrontery he missed gaining the crown of Spain for himself, at least he contributed powerfully towards losing it for Charles IV. That monarch, whom inveterate habit had attached to the Prince of Peace, petitioned the Emperor to restore his favorite to liberty; and a descendant of Louis XIV., a successor of Charles of Anjou, solicited as a favor to be allowed to live in any asylum with his family, provided the paramour of his wife accompanied him. Both the king and queen, addressing Murat in like manner, besought him to liberate Godoy. The grandduke, whose vain glory was agreeably tickled by royal solicitations, took the Prince of Peace under his especial protection; but at the same time declared that, notwithstanding the abdication of Charles, he could not acknowledge any other as king of Spain till he should receive contrary orders from the Emperor. This declaration, and his amity with Godoy, placed Murat in formal opposition to the whole Spanish nation, who naturally hated the Prince of Peace, and consequently, from the influence of that sentiment, embraced the party of the heir to the crown in whose favor Charles had abdicated.

It has been stated that Napoleon found himself in a perplexing situ-

ation with regard to this disputed right between the king and his son. This is not correct. Charles, though subsequently denying his own deed as one of constraint and violence, had nevertheless abdicated voluntarily. Napoleon could hold him to his act. By that act Ferdinand was really king; but the father asserted that the renunciation had been contrary to his inclination, and retracted. The Emperor's recognition was required; he could have given or withheld it; and so, in either case the perplexity vanished, for the revolution of Aranjuez had the general consent. But then, adieu Spain for Joseph! There consequently remained only the mode which he adopted—to get possession of both princes and say to them, Gentlemen, neither of you must be king, but I shall send to Madrid a third person to occupy your throne.

Such was the situation of affairs when Napoleon arrived at Bayonne. Ferdinand allowed himself, after some hesitation, to be persuaded by deceived friends to repair thither, in order to arrange with the Emperor the differences existing between himself and his father. On reaching Vittoria reflection again returned; he distrusted the intentions of the Emperor and suspected some snare. Don Urquijo, besides, assured the youthful monarch that the pretended arbiter wished only to secure his person and place the crown of Spain upon the head of one of his own family. Ferdinand then perceived, but too late, the error he had committed. Already was he almost in the midst of the French troops; no longer were his inclinations free; he hesitated, and would remain at Vittoria, tortured by the thought that, once at Bayonne, he should not be suffered to return. All his friends, and crowds who had hastened to Vittoria to see their prince, conjured him to remain. It was necessary to return to Bayonne for new instructions and new advices from the Emperor. He who was charged with this commission * came back with a letter to Ferdinand from Napoleon, full of the most perfidious assurances and crafty promises, and containing the declaration that he would assign the throne to one or other, according to his conviction of the truth of what Ferdinand alleged or of the violence of which Charles complained. It is incomprehensible how any reasonable being could allow himself to be entrapped by such a device. To the letter of Napoleon the envoy added a *viva voce* asseveration that the crown of Spain would be devolved on Ferdinand, and that all necessary dispositions were then effecting at Bayonne with this intention. Vic-

* Why not name him? was our author ashamed to find his old friend Savary engaged in so heartless, so dishonorable an office?—*Translator.*

tims of such matchless perfidy, it is well known what happened both to the son and to the father, who arrived soon after at Bayonne with his inseparable Prince of Peace. He had just retracted his abdication; and at Bayonne were seen Charles, denuded of his throne by a voluntary act which he now disclaimed; his son, king in right of succession; and Napoleon, arbitrator between the two, settling the difference by taking the crown from both and giving it to Joseph. It was the fable of the lawyers and the oyster; but the unfortunate princes had not even the consolation of a shell. The revolt of the 2d May at Madrid hastened the fate of Ferdinand, to whose charge it was laid—the suspicion, at least, fell upon his friends and adherents.

Charles IV. refused, it is said, to return to Spain, and requested an asylum in France. He signed a renunciation of his rights to the Spanish crown, which instrument bore also the signatures of the Infantas.

At the close of these transactions I saw the prince royal of Sweden, who, with the representatives of all the powers at Hamburg, strongly reprobated the conduct of Napoleon. I cannot attest that Talleyrand dissuaded from this attempt to overthrow a branch of the house of Bourbon; his enlightened mind and elevated views might have suggested such advice; but all agreed that, had he retained the administration of foreign affairs, this revolution would have terminated in a way more generous and noble than by the tragi-comedy played off at Madrid and Bayonne.

I shall have occasion to revert to this subject: meanwhile it behooves to return to other affairs, the dates of which have been anticipated. After the Treaty of Tilsit the hopes of the Bourbons must have seemed lost indeed. If they still cherished expectations, doubtless these were chiefly founded on the imprudence and mad ambition of him who had usurped their throne. On this subject it was a remark of Lemercier to Bonaparte himself, a few days before the foundation of the empire—"General, if you make up the bed of the Bourbons, you will not lie in it ten years."

The treaty with France and Russia being concluded, Louis XVIII., whom we then designated in his own kingdom under the name of the Count de Lille, conceived the Continent to be shut against him. But if he feared that Alexander, in imitating the first act of his father in making an alliance with Bonaparte, might likewise imitate his second, and dismiss the French princes from his dominions, I have proof that Louis greatly deceived himself. This is a fact upon which I consider it a duty to insist. It was quite unexpectedly, and of his per-

fect free will, that Louis XVIII. left Mittau. It is as true that Alexander knew not even the King's intention to withdraw from the asylum which he enjoyed under his protection at Mittau, and learned the circumstance only through his own officer, the brave Baron de Driensen, governor of that city. There exists also on this circumstance another grave misapprehension, if indeed it be not a willful mistake, into which some writers have fallen who assert that Louis left Mittau for the purpose of exciting troubles in France. The time had never been less favorable for such an attempt. At Hamburg a letter was communicated to me, written by the Abbé de Boulogne to the Duke d'Aumont, dated 22d October, consequently a short time only before the royal departure, stating that the object of the King's journey to England was the hope of forming a new coalition against the French government. Vain hope also; but one characteristic of the emigrants was the entertaining constantly renewed chimerical expectations. Another letter was subsequently communicated to me, of the 3d November, giving an account of the King's arrival at Yarmouth on the 31st of October. I found that Louis had been constrained to await, in this port, the removal of the difficulties which were presented to his disembarkation, and also to the continuance and future direction of his voyage. It was said, among other things, in this letter, that the King of England had judged it proper to refuse permission to the Count de Lille to approach London or its environs. Finally, the palace of Holyrood, at Edinburgh, was appointed for his residence. Mr. Ross, secretary for Mr. Canning, carried to Yarmouth the determination of the English monarch. These precautions were singular, considering the relative positions of the two governments of France and England, and seemed to corroborate the preceding remarks of Prince de Wittgenstein as to the pacific dispositions of Mr. Canning. But the affairs of Spain quickly intervened to render pacifications between Bonaparte and any honest government impossible. It was not, however, till 1814 that Lemercier's happily expressed prophecy had its accomplishment, after Napoleon had occupied the bed of the Bourbons for precisely nine years and nine months.*

Fouché, grand investigator of the secrets of Europe, had been set freshly to work by the affairs of Spain; and I had my share of annoyance in the shape of inquiry upon inquiry about M. de Rechteren, formerly Spanish minister to the Hanse Towns. My information was not of a nature to please. I had nothing ill to say of Count Rechteren, who

* See Appendix, D.

left that situation four months after my installation in 1804. This was diving pretty deeply into the past in order to explain the present.

About this time I received one of Josephine's frequent billets in favor of merit or misfortune, thus expressed:—"M. Melon, now in Hamburg, requests me, my dear Bourrienne, to intercede in his favor for your protection and interest. I have the more pleasure in writing to you on his behalf that it gives me an opportunity of renewing the assurance of my regard." This note was dated from Fontainebleau, whither, in imitation of the old court, Napoleon made frequent excursions. To keep up the etiquette he sometimes hunted, but with as little relish for the sports of the field as Montaigne had for chess. The greenwood afforded him no pleasure, for his mind was ever on the rack in schemes of distant ambition.

Instructed as I was, perhaps better than any other, in the hopes and designs of Bonaparte on the north of Germany, it gave me great pain to see him adopt so many measures tending directly to alienate the spirits of men from their author. Thus an order for the inhabitants to pay the French troops quartered in their territory was not only a grievous burden, but had something humiliating—and humiliation is never forgiven. Of these orders some bore the stamp of most profound ignorance: thus I was directed to impress three thousand seamen in the Hanse Towns. Three thousand sailors on a population of two hundred thousand! I procured five hundred, and these were too many, for numbers were unfit for service — but they were men.

In the spring of 1808 I experienced a great loss in the removal of the Prince de Ponte Corvo, with whom it was always so easy and so agreeable to transact affairs. He received an order to take the command of the French troops sent to Denmark, after the cowardly bombardment of Copenhagen.* It was during his government of Hamburg and residence in Jutland that he quietly and unconsciously prepared the votes which ultimately conducted him to the throne of Sweden. Bernadotte, I remember, placed reliance on certain presages—in short, he believed in astrology; nor can I forget that upon one occasion he said to me quite seriously, "Would you believe it, my good friend, it was predicted to me at Paris that I should one day be a king, but that

* Bourrienne here says *cowardly*, but forgets to state — that France *invaded* Denmark in her crippled condition; and that he himself was one of a committee who, in 1823, rejected her claims for damages, inflicted on an *ally*, to the amount of twenty-three and a half millions of francs, or one million sterling, by this invasion. —*Translator.*

I must pass the sea?"* We laughed together at this weakness of mind from which even Napoleon was not altogether exempt. No supernatural influence, however, elevated Bernadotte to the rank of a European sovereign—it was his character for benevolence and justice. He had no other talisman than the wisdom of his administration and his promptitude in opposing all measures of oppression. He left Hamburg on the 10th, and I heard from him on the 18th March, giving an account of his friendly reception in Denmark. On the 6th April I had a second letter requesting me to give orders to all postmasters to retain every letter addressed to the Spanish troops in his army, of which the corps of Romana (of whom anon) formed a part. These letters the postmaster-general had directions to detain until an order arrived for their delivery. Bernadotte deemed this measure indispensable in order to prevent intrigues among the Spaniards under his command.

The reader will not have forgotten my intercourse with Prince de Wittgenstein, who at this time lived in Hamburg as a private individual. The Countess de Woss, principal lady to the Queen of Prussia, had written to the Prince a letter without designation of date or place, which it was said reached Hamburg on the 16th November. At the same time Marshal Bernadotte as governor received a letter dated Berlin, 14th November, from M. Daru, enclosing a *copy* of the pretended letter of Madame de Woss. This copy was in French and professedly a translation from the original in German, which had been opened in the office at Berlin. Bernadotte was farther directed to secure the person of Prince de Wittgenstein, because it was pretended, from some expressions in the *French translation*, that the prince was in a plot to revolutionize Westphalia and assassinate the Emperor! The marshal came to me immediately on receipt of this incomprehensible communication. We both regarded the parties as incapable of harboring for a moment such intentions; but the orders were express. We resolved to call upon the prince, who, not expecting our visit, would, if guilty, show, we thought, marks of confusion. It was by this time ten at night; we found the prince in dishabille, quietly sipping his coffee. He received our visit, as usual, in the most friendly manner, though with some good-humored remarks on the hour we had chosen. The marshal used all possible delicacy in bringing on the subject, but the prince could not

* I have heard of this before, but from what was told me of the circumstances, have no doubt that the whole was a contrivance of Bonaparte, who knew Bernadotte's weakness, in order to turn the latter's attention to a distant quarter, and thus render him less jealous of his own more palpable and nearer schemes of ambition.—*Translator.*

understand; his first idea was that we were quizzing—a liberty which our familiar intimacy might have excused. We were obliged to explain in direct terms the nature of our visit and place in the prince's hand the copy of Countess de Woss's letter. The surprise and indignation of De Wittgenstein are not to be described. He had received no letter! We had previously agreed not to arrest the prince, and to be satisfied with his word of honor not to leave Hamburg without our knowledge. This pledge was most cheerfully given. Next morning, very early, the prince came to me in a state of distraction. I knew his noble and generous nature, endeavored to calm his thoughts, and urged him to demand the original letter. But neither friendship nor conviction were admitted under a government so severe as Napoleon's; we were therefore obliged to examine the prince's papers. Nothing, of course, appeared calculated to excite the least suspicion. On my entreaty the marshal persisted in his resolution not to arrest, but wrote directly to the Emperor, then in Spain, giving an account of the whole proceedings in a letter well deserving of notice, as showing the precautions observed in such cases:—

"SIRE—I have the honor of transmitting to your majesty a letter which has been addressed to me by Intendant-General Daru, inclosing the document hereto annexed. I instantly caused the papers of Prince de Wittgenstein to be examined by the minister, M. de Bourrienne, and General Gerard, staff-major to my corps of the army. They found only the accompanying letters, 1, 2, 3, which merited the slightest notice. On the morrow the mails from Berlin arrived, as also from Konigsberg; these were taken to M. de Bourrienne's house, and there opened in his presence by the director of the post-office. There was found only a single letter for Prince de Wittgenstein, under cover to a banker of this city. This I also inclose, No. 4. All other letters which may arrive shall in like manner be seized.* All these occurrences have been conducted gently and with the requisite prudence. I have likewise considered it my duty to lay before your majesty the letter which Prince de Wittgenstein wrote to me in his own justification, and which inclosed a copy of another which he had addressed to the prime minister of the King of Westphalia. From these letters and the examination of his papers I have not considered myself authorized definitively to arrest Prince de Wittgenstein, fearing lest in so doing I might act contrary to your majesty's intentions. All the necessary measures are

* All the letters, 1, 2, 3, 4, were unimportant.—*Author.*

taken, however, to secure his person if need be. In this, as in every circumstance which concerns your majesty, I shall exert my utmost ability to prove my zeal and devotedness to your majesty.

"BERNADOTTE."

The Prince de Wittgenstein, as I had suggested, continued urgently to demand the production of the original letter; Count Daru replied that it had been transmitted to the king at Konigsberg. Davoust, on the other hand, maintained it had been regularly forwarded, received and destroyed by the prince. This contradiction proved that the letter was yet in existence, and that some interest prevented the confronting of the original with the translated copy. At length the former was produced on the 27th November, 1808. I immediately gave one translation, and General St. Alphonse, aid-de-camp to Bernadotte, made another. These, together with the translation remitted from Berlin, were laid before the Emperor. He readily perceived the difference, and that neither the translation nor original supported any charge against Prince de Wittgenstein. Such is the truth on a subject of great importance, which has since been much misrepresented, even to my prejudice, especially in the "Souvenirs" of Baron Stein.* In addition to the autographs and copies of all the documents, I have in my possession a letter from Prince de Wittgenstein, to whom I had communicated my intention to publish these "Memoirs," which alone would be sufficient to destroy all disadvantageous interpretations—even those of malevolence. I quote this letter here, though of a date posterior to the time embraced by my "Memoirs:"—

"Marshal Davoust was governor of Berlin when I was denounced; and it is probable that my arrest took place in consequence of his requisition. Your sentiments, and the manner in which you conducted yourself during those times, cannot be better known to anyone than to myself, and therefore no one renders you more justice than I do. When I was denounced at Hamburg, and threatened with being arrested, the French authorities, and yourself especially, manifested a particular interest in my situation. If you intend to give to the public in your

* The reader will probably recollect that Baron Stein, by his writings, especially his "Political Testament," was a main instrument in cherishing the enthusiasm and love of liberty of the Prussian youth. This was the real and quite sufficient cause of Bonaparte's enmity. But Stein, in his "Souvenirs," attributes this to the affair of Wittgenstein, and implicates, most improperly, Bourrienne, as having constrained the prince to write letters to him (Stein). This the prince, in the letter quoted, shows to have been a barefaced falsehood, invented by the assertor.—*Translator.*

"Memoirs" an account of the transactions which took place between us during your residence at Hamburg, you are entitled to assert, with every justice, that you never engaged me to write to the Prussian minister, Baron Stein, a letter of the contents and of the import of the one quoted by the author of a work entitled, "My Souvenirs; or, The Sins of Napoleon." On the contrary, I cherish in dearest remembrance all your excellent proceedings towards me during a season of no ordinary difficulty. I am ready to make a similar declaration to all who would call in question these my sentiments. This, I am convinced, will suffice to place in its true light your conduct at that period; and I believe, my dear friend, you will repel every accusation by this my attestation. It is a barefaced calumny to impute to you the slightest blame, so far as concerns me, at that period. The declaration which I now transmit to you, and the assurance of my lively and unalterable gratitude for all that you did in my behalf, afford abundant proof of your honorable conduct. I repeat to you, my dear friend, with pleasure, that all you did for me at the crisis in question will never be effaced from my heart. I shall preserve the faithful remembrance of it to the last moment of my life; and it will ever be a duty on my part to undeceive those who may incline to doubt your generous exertions in my behalf. Let such address themselves to me; I shall know how to answer them. This, my dear friend, is the reply I have to give. Permit me to unite therewith the expression of my sincere attachment and high consideration.

"WITTGENSTEIN.

"*Berlin*, 29*th June*, 1828."

On the subject of my conduct while at Hamburg the reader will excuse the confession of a feeling of honorable pride with which I quote the following autograph letter from the King of Prussia, which also brings back our narrative to the proper date:—

"MR. AMBASSADOR DE BOURRIENNE—I am informed of the dispositions of equity and obliging interest manifested by you towards my states and servants on all occasions wherein it has been necessary to have recourse to you, and when your relations and the circumstances of the case permitted you to manifest such sentiments. I do myself a real pleasure by directly returning you my thanks; and I beg that you may continue to extend to my subjects the same consideration as opportunities, which doubtless will be frequent, occur in future. Be assured I shall retain a grateful remembrance thereof—and will feel

much satisfaction in proving, by all means in my power, that I render ample justice to your conduct.

"I pray God, etc. FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"*Konigsberg, March* 18, 1808."

Such is one—but I cannot trace the picture of all—of the turpitudes to which secondary spirits, in their ambition, gave themselves up, in order to prove their zeal, and to procure a slice of Europe, which the lieutenants of the Emperor regarded as the pie of kings, though none disputed with him the kissing crust. But neither was baseness confined to these; it would astonish to know the eagerness with which the princes of Germany bent themselves to the yoke. I might produce autographs, with princely signatures, addressed to myself, in which the writers announce, with great self-complacency, their accession to the Confederation of the Rhine. Such missives, in fact, I was continually receiving; they prove, more than anything else, the amazing influence exercised by Napoleon in Germany and the anxiety of its ancients feudatories to range themselves under the protection of his new power.

As successor, though still subordinate to Bernadotte, arrived at Hamburg as governor General Dupas, in April, 1808. In this appointment the Emperor cruelly disappointed the wishes and the hopes of the unfortunate inhabitants of Lower Saxony. The exactions of the new functionary were fearful. "So long," was his usual expression, "as I see these —— rolling in their carriages I must have money from them." Yet, to do him justice, his extortions were not at all for himself; he became the bloodsucker of others, not to nourish his own life, but him to whom he had devoted his existence. The senate of Hamburg granted to marshals thirty fredericks per day, for the expenses of their table, and to generals, twenty. Dupas, though entitled only to the latter, demanded the former allowance, which was refused. To avenge himself *nobly*, he required to be served every day with a breakfast and dinner of thirty covers. At his table only the most exquisite wines were used; even his menials, down to the scullion, were treated to champagne and the finest fruits, brought at great expense from the best hot-houses in Berlin. Dupas had thus the satisfaction of knowing that he cost the city more than any of his predecessors. His account for the twenty-one weeks he remained amounted to one hundred and eighty-three thousand francs (£7,625). His passionate brutality was ludicrous in itself, but, from the power which he held, might become terrible in its consequences. An officer of artillery informed me that, having executed an order to plant two light guns

before the gate leading to Altona, he went to inform the general. He found him in a furious rage at something, smashing every article within reach: in presence of this officer he broke more than two dozen plates, which certainly had not cost him very dear. Hamburg being a fortified city, it had long been customary to shut the gates at nightfall: but on Sundays they remained open about three-quarters of an hour longer, to accommodate those who had been abroad. Dupas took it into his head to shut the gates at seven, and, of course, being spring, in broad daylight. On Sunday the same order was observed; consequently, on the first Sabbath evening, peaceable inhabitants, who, as usual, had been taking their recreation in the country, were much astonished to find themselves shut out. The number waiting for admittance increased every instant, and after in vain requesting the officer on guard to admit them, some of their friends inside resolved to go to the commandant. The latter, accompanied by the general, soon arrived, and, no one doubting that they came for the purpose of ordering the gate to be unlocked, their approach was greeted by a cheer. Dupas, either considering this as an insult or mistaking it for a signal to sedition, instead of opening the gate ordered the guard to fire upon several hundred peaceable citizens, who only asked to be admitted to their own hearths. The consequence was that some were killed and many seriously wounded; among the former, a poor man, who, to support a wife and five children, sold cakes and ginger-bread, fell by one of the first bullets, while quietly seated on his barrow. Fortunately, after the first discharge, the blind fury of Dupas calmed so far that he did not repeat the order to fire; but the gates still remained closed; and next morning a proclamation was issued forbidding the inhabitants, under the severest penalties, to cry *hurra!* or more than three persons to assemble together in the streets! Next day, still under the excitement caused by the fatal consequences of the brutality of some soldiers commanded by a no less brutal chief, I wrote to Bernadotte. His answer will best show the goodness of heart of the future Prince Royal of Sweden, and is in other respects too remarkable not to interest my readers.

"I perfectly coincide, my dear minister, in your view of the subject, and am at all times afflicted when I see injustice committed. On carefully considering the events which occurred on the 19th, it is impossible not to acknowledge that the error lay, in the first place, with the officer who shut the gates perhaps a little too soon. I ask, also, why were not the gates opened instead of the military being

ordered to fire? But did not the people manifest decided obstinacy and insubordination? did they not render themselves criminal by throwing stones at the guard, forcing the palisadoes, and refusing to listen, even to the voice of the magistrates? It is to be regretted, no doubt, that they should have proceeded to such excesses, occasioned by their not listening to the voice of their civil chiefs, who ought to be their first sentinels. In short, my dear minister, the senator who distributed money to appease the multitude would have more effectually calmed their effervescence by advising them to await patiently the opening of the gate: he might have taken the trouble, too, in my opinion, of going to the commandant, or to the general, and procured permission of ingress. Whenever an excited mass of people resort to violence there is no longer security for any one: from that moment the protecting power must display itself in full activity, and its intervention arrests the violence. The senate of ancient Rome, so guarded and so jealous of its prerogatives, remitted to a dictator in times of trouble the terrible right of life and death; and that magistrate recognized no other code than his own will and the axe of his lictors. The ordinary laws did not resume their course and their guarantee until after the people had returned to their duty. The feeling excited at Hamburg could only be repressed or prevented by a severe tribunal, which, being happily not necessary, General Dupas has orders to dissolve it, and justice will resume her usual rights.* J. BERNADOTTE.

"*Densel, 4th May*, 1808."

Upon returning to Hamburg, Bernadotte transferred Dupas to Lubeck, which city, much poorer than his former quarters, suffered most severely from such a guest. The expense, indeed, became intolerable; for, besides his table being served with the same profusion as at Hamburg, he required every article of housekeeping, down to coal and candle, to be furnished. This opened a door to all manner of abuse, and the senate deputed M. Nolting, a venerable member, to wait upon the general to request his acceptance of twenty louis daily (£5,900 per annum), in lieu of the expenses of his table alone. At this proposal General Dupas got into a fury—Offer him money! what profanation!

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*The reader will probably be at a sad loss to discover much goodness of heart in this letter. In principle it expresses the most cool and heartless tyranny; and in reasoning is both judicially and historically erroneous. The military authorities are admitted to have been the aggressors; they rendered themselves responsible, therefore, for all acts caused by that aggression. The allusion to a Roman dictator is a most disgusting specimen of affectation and revolutionary learning.—*Translator.*

Insult his *honor!* and with a volley of oaths he turned out the astonished senator, who, dull man, could not perceive where lay the *dishonor* in an *honest* reckoning. But not satisfied with dismissing, the general gave orders to his aid-de-camp for immediately arresting the aged functionary. The aid-de-camp, Barral, dared not openly disobey; but, with the reverence for gray hairs, characteristic of virtuously educated youth, instead of arresting, he merely requested M. Nolting to remain in his own house until he could pacify the general, which with great difficulty was effected next day. But how did all this end? Why, the incorruptible Dupas pocketed the twenty louis daily! Still he did not consent to the *generous* concession without affecting to grumble between his teeth and oftener than once vociferating, "It cuts me to the soul, but these cits force me to take pelf!"

The year 1808 was fruitful in remarkable events: the commencement, for I received copies on the first of January, introduced the commercial code; an extraordinary institution—for we had no longer any commerce. About the same period many territorial accessions were made to the empire along the German frontier by force of decrees and senatorial decisions, which possessed at least one recommendation—that of making conquests without effusion of blood. The marshals, generals, and superior officers attached to the imperial guard received large gratifications after the Treaty of Tilsit, at the expense of the vanquished. On the 1st of February I could not help remarking a singular coincidence of events in Paris, Lisbon and Rome, which more than anything else would prove the incredible activity impressed by Bonaparte on his reign. At Paris a niece of Josephine, Mademoiselle de Tascher, raised by Napoleon to the rank of a princess, espoused the reigning prince of Ahremberg;* at Lisbon, almost at the same hour, Junot announced that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign in Portugal; and at Rome the French troops under Miollis took possession of the Eternal City—the first of a series of torments by which the Pope was condemned to expiate his consecration of Napoleon. The following day Prince Borghese, imperial brother-in-law, was constituted governor-general of all the departments beyond the Alps; by which nomination Menou, of whom the reader has heard little since the Egyptian expedition, was forced to quit Turin, where he had always remained as governor of Piedmont, and take up his residence in Florence as president of the junta of Tuscany; for

* This marriage was never consummated, and the Princess remained one of the most faithful companions of the Empress after her divorce from Napoleon.—*Translator.*

Bonaparte would never allow him to return to Paris. But Tuscany was soon after transformed into a separate government and conferred on his sister Eliza; the territories of Parma and Placenza becoming departments of the kingdom of Italy. To the same kingdom were also added, from the territories of the Holy See, the legations of Ancona, Urbino, Macerata, and Camerino, formed into three new departments. Even apostolic long-suffering could not endure this new aggression, and Cardinal legate Caprara quitted Paris. These events were coincident with the transactions at Bayonne. The translation of Joseph to the Spanish throne belongs, in truth, to this epoch: Murat, as all the world knows, succeeded to Naples: thus, in placing a brother-in-law over another of the kingdoms of Europe, Napoleon, "through God's assistance," was making rapid strides towards becoming the senior of her monarchs. The appointment of Murat was attended with one of the instances of craft, or rather rascality, of which Napoleon never divested himself amid all his grandeur. He gave to the infant son of his brother Louis the investiture of the grandduchy of Berg and Cleves, conferred on him the Palace d'Elysée at Paris, and constituted himself tutor; thus enjoying a seizure, but under a different name.

With regard to this fabrication of kings I remember, during the consulate, and believe have already mentioned, about "creating kings and not being one," in the Œdipus—a work, by the way, which Bonaparte preferred to all the other tragedies of Voltaire—that, on the visit of the King of Etruria, the audience in the theater made a very pointed application of the line. "Do you hear them, Bourrienne?" said the First Consul to me.—"Yes, General."—"The imbeciles, they shall see —they shall see!" And surely we did see. Bonaparte not only surrounded his own brows with a double diadem, and manufactured crowns by the dozen, but also instituted an upstart nobility with hereditary rights. Of this project he was delivered in the beginning of March, 1808, when the *Moniteur* teemed with a farrago of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights of the empire—there wanted only viscounts and marquises to complete the series. For this new nobility it seemed fitting to have a new system of education. It was resolved, therefore, to reconstruct the old edifice of the university. The public instruction of youth, as we have seen, formed one of Napoleon's favorite schemes; but it was curious to compare the former plans of the General and Consul with those adopted by the Emperor. Bonaparte, in former days, contemplated an extensive system of education which should especially embrace historical and exact learning; namely, the natural and physical sciences, and mathematics, whose positive knowledge gives

to human intelligence the fullest development of which it is susceptible. But the sovereign recoiled before the early thoughts of the man of genius; and his university, molded after the usual fashion, became, in fact, but one of those schools calculated, perhaps, to produce great scholars, but which have never reared enlightened men.

After playing the scurvy tricks at Bayonne, the Emperor returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 14th August, 1808, the eve of his birthday, which was now celebrated with great magnificence throughout the empire. But he was no sooner in his capital than new disquietudes arose. Russia had declared open war against Sweden, an event of which I had sent intelligence to Paris so early that my courier arrived on the very day that the declaration was made. Finland had been invaded, and Abo, its capital, occupied by the Russian troops. Bonaparte, however, wished to maintain peace on the Continent while he prosecuted the reduction of Spain, and, consequently, was forced to withdraw his troops from Germany. Joseph had been proclaimed on the 8th of June; the 21st of the same month had witnessed his entrance into Madrid; but, in ten days after, the news of the disaster at Baylen had forced him to leave the capital.

England had just dispatched troops into Portugal, under the command of Arthur Wellesley, since Duke of Wellington. There could thus be no longer hope of an accommodation with Great Britain. The Emperor Alexander, in terms of the Treaty of Tilsit, had indeed sent Count Romanzow to London, charged with mediatorial proposals on the part of Russia. These propositions were not even heard. How could they? The mediation had been rejected after the Treaty of Tilsit, while, subsequently, Napoleon had dethroned the King of Spain, and got up in the heart of Germany a mushroom kingdom for brother Jerome.

Towards the end of September, Napoleon again quitted Paris on a transaction memorable in his own life, and which at the time agitated the whole of Germany—the interview with Alexander at Erfurth. The roads leading to this point were literally covered with the equipages of princess hastening thither. The Emperor took the way by Mentz, where he arrived without stopping, except to pass in review the numerous regiments echelonned along his route, on their march from the grand army towards Spain. Once more he slept at Frankfort, in the palace of the Prince Primate—an excellent man: but made no other halt before reaching Erfurth, having merely seen Jerome, who, in imitation of other royal prefects, had escorted him to the limits of his territories. The Emperor arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and

getting on horseback went forward three leagues to meet Alexand The two Emperors embraced on the road, as I learned, with all t semblance of the most cordial friendship. Their meeting, as everybo knows, was a succession of fêtes, of which Napoleon did the honor being therein greatly assisted by all his servants of the Comic Opera– transferred from Paris to give greater *solemnity* to the occasion. Most of the sovereign princes of Germany attended; but neither the Em peror of Austria nor the King of Prussia was present. The former, however, addressed a letter to Napoleon, of which I got knowledge at the time, and have preserved a copy :—

"Sir, my Brother—My ambassador at Paris informs me that your imperial majesty is about to proceed to Erfurth, to meet the Emperor Alexander. I joyfully embrace the opportunity of your approach to my frontier to renew the expression of that amity and high esteem which I have pledged to you; and send my lieutenant-general, Baron de Vincent, to convey to you, sir, my brother, the assurance of these unalterable sentiments. I flatter myself your majesty has not ceased to be convinced of them; and if false interpretations, circulated regarding the interior organic institutions established in my monarchy, have induced for a moment doubts respecting the sincerity of my intentions, the explanations which Count Metternich has addressed on this subject to your majesty's minister will have entirely removed them. Baron de Vincent is empowered also to submit to your majesty these details, and to add all the explanations you may desire.

"I beg that the same gracious reception may now be vouchsafed to him as at Paris and Warsaw. The renewed marks of favor which your majesty may confer upon him I shall regard as an unequivocal pledge of the entire reciprocity of our sentiments, and place the seal to that perfect confidence which will leave nothing to add to mutual satisfaction. Deign to accept the assurance of the unalterable attachment and consideration with which I am, sir, my brother, your imperial and royal majesty's brother and friend, Francis.

"*Presburg*, 18*th September*, 1808."

This document seemed then, and now appears to me, a specimen of equivocation by which it is impossible Napoleon could have been deceived for an instant. But his grand affair was Spain; and, as already noticed, he never allowed two things to occupy his mind at one and the same time. Matters in the north, too, required caution. Denmark had re-

HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

sented our invasion of her territories by thirty thousand men under Bernadotte, and had claimed the mediation of Russia. At Erfurth all those matters were to be accommodated; and Napoleon made good his point. The Emperor Alexander recognized Joseph as king of Spain and the Indies. Napoleon, in return, it is said (though this I do not attest), agreed to Alexander's occupation of Finland; and to Denmark was left—resignation. After the interview, Bonaparte returned to Paris, where he presided, with great splendor, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly; and in November set out for Spain.

Anterior to the interview at Erfurth occurred an event which soon produced a great sensation over all Europe—the defection of the Marquis de la Romana; an enterprise conducted and executed with incredible secrecy. The Marquis had arrived in the Hanseatic territories at the head of eighteen thousand men, being a part of the Spanish troops demanded after the murderous conflict of Eylau, in virtue of a treaty with Charles IV. The Spaniards were well received by the inhabitants, but the difference of language caused misunderstandings, which the foreigners had a fatal facility in deciding by drawing their daggers. This, however, wore off; and, finally, they were much liked, and might be seen everywhere surrounded and playing with the children. Such disposition is rarely a deceitful indication of a good heart. As to the Marquis himself, he was a little swarthy man, with an exterior little attractive, and vulgar in appearance; but he naturally possessed great spirit, and had acquired much information in the course of his travels in almost every part of Europe: his conversation, accordingly, was most agreeable and very instructive. During his stay at Hamburg, General Romana passed almost every evening with us, and regularly fell asleep while playing whist. Madame de Bourrienne was his constant partner, and to her, I remember, he perpetually addressed apologies for this involuntary breach of good manners, which, however, did not prevent his invariably recommencing the siesta next evening. We shall see what occasioned this periodical somnolency.

In obedience to the orders of Bernadotte, the Spanish troops took their departure for the island of Funen. Meanwhile their commander had been playing his part with admirable address. On the occasion of a fête in honor of the new King of Spain he gave a magnificent ball, where all the decorations were military attributes. He did the honors with infinite propriety: and, in general, was so frank with the French officers, spoke of the Emperor in such high terms, but without the least affectation, that it was impossible to suspect a thought in reserve. Already, too, were we informed of the fatal results of the

conflict on the Sierra Morena, and the capitulation of Dupont, which caused his disgrace, at the moment when no one in the army doubted his receiving the baton, on the first creation of a marshal of France. In Denmark, as at Hamburg, the Spanish soldiers became favorites; for their leader caused the strictest discipline to be observed. On the approach of Napoleon's birthday, which was observed with much solemnity in all the cities where French representatives resided, great preparations were making at Hamburg. The Prince of Ponte Corvo, then residing near Lubeck, for sea-bathing, had issued the necessary orders; and the Marquis, better to deceive the marshal, sent a courier to request permission to come to Hamburg, to unite his prayers with those of the French for the prosperity of the Emperor, and to receive from the Prince's hand the grand order of the Legion of Honor, just granted him by Napoleon. Three days after, on the 17th of August, the marshal received intelligence of what had passed. The Marquis had assembled a great number of English ships along the coast, and by this means had escaped with all his troops, except a depôt of six hundred men left behind at Altona! A little later we were informed of his safe and unopposed arrival at Corunna. I was now able to account for the drowsiness which even whist could not banish. The Marquis sat up all night laboring in the prosecution of the design which he had long meditated; and, to lull suspicion, affected to show himself everywhere during the day, as if he had taken his repose like other men. The evasion surprised everybody, but, I must say, affected no one save the French, for the secret wishes of the unhappy Germans could not possibly be otherwise than against us.

On the defection of the Spanish troops I received letters from government, charging me to redouble my watchfulness and to seek out those who might have been instrumental to the design. I found that agents of England, dispersed over Holstein and the Hanseatic territories, were equally endeavoring to sow discontent among the troops of the King of Holland. These maneuvers had connection with the treason of the Spaniards, and with the presence of Danican, a famous intriguer.* Insubordination had already manifested itself; two Dutch soldiers were shot: still desertion became alarming. Agitators, chiefly from the little island of Heligoland, were active among the troops of Louis: some of these, through my directions, were denounced and taken almost in the very act. They were condemned to death; and if

* Danican had been a principal leader during the famous days of the Sections, and consequently was one of the earliest opponents of Bonaparte.—*Translator.*

this indispensable severity did not put an end to the plots of England, it at least threw a damp over the ardor of those employed.

In December, 1808, we remarked at Hamburg that the post from Berlin experienced a uniform delay of five or six hours. Trade is habitually suspicious; our merchants therefore began to feel alarmed and demanded an inquiry into the cause. It was found that two agents from the general post-office, under the Grandduke of Berg (Murat), had established a *black cabinet* in a village belonging to Lauenburg, and there stopped the courier for the purpose of examining the letters from the Prussian capital. This being known, diffused an alarm throughout the whole commercial interest, that is, throughout the whole of Hamburg. The measure was in truth extremely impolitic: for an affair of this nature, sometimes useful, often dangerous, always very delicate, requires the utmost caution and secrecy. In opposition to all this the mails were here exposed to two agents, subjected to superintendence, who opened them in a common tavern and in a place where there was not even a post-office. Had the Emperor found it necessary to watch certain individuals in Berlin, the proper situation for a secret cabinet was at Hamburg. On my representation to the Prince of Ponte Corvo he caused the clandestine office to be abolished—the agents were brought to Hamburg and severely punished; for the great, when they do wrong, never scruple to sacrifice lesser rogues who have been merely instruments.

Had it not been for the dire necessity of witnessing, often without the power even of alleviating, so many oppressive transactions, I should have found my residence in Hamburg a most delightful sojourn. Those who know the situation of the place, the charming country around, and the simple, almost patriarchal manners of the inhabitants, will be at no loss to account for this preference. The manners and customs of the people wear in fact a peculiar impress. Rarely are disputes heard of—while daylight serves their women and children are out of doors—those of advanced age seated before tables in front of their houses sipping tea, while the children are playing around them, and the young people working. These various groups present a very interesting and picturesque aspect. Never have I seen that existence which is careless of all save enjoyment more completely given into than at Hamburg. This, too, after all, is perhaps more conducive to real happiness than all the splendor and greatness which men frequently purchase so dearly. I never could see these good people seated thus before their houses without thinking of an observation of Montesquieu, which to me is full of charm. That able legislator had set out for Florence, and on arriving

went to present a letter of introduction to the prime minister of Tuscany. Him he found seated on the steps of his door, enjoying with some friends the coolness of the evening. "I see well," said Montesquieu, "that I am in the midst of a happy people, since the first minister of the state has time thus to yield himself up to calm leisure." These meetings of the Hamburgers may be strictly termed family parties. Indeed, they seldom visit in each other's houses, but when entertainments are given it is with much splendor and all this external simplicity. In all things they show incredible exactness, but at the same time very methodical and punctual even to a fault. I remember just now an instance in point. We were on very intimate terms with Baron der Woght, a man highly accomplished and very amiable. One day he had come to bid us adieu, previous to setting out next day for Paris. Madame de Bourrienne pressed him on parting not to prolong his stay beyond the six months which he had himself fixed. "Be tranquil, madam," replied he; "nothing shall prevent my being here again on the day appointed, for I have just been dispatching invitations to a dinner party for the day after my return." The Baron departed—stayed away his six months—returned to an hour—and his friends without further intimation repaired to his house and ate their dinner on an invitation of six months and one day's date!

Bonaparte, well knowing the influence produced by his presence, delighted frequently to show himself to the people whom the fate of conquest had successively united to his empire. On these occasions he loved to dazzle by the splendor which surrounded him, while his own privileged simplicity of costume, his affability to the lower, and seductory courtesy to the higher ranks, attached to him all classes. These were what Napoleon termed his pleasure tours, yet had they always business for their primary though perhaps concealed object. His journey to Italy in November, 1807, especially involved many grave considerations. Already was he meditating alliances, and studied, by loading Eugene with favors, to sound and prepare him for those ideas of a divorce upon which, from that period, he had determined. At the same time it entered into his views to have a conference with Lucien, because, desiring to give away the hand of his brother's daughter, he had thought of conferring it on the Prince of Asturias, who, previous to the Spanish war solicited this honor, in hopes that an alliance with the Emperor would prove a support to his pretensions in opposition to his father and the Prince of Peace. All this took place a short time after the death of the eldest son of Louis, who had died of croup in Holland. As I have already shown, Napoleon has been most

unjustly accused of entertaining for this child other than the affection of an uncle; but it is more than probable, had he lived, that Josephine would have remained Empress. Most certain it is that Bonaparte thenceforth began to think seriously of a divorce. Of this fact I, who was accustomed to read thoughts for the future in the present actions of Napoleon, beheld one striking proof in the Milan decree, which declared Eugene his successor to the crown of Italy in default of male and legitimate heirs in his own direct descent.

Lucien, on the invitation of his brother, repaired to Mantua, and here took place their last interview previous to the Hundred Days. Lucien consented to give his daughter to the Prince of Asturias; but that union did not take place. I learned from Duroc, who accompanied the Emperor on this excursion, to what extent Lucien carried his hostility to the family of Beauharnais; for to disappoint their hopes was not the least motive in this consent to give his daughter to the Spanish prince, a match which our ambassador at Madrid was laborious to bring about in favor of Mademoiselle de Tascher, Josephine's niece. Lucien never forgave the Empress for the wickedness of *his own* counsels and the abhorrence with which she had repelled them. But chiefly, notwithstanding all his republican stoicism, Lucien would have been well pleased to get over his scruples by the bribe of King Bourbon for his son-in-law. During this journey, likewise, Napoleon united Tuscany to the empire—a kingdom over which, as Consul, he had placed a Bourbon. On returning, at Chamberry occurred the interview which young De Stael had with the Emperor, and to which I may hereafter advert.

I had proposed to postpone the affairs of Holland to a later portion of my "Memoirs," but the present seems a fitting opportunity for the introduction of the subject.

While Bonaparte remained Chief of the French republic, it appeared not inconsistent to have on the south the Cisalpine and on the north the Batavian, like two satellites, gravitating upon the grand republic. But, this latter transformed into an empire, it behooved that its secondaries likewise should undergo a change. The republican government of Holland had in fact been long but a shadow; still, even under the dominion of France, it preserved at least those forms of internal liberty which reconcile men to dependence. In these circumstances it was easy for Napoleon, who maintained his secret influence in the country, to get up a deputation, entreating that he would condescend to name a king for Holland. The deputation, consisting of Verhuell, vice-admiral; Brantzen, resident ambassador at Paris; Van Styrum,

member of the Supreme Council; Gogel, minister of finance; and William Six, councilor of state, arrived in Paris in May, 1806, and explained their object in a speech the first sentence of which contained the substance of the whole :—"Sire—We are deputed to express to your majesty the wish of the representatives of our people; we beseech you to yield to us, as supreme chief of our republic, and king of Holland, Prince Louis, your majesty's brother, to whom we wholly and respectfully confide the guardianship of our laws, the defense of our political rights, and all the interests of our beloved country, under the sacred auspices of Providence and *the glorious protection of your majesty.*" To this humble request the Emperor replied in kind; then turning to Louis, his words marked well the import that he attached to the word *protection*—"You, prince, are thus called to reign over a people whose sires owed their independence to the assistance of France. Since then Holland became united to England; she was conquered; a second time she was indebted to France for her existence. Let her owe to you kings who may protect her liberties, her laws, her religion. *But never do you cease to be a Frenchman. The dignity of Constable of the Empire shall remain to you and your descendants; it will recall those duties you have to perform towards me.*" Louis afterwards replied rather to his brother than to the deputation of his new subjects. His speech, however, was probably the only one which contained some sincerity, since it touched gently upon the regrets "which he experienced in removing from the presence of the Emperor." Louis, in truth, had objected to his own elevation to the full extent of safe opposition. To his ostensible argument—the weakness of his health and the unsuitableness of the climate—Bonaparte replied in these harsh and unbrotherly terms :—"Better die a king than live a prince!" There thus remained no remedy but obedience. Louis set out for Holland accompanied by Hortense, who, however, did not long continue with her royal husband. The new king desired to render himself beloved by his people; and as this could only be effected by encouraging commerce among a trading people, he failed in strictly enforcing Napoleon's system. Hence the first and the last ground of quarrel between the brothers.

I know not if Napoleon held in mind the motives which Louis had alleged on first refusing the crown of Holland, namely, the wintry climate of that country, or whether the Emperor counted upon more explicit devotion in one of his other brothers; but certain it is that Joseph was not called to the throne of Spain till after it had been offered to and declined by the King of Holland. The following is the letter which Napoleon wrote to Louis on the occasion, a copy of which got into my

possession: it is without date or place, but, from the contents, must be referred to April, 1808:—

"My Brother—The King of Spain, Charles IV., has just abdicated. The Spanish nation have loudly appealed to me. Certain that I shall never have solid peace with England, unless by impressing one grand movement on the Continent, I have resolved to place a French prince upon the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not agree with you; besides, Holland will never emerge from her ruins. In the whirlwind of the world, whether there be peace or not, she possesses no means by which to maintain herself. In this situation of things I think of you for the crown of Spain. Answer me categorically what is your opinion of this plan? If I name you king of Spain, do you accept? Can I count upon you? Answer me, in the first instance, only these two questions, thus: 'I have received your letter of such date; I reply, *yes;*' and then I shall conclude that you will do as I desire: or, on the contrary, '*no;*' which will imply that you do not agree to my proposition. Admit no one into your confidence, and speak, I request of you, to none whomsoever on the subject of this letter; for the thing ought to be done before we avow having even thought of it. Napoleon."

Before his final seizure of Holland, Napoleon had formed the design of dismembering Brabant and Zealand in exchange for other provinces, possession of which was more dubious. Louis, however, successfully resisted this first aggression; for Napoleon, then deeply engaged with Spain, cared not to risk a commotion in the north. He even affected indifference, as appears from the following letter to Louis on the subject:—

"My Brother—I received your letter relative to the one written by the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld.* He was not authorized to do anything, except indirectly. Since the exchange displeases you, it is no more to be thought of. It was useless to make me a display of principles, since I never said that you ought not to consult the nation. Many well informed men among your own subjects had expressed their opinion that it would be indifferent to Holland to give up Brabant, crowded as it is with fortresses which are very chargeable, and having more affinity to France than Holland, in exchange for provinces in the north rich and convenient for you. Once more, since that arrange-

* French ambassador in Holland.

ment does not suit, there is an end of the matter. It was needlesss even to speak to me on the subject, since the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld had no directions to do more than feel the way."

Though displeasure evidently appears in the midst of this assumed condescension, the tone of the above letter is singularly moderate and even conciliating, when compared with others which I shall place before the reader. True, the letter was written before the interview at Erfurth; but afterwards, when Joseph had been acknowledged, and he himself had struck a dazzling blow in the Peninsula, he greatly changed his tone to Louis, yet without coming to extremities. In a long letter of the 20th December, 1808, written from the Trianon, he closes with these conditions, upon which he would allow Holland to exist on the *right* bank of the Rhine:—"1. The interdiction of all trade and all communication with England. 2. A fleet to be supplied to France of fourteen sail of the line, seven frigates and seven brigs or corvettes, armed and equipped. 3. A land army also to be supplied, of twenty-five thousand men. 4. The suppression of the marshals. 5. The revocation of all the privileges of the nobility, inconsistent with the constitution, promulgated and guaranteed. Upon these, as a basis," continues Napoleon to his brother, "your majesty may treat with the Duke de Cadore, through your minister; but you may be assured, that, on the entrance of the first packet-boat into Holland, I will re-establish my custom houses; that, upon the first insult offered to my flag, I will cause to be seized by force of arms, and hung at the yard-arm, the officer of Holland who shall have permitted the insult to my eagle. Your majesty will find in me a brother, if I find in you a Frenchman; but, if you forget the sentiments which bind you to our common country, you will not take it ill if I forget those which nature has placed between ourselves. In conclusion, the union of Holland to France is that which is most useful to France—to Holland—to the Continent; for it is that which is most injurious to England. This union may be effected either by fair means or by force; for I have grounds of complaint against Holland sufficient for declaring war. But, at all times, I shall have no difficulty in agreeing to an arrangement which yields me the boundary of the Rhine, and by which Holland engages to fulfill the above conditions. Your affectionate brother. NAPOLEON."

The correspondence of the two brothers rested in this state for some time; but Louis was not less exposed to vexations on the part of Na-

poleon. The latter having called to Paris, in 1809, the kings who might justly be styled feudatories of the empire, Louis was also cited; but, caring little to leave his states, he convoked and consulted his council, who deemed this sacrifice necessary to Holland, and their king acquiesced; for, upon the throne, the life of Louis was a daily sacrifice. At Paris he lived very retired, a mark for the police; for, as he had come unwillingly, it was believed he would not prolong his stay to such a period as Napoleon wished. In this opinion his persecutors were not deceived; but every attempt at compromise failed. The surveillance, circumventions and indignity to which he was thus exposed, roused a spirit and strength of character for which he had not received credit. Amid the silence of his royal fellows in slavery, the voice of Louis was heard to say to the Emperor, in presence of all, "I have been deceived by promises never intended to be fulfilled; Holland is weary of being the puppet of France." The imperial ears, little accustomed to such sounds, were fearfully shocked; and, thenceforth, there remained no choice between yielding implicitly to the demands of Napoleon, or seeing Holland united to France. Louis chose the latter, though not till he had essayed his feeble opposition to the utmost, in favor of the subjects confided to his care; but he refused to be an accomplice in sacrificing them to a blind hatred of England. Louis, however, received permission to return to his kingdom, but only to behold the misery of a commercial and industrious country without commerce or employment. Once more he wrote to his brother, on the 23d March, 1810, to the following effect:—

"If you would consolidate France in her actual situation, and obtain a maritime peace, it is not by means such as the blockade that you will attain these ends; it is not by the destruction of a kingdom created by yourself; it is not by enfeebling your allies, and by respecting neither their most sacred rights nor the commercial principles of equality and justice between nations; but, on the contrary, by causing France to be beloved, by strengthening and protecting allies so faithful as your own brothers. The destruction of Holland, far from being a means of distressing England, will prove a source of prosperity to her, by all the industry and all the wealth which will seek an asylum in that country. There are only three means of really attacking England—detaching Ireland from her, capturing her Indian possessions, or by a descent. The two last, though the most effectual, are impossible means without a navy; but I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace, and on

advantageous conditions, than a system which does injury to yourself and your allies, in an attempt to inflict greater hurt on your enemy.

"LOUIS."

But written were become as disagreeable as spoken remonstrances. This letter had, in fact, given sovereign displeasure; and the Emperor replied, two months afterwards, from Ostend, where he had stopped during one of his frequent progresses, in the following terms—models of cruelty and the abuse of power!—

"MY BROTHER—In our present situation it were best always to speak out frankly. I know your most secret dispositions, and whatever you may tell me to the contrary goes for nothing. Holland is in a troublesome situation, that is true. I conceive you desire to extricate yourself. It is not I who can do anything, but you—you alone. When you conduct yourself in such a manner as to persuade the Dutch that you act by my instigation—that all your sentiments are conformable to mine, then will you be beloved—then you will be esteemed, and acquire the consistency necessary to reconstitute Holland. When to be the friend of France and mine shall be a title grateful to your heart, Holland universally will find herself in a natural situation. Since your return from Paris you have done nothing towards this. What will be the result of your conduct? Your subjects, finding themselves vacillating between France and England, will throw themselves into the arms of France and demand with loud cries a *union* as the only refuge against so much uncertainty. If your knowledge of my character, which is, to go straight to my object without being stopped by any consideration, has not enlightened you—what would you have me to do? I can dispense with Holland; but Holland cannot dispense with my protection. If, committed to one of my own brothers, dependent upon me alone for her security, she finds not in that brother my image, you destroy all her confidence in your administration—you break your scepter with your own hands. Love France—love my glory! these are the exclusive means by which you can be of service to the kingdom of Holland. Holland become a portion of my kingdom—had you been what you ought to have been—would become so much the more dear to me, that I had given to her a prince who was almost my son. In placing you upon the throne of Holland, I had thought to have seated thereon a citizen of France. You have pursued a course diametrically opposite. I have seen myself forced to interdict you from France, and to seize part of your territories. When you show yourself

a bad Frenchman to the Dutch, you become less than a Prince of Orange, to whom they owe the national rank and a long succession of prosperity and glory. It is proved to Holland that your recession from France has lost to her what she would not have lost under Schimmelpenninck, nor under a Prince of Orange. Be at once a Frenchman and brother of the Emperor, and be assured that you are then in the way of the interests of Holland. The die is cast—you are incorrigible; already you desire to chase from your presence the few Frenchmen who remain with you. Neither counsel, nor advice, nor affection—but menace and force—can move you—What mean those prayers and those mysterious fasts which you order? Louis! you seem to have no desire to reign long; all your actions—even more plainly than your confidential letters—manifest the sentiments of your mind. Return from your false course; be truly a Frenchman in heart, or your people will expel you; and you will leave Holland an object of derision—of the derision of Dutchmen. It is by reason and policy, not by a bitter and vitiated temper, that states are governed. NAPOLEON."

Scarcely had this letter been received by Louis, when Napoleon was informed of a menial brawl, to which the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld, doubtless aware that he should serve his master agreeably by affording a pretense for an outbreaking, wished to give an importance quite diplomatic. Verily, according to his statement, the honor of his coachman had been compromised by an insult from a citizen of Amsterdam. This provocation grating harshly upon the dignified susceptibilities of the wearers of livery, they demanded *satisfaction!* Upon this a scuffle ensued, which *might* have become serious, since it began to assume the character of a dispute between the Dutch and French, when the guard of the palace put an end to the fray. On the report of his ambassador, which reached the Emperor three days after the last missive had been dispatched to his brother, Napoleon fulminated from Lille, where he then was, the following letter—and all about Count de la Rochefoucauld's coachee! The illustrious author of the "Maxims" himself could not have displayed more severe indignation when he declared war upon kings.

"MY BROTHER—At the moment when you make me the fairest protestations I learn that my ambassador's people have been maltreated in Amsterdam. My intention is that those who have rendered themselves so culpable towards me be delivered up in order that the vengeance which shall overtake them may serve as an example. The Sieur

Serrurier has tendered me an account of the manner in which you conducted yourself at the diplomatic audience. I declare to you, therefore, I will no longer that an ambassador from Holland be in Paris; Admiral Verhuell has orders to depart in twenty-four hours. I want no more phrases and protestations; time it is I should know whether you intend being the misfortune of Holland, and by your folly to cause the ruin of that country. It is my pleasure, also, that you send no more any ambassador to Austria. I will, likewise, that you send back all Frenchmen who are in your service. I have recalled my ambassador; I shall no longer have any, save a chargé d'affaires in Holland. The Sieur Serrurier, who remains there in that capacity, will make known to you my intentions. I do not again wish to expose an ambassador to your insults. Write no more of your usual periods; for three years, now, you have conned them over, and every instant proves their hollowness.

"This is the last letter I shall ever write to you. NAPOLEON."

Reduced, thus, to the last extremity; placed between the cruel necessity of ruining Holland by his own act, or of leaving her to the care of the Emperor, Louis did not hesitate; he resolved to lay down a scepter whose rule it was not permitted him to render paternal. This determination taken, he addressed a message to the Legislative Assembly, setting forth the too legitimate grounds of his abdication. What, in fact, could be a more lawful motive than the invasion of a country united to France by a compact termed a family alliance? But there was nothing then to withhold Napoleon in the career of his despotism. Under the command of the Duke of Reggio, more king in Holland than the king himself, the French troops had invaded that country and threatened to occupy Amsterdam, the capital. Louis descended from his throne. "Long have I foreseen," said the king in his message to the legislature, "the extremity to which I am reduced; but I could not avoid the evil without a betrayal of my most sacred obligations and sacrificing those rights which ought indissolubly to unite my fate to that of Holland." Louis subsequently promulgated his act of abdication. This he also founded upon the unfortunate situation of the kingdom, which he attributed to the hostile intentions of his brother, whom no efforts of his, no sacrifices consistent with the welfare of the country, had been able to mitigate; in fine, that he had been led to regard himself as the cause of the misunderstandings continually renewed between France and Holland. But that, though he should deem it a consolation to think his individual renouncement of

honors had been productive of good to his subjects, he renounced his rights only in favor of his sons, the Prince Royal, Louis Napoleon, and his brother, Prince Louis Charles Napoleon; her majesty the queen being regent by the constitution; meanwhile that the regency was confided to the privy council.

This seems to me really worthy of remark. Louis, in renouncing the crown of Holland, believed he had the power of doing so in favor of his children. Four years after Napoleon flattered himself he could abdicate the throne of France in favor of his son, the infant king of Rome. And if, in the history of Napoleon, we examine coincidences, how often do we find him, in the mightiness of his reverses, struck by precisely the same blows as he had leveled against others in the greatness of his power!

After having taken leave of his subjects in a proclamation, Louis retired to Tœplitz, in Bohemia. He was here living in seclusion and tranquillity, when he learned that his brother, far from respecting the conditions of his abdication, had united Holland to the empire. Upon this he published a protest, a copy of which I procured, though its circulation was strictly prohibited by the police. After a preamble setting forth his grievances, he declared "before God and all independent sovereigns—1. That the treaty separating Zealand and Brabant from Holland was accepted only provisionally, and by force, at Paris, where he was detained against his will; and the stipulations of which treaty had never been fulfilled on the Emperor's part. 2. That his abdication had taken place only at the last extremity, and in consequence of the violent measures resorted to against him. 3. He protested against the union of Holland, as a department, to the empire as illegal, unjust, and arbitrary, both before God and man; that kingdom belonging, in right, to the nation and the king, still a minor."

With this protest, dated August 1, 1810, and sealed with the seal of state, seemed to finish the correspondence of the two relatives. But Napoleon, enraged against his brother, summoned Louis to return as constable of France and a French prince. Louis deemed it expedient to refuse the summons; when Napoleon, faithful to his word, never again to write to his brother, ordered M. Otto, his ambassador at Vienna, to address the ex-king as follows:—

"SIRE:—The Emperor orders me to write to your Majesty in these terms—The duty of every French prince, and of every member of the imperial family, is to reside in France, and such cannot absent himself without permission from the Emperor. After the union of Holland

with the empire, the Emperor tolerated the king's residence at Tœplitz, in Bohemia. His health appeared to render the waters necessary; but now the Emperor gives it to be understood, that Prince Louis, as a French prince, and as a dignitary of the empire, must return, at latest, by the 1st December next, under pain of being pronounced disobedient to the institutions of the empire, and to the head of his family, and treated accordingly. OTTO."

What a letter to be addressed, by a subject, to a prince who had been a king! When I had occasion afterwards to see M. Otto, knowing my affection for Louis, he assured me that the above letter had given him much pain, and contained the exact words dictated by Napoleon in his resentment. I may speak hereafter of Louis, and especially of Hortense, but with the king and queen of Holland we have done.

CHAPTER XI.

METTERNICH—VIEWS OF SOULT AND MURAT—BONAPARTE'S LETTER TO FRANCIS—CAMPAIGN OF 1809—PLANS OF THE ARCHDUKE—SCHILL—DUKE OF BRUNSWICK—PRISON OF CŒUR DE LION—SMUGGLING—DISTRESS—JEROME—STAPS THE ASSASSIN—HIS EXAMINATION AND CHARACTER—TREATY OF RAAB—DEMOLITION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE—RETURN TO PARIS—THE POPE CARRIED AWAY FROM ROME—AN EXCOMMUNICATION—MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON WITH MARIA LOUISA—COMMERCIAL DECREES.

THE empire of Bonaparte was based only upon his sword; and it seemed as if all Europe must rise in arms to second his gigantic ambition. Contingents of troops were demanded from the German states, and this gave rise to an immense correspondence at least. But, as it was impossible to satisfy his requisitions, notes and orders were consigned to the portfolio, and the troops remained in their country. What folly to look for resources in the North against the North! At this time Metternich, since so well known, had for more than a year filled the situation of Austrian envoy at Paris, and seconded by grace in the drawing-room his more profound address in the cabinet. His object was to encourage the resentful tone of spirit at home, to which the absence of French troops from Germany, and the contest in Spain, gave still greater energy, with better hopes. Russia, too, was sounded: but, occupied as the Russians then were with the Swedes and Turks,

Austria could count upon her neutrality if not assistance. In truth, Russia must have rejoiced to behold France once more engaged in mortal struggle with Austria; and would, without doubt, have profited by her success to fall upon a recent enemy who had *constrained* her to peace. It is inconceivable, then, how, in this state of affairs, Napoleon could have been so blinded to the relations between these two powers as to claim the assistance of Russia in his contest with Austria. The accession of the Emperor Alexander to the interview at Erfurth, was rather an act of courtesy than of policy.

In fine, all that passed on the Continent wrought to the advantage of England. The continental powers were exhausting their forces in wars against France; while France herself, notwithstanding the immensity of her resources, and the indefatigable activity of her chief, was failing amid her very triumphs. The English had been driven from Spain but had returned. They selected Portugal as their place of landing, which country had in fact become as a colony to them, and thence marched against Marshal Soult. The marshal left Spain to meet them. Any other than Soult would, perhaps, have been thrown into embarrassment how to surmount the obstacles which he had to combat. Much has been said of his desire to proclaim himself king of Portugal. Bernadotte informed me, in passing through Hamburg, that there had been much discussion on the subject at headquarters after the battle of Wagram. He gave no credit to the report, and I am pretty certain Napoleon likewise disbelieved it. Soult had rendered too good service at Austerlitz for the Emperor to lend an ear to such rumors. Nevertheless this affair still rests in obscurity, which cannot be removed till some person fully acquainted with that intrigue chooses to speak out freely. We do not write history by doubts, hints, and suppositions, but by actual disclosures and established facts.

Since I have thus been led on to the chapter of *presumed* ambition, while engaged with so much of real aspirings, I may just state here what I know, with tolerable certainty, concerning Murat's hopes of succeeding the Emperor. The following are the facts:—When Romanzow returned from the unsuccessful mission to London, as already noticed, the Emperor was at Bayonne. Bernadotte, who had an agent (for whom, by the way, he paid roundly) at Paris, told me one day that his private dispatch informed him of Murat's having expressed the idea that he might one day succeed. Flatterers encouraged Murat in this chimerical expectation, whence they hoped to derive something to their own profit. I know not to what extent the Emperor was informed, nor what he said of this news, but Barnadotte pledged himself for its

truth. But, after all, it would be wrong to infer important conclusions from an expression probably uttered in the thoughtlessness of the moment, especially knowing Murat's vivacity of temperament, which often brought out imprudences: the results, however, were always to be apprehended with one of Napoleon's disposition, who, thanks to the fashion of his service, could at any time easily dispose of a man when he was or deemed himself to be somewhat important.

During the heat of the contest with Spain, which he directed in person, Napoleon learned that Austria for the first time had called out her Landwehre (militia). I had previously received most valuable intelligence on these movements through the director of the Hamburg *Correspondent*. That paper, circulating to the extent of sixty thousand copies, had its agents everywhere, and among others one of the functionaries in the war office at Vienna received for his information six thousand francs (£250) yearly. From this source we learned that Austria was arming and calling in all the resources of her powerful monarchy. The dispatches which I transmitted probably received also their corroboration from other quarters. Be this as it may, the Emperor now confided operations in the Peninsula to his generals and set out for Paris, where he arrived in the end of January, 1809. He had been in Spain only since the commencement of November, and his presence had recalled victory to our standards. But if the insurgent troops were defeated, the inhabitants, far from submitting, evinced more and more hostility to Joseph's cause, and it was by no means probable that he would ever sit in peace on the throne of Madrid.

I have already laid before the reader the letter from the Emperor of Austria, sent to Napoleon on the interview at Erfurth. The answer to that communication, dictated by a species of prophetic anticipation on the part of Napoleon, I preferred postponing till now, where its introduction falls in more directly with the train of events.

SIR, MY BROTHER—I thank your imperial and royal majesty for the letter you have been pleased to write, and which Baron de Vincent has delivered to me. I never entertained a doubt of your majesty's honorable intentions; but for a moment I was not without fear of beholding hostilities renewed between us. There is, at Vienna, a faction which affects apprehension, in order to precipitate your cabinet into violent measures, which will be the cause of misfortunes greater than any that have preceded. As master, I was in a condition to have dismembered the monarchy of your majesty, or at least to have left it less powerful. I desired not this. What your empire is, it is through

MARIA LOUISA, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

my forbearance—the best proof this of our accounts being closed and that I have no farther designs upon your territories. I am ever ready to guarantee the integrity of your majesty's monarchy. I never will undertake anything adverse to the grand interests of your realm. Your majesty, however, ought not again to bring under discussion what has been settled by a war of fifteen years' duration; everything tending to interrupt tranquillity is to be avoided. Your last levy might have provoked hostilities had I apprehended a combination with Russia in these preparations. I have just broken up the camp of the Confederation. One hundred thousand of my troops are on their march for Boulogne for the renewal of my projects against England. I had reason to believe, when I had the pleasure of seeing your majesty and had concluded the Treaty of Presburg, that our affairs were settled forever, and that I might bend my whole attention to the maritime war without being opposed or distracted. Let your majesty distrust all those who, by harping on the dangers of the monarchy, disturb your own peace, that of your family, and of your people; they alone are to be feared—they alone evoke the dangers which they pretend to dread. By an upright, frank, and candid bearing, your majesty will secure to your subjects and to yourself that happiness of which, after so many troubles, there must be so much need; and be assured of having in me a man decided never to undertake anything against your leading interests. Let your transactions show confidence and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days is simplicity and truth. Let me beseech your majesty to explain any causes of uneasiness as they occur; I will instantly dissipate them. Let your majesty permit me one word more: your majesty should be guided by your own judgment—your own feelings; they are much superior to those of your advisers. I entreat your majesty to construe my letter in good part, and to discover nothing therein which is not for the welfare and tranquillity of Europe and of your majesty."

From the tone of superiority assumed by Napoleon in this letter, as if he had been writing to one of the petty princes of the Confederation, there could be little doubt of a new war quickly taking place. The whole was in a spirit calculated to rouse the offended pride of the representative of the Cæsars. But, for a time, the preparations of Francis, though upon the largest scale, were secret and ostensibly defensive merely. Metternich, while he avoided all direct explanations, constantly averred, according to instructions, the peaceful desires of his court. Austria hesitated to step forth the first to the combat; but, at

length, yielding to the overt solicitations of England and the underhand instigations of Russia—above all, seduced by the subsidies of the former—she declared herself and commenced hostilities, not against France, but against our allies of the Confederation of the Rhine.

The first declaration of hostile intentions occurred on the 9th April, 1809, in the shape of a note addressed by Prince Charles, commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces, to the general of the French troops at Bavaria, and couched in these terms:—

"According to a declaration of his majesty the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor Napoleon, I advertise the general-in-chief commanding the French Army in Bavaria that I have an order to advance with the troops under my command, and to treat as enemies all those who shall oppose resistance."

A copy of this note was forwarded by a courier to Strasburg, and thence by telegraph to Paris. The Emperor, surprised, but not disconcerted, received the news at St. Cloud, on the 11th of April, and in two hours was upon the road to Germany. The complication of the affairs in which he now found himself engaged seemed to give new impetus to his activity. When he appeared at the army in Bavaria, neither his troops, nor even his guard, had yet been able to transport themselves thither. He threw himself at the head of the Bavarians: in six days after Napoleon's departure from Paris the army of the Archduke, who had passed the Inn, found itself menaced. The Emperor's headquarters were at Donawerth, whence he addressed to his soldiers one of those brief, energetic proclamations which effected prodigies; and this one alone, forwarded to me by an extraordinary courier, actually tranquilized the north of Germany, ready as all were to declare against him.

"Soldiers!—The territory of the Confederation has been violated. The Austrian general commanded us to flee the very aspect of his arms and abandon our allies. I am here with the speed of lightning. Soldiers! I was surrounded by you when the Austrian monarch came to my bivouac in Moravia: you heard him implore my clemency and swear to me the amity of a brother. Victors as we were in three wars, Austria owes all to our generosity: triply is she perjured! Our past success holds forth a sure pledge of the victory that awaits us. Forward, then! and at your presence let our foes acknowledge their conquerors!"

I had now an explanation of the urgency of preceding demands for contingencies from the circle to which I was accredited. These, as already mentioned, were again and again reiterated in February at the time when the camp of the Confederation had been broken up and the French troops withdrawn, not for the purpose of encamping at Boulogne, as Napoleon had announced to the Emperor of Austria, but of being directed against Spain. All this vast complication of events doubtless proved fatal to Europe, and in the end, even to France, whatever might be her success, but supplied an occasion for a brilliant display of the Emperor's genius. In like manner as his favorite poet Ossian loved to strike his lyre amid the tempest, so political convulsions seemed to awaken redoubled energies in his own dark spirit.

During the campaign of 1809, and at its commencement especially, the advance of Napoleon was even more rapid than in the struggle of 1805. But I do not attempt a full detail of proceedings: I limit myself as formerly to recollections, interesting in themselves, little known, and which fell under my own knowledge; but which at the same time throw light upon the whole campaign. When the Emperor had been informed of the attack directed by the Austrians against Bavaria, his orders were instantly expedited to all officers commanding divisions to hasten their march towards the theater of action. The Prince of Ponte Corvo was called among the rest and received the Saxons under his orders—a situation with which he was by no means satisfied. Bonaparte never forgave the 18th Brumaire. "We are," writes Bernadotte to me on the 6th, "in presence of the Austrians: they are very strong in Bohemia and in my front; and I have scarcely got together fifteen thousand Saxons." *

The promptitude of Napoleon was never more necessary than during the campaign of 1809; his decision in marching upon Vienna was a masterstroke, and anticipated the plots, well laid as they were, in case of a check to overturn his government in the north. England, intoxicated by some success in Portugal and Spain, had employed the whole machinery of her intrigues and had arranged an expedition in our quarter, which the success of the grand army alone prevented. This expedition was to consist of ten thousand men. Field artillery, clothing, muskets and stores of every kind were already collected in Heligoland, and Mr. Canning had been written to by the Austrian cabinet, urging the descent. It was the Archduke's design to concentrate in the heart of Germany a great mass of troops,

* General Damas, an excellent man, who fell in the campaign of Moscow, was appointed to succeed Bernadotte as governor in Hamburg.—*Translator.*

composed of the corps of Generals Amende and Radozwowitz, and the English troops, who were to be joined by the expected insurgents on their march through the northern states. The English cabinet would have wished that the Archduke had advanced a little way farther; but he preferred hazarding the diversion to compromising the safety of the monarchy by departing from its habitual inactivity and risking the passage of the Danube in the face of an adversary never to be surprised and who calculated all possible contingencies. To insure the success of the expedition, however, Field-marshal Kienmacker was sent with a large re-enforcement and a numerous staff to take the command in Saxony and Franconia, with directions to prosecute the invasion vigorously. In adopting this plan of campaign the Archduke hoped that the Emperor of France would either detach a strong division to the support of his allies, or would leave them to their own defense. In the former case, the Archduke would have retained great superiority over the grand army, thus diminished; and, in the latter, all was prepared in Hesse, Hanover, and other northern states for a revolt of the inhabitants on the approach of the English and Austrian armies.

But all these arrangements were rendered naught by the Emperor's new system of war, which consisted in pouncing upon the capital; thus paralyzing the enemy in the very center of his strength and forcing him speedily to sue for peace. He was master of Vienna before England had even organized the intended expedition. In the commencement of July, indeed, the English did approach Cuxhaven with twelve small vessels of war. Here they disembarked four or five hundred seamen, with some fifty marines, and planted a standard upon one of the outworks. The day after this landing the English in Denmark evacuated Copenhagen after destroying a battery erected by the naval forces. On quitting Cuxhaven they arrested Desarts, agent for the consulate at Hamburg, who, on being reclaimed as a citizen, was provisionally set at liberty by Lord Stuart.

But to return to the Emperor's progress. Setting out from Paris on the 11th, we have seen him on the 17th at Donawerth in active operations at the head of the Bavarians; on the 23d he was master of Ratisbon. In the engagement which preceded his entrance into that city Napoleon was wounded in the heel; the hurt, slight indeed, could not induce him to quit for an instant the field of battle. Between Donawerth and Ratisbon, also, by a brilliant achievement, as skillful as it was daring, Davoust gained and merited his title of Prince of Eckmühl. Before quitting Ratisbon the Emperor issued to his soldiers another of his brief addresses;—

"You have justified my anticipations and have supplied numbers by bravery. In the course of a few days we have triumphed in the three battles of Thann, D'Abensberg and Eckmühl, also in the engagements of Peissing, Ladshut and Ratisbon. The enemy, intoxicated by a perjured cabinet, seemed to have no longer preserved any remembrance of us. You have shown yourselves to be more terrible than ever. Lately our enemies have invaded the territories of our allies; but a little while, and they flattered themselves with carrying the war into the bosom of our country; to-day, defeated and terror-struck, they are in disordered flight. Already my advanced guard has passed the Ino: before a month we shall be in Vienna."

Fortune seemed then to sport her favors in terms of this boasting, for a month had not elapsed when another proclamation from the Emperor announced to his soldiers their entrance into the Austrian capital. But, while he was thus marching from triumph to triumph, we at Hamburg and the places adjacent had a neighbor whose presence inspired anything but security. This was the famous Prussian partisan, Major Schill, who, after exercising his freebooting in Westphalia, had thrown himself into Mecklenburg, whence, as I learned, he designed to surprise our city. He had said in Westphalia that in Hamburg should be paid the contributions levied from Jerome's kingdom. At the head of six hundred hussars, well mounted and full of audacity, with some fifteen hundred foot badly armed, he carried the small fortress of Domitz, in Mecklenburg, on the 15th May. From this station he sent out parties who raised contributions on both sides of the Elbe, stopped and plundered the public diligences, inquiring eagerly after news from England. This partisan inspired great terror in his progress; requisitions when not granted were taken by force. He advanced to Bergdorf, within twelve miles of Hamburg, capturing Wismar, summoning Stralsund, and forcing the Duke of Mecklenburg, though he had protected and granted lands to the officer, Count Moleke, who pursued him, to seek safety in flight. The alarm at Hamburg became general. Some even talked of bribing Schill to depart, but more firm counsels prevailed. I consulted with the magistracy, took measures for a defense, and sent under a strong escort into Holstein the custom-house chest with a million in gold. At the same time I dispatched to Schill's leaguer a dexterous spy, who so frightened the marauder, bold as he was, by descriptions of our means and resolutions of defense that, breaking up his camp and leaving us on his left, he marched upon Lubeck, which, being without defense, could offer none. A single hussar of his band

had outstripped the main body and, presenting himself alone at the gate, demanded admittance and billets for two or three thousand men who were coming. The guard of the custom-house were about to fire upon this daring prowler, when he scampered off at full gallop. Such was the spirit of the foray. But Schill's farther progress was soon barred. Lieutenant-General Gratien set out from Berlin in pursuit, by order of the Prince of Neufchatel, with three thousand five hundred Swedes and Hollanders. These, some days after, having hemmed in his corps at Stralsund, Schill defended himself to the last, and after an engagement of two hours, the chief being killed, the whole band was destroyed or dispersed.

A war of brigandage such as that carried on by Schill cannot be honorably acknowledged by any power which respects itself; yet the English government, always on the watch to excite and support wars of sedition and maurauding, sent to Schill the brevet of colonel and the complete uniform of his new rank, with the assurance that his whole band should thenceforth be in the pay of England. This famous partisan had soon an imitator of a more elevated rank in the Duke of Brunswick-Oels, who, in August of the same year, pursued an equally adventurous and more successful career. At the head of about two thousand men, more or less, he spread dismay along the left bank of the Elbe and entered Bremen on the 5th. An officer of the Duke's presented himself at the house of the French consul, who had fled, and demanded two hundred louis (£160), otherwise he would give orders to pillage. The person who had been left in charge persuaded the officer to accept of eighty louis, for which the honest robber gave an acknowledgment in the duke's name. The Brunswickers, being pursued by the troops of Westphalia under General Reubell, quitted Bremen on the evening of the 6th, endeavoring to gain Holland in all haste. On the 7th the pursuers entered that town and set out again in pursuit. Meanwhile three to four thousand English disembarked at Cuxhaven, but, as before, without effecting anything. The Duke of Brunswick, always pursued, had traversed Germany from the confines of Bohemia to Elsfleth, a small seaport on the left bank of the Weser, where he arrived on the 7th, one day's march in advance of his pursuers. Here he seized all the means of transport and, embarking his troops, reached Heligoland in safety. General Reubell was very improperly disgraced, as if by his negligence the duke had escaped. This unjust punishment produced a bad effect upon the public mind.

Such is the history, or rather adventures, of two men, of whom the former was really remarkable for his dauntless bravery: they both in-

flicted much mischief and might have opened all eyes to what the free bands of Germany would be able to achieve, when the day of her emancipation arrived.

Rapp, who had resumed his functions near the Emperor's person as aid-de-camp during the second campaign of Vienna, related to me one of those traits or judgments of Napoleon which, from him, when compared with events which have since occurred, seemed like sympathetic foresights of his own destiny. One day, while a few marches from Vienna, the Emperor, who kept a guide by him to give the names of all the villages and explain the smallest ruin which he passed on his march, perceived crowning an eminence the decayed remains of an ancient fortalice. "These," said the guide, "are the ruins of the castle of Diernstein." Napoleon suddenly stopped, assumed a meditative air, and continued for some time motionless, gazing on the ruins. Then turning to Marshal Lannes, who accompanied him on horseback, "Look," said the Emperor; "behold the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion. He, like us, went to Syria and Palestine. The Lion-Heart, my brave Lannes, was not braver than thou, though more fortunate than I, at Acre. A duke of Austria sold him to an emperor of Germany, who shut him up yonder. These were the times of barbarism. How different from our civilization! It has been seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, when I could have made him my prisoner. Well, well; I shall treat him again exactly in the same way. Yet it is not I who will this—it is the age; crowned heads must now be respected. A conqueror in a stronghold!"*

A few days afterwards the Emperor was at the gates of Vienna; but, this once, access to the capital was not so easy as in 1805. The fortunate hardihood of Lannes then opened the gates; but the marshal's days were numbered; he fell soon after the conversation above,

* Richard occupied at least two separate places of confinement—the first Diernstein, and the second whence he was ransomed, Gresshenstein. The latter stands upon a wooded and romantic steep, on the right bank of the Danube, closely overlooking its broad and rapid stream, here divided by numerous islands, and about twenty-five miles above Vienna. This feudal stronghold is still in good repair and occasionally inhabited for a week or two as a hunting seat by its noble owner, Prince Lichtenstein. A pilgrimage to this spot is remembered as a most delightful excursion. Richard's prison, a room in the second story of a square tower, with walls twelve feet thick, remains exactly as when "a king was its captive." In one angle still stands his bed, or rather *den*, built of squared oak beams; and round the walls are inscribed names in languages both of Europe and Asia. "Lionheart" I found to be a household word among the surrounding peasantry; and, from a maiden who was seated by a murmuring brook, decking her head with wild flowers and singing, I procured several stanzas attributed from time immemorial to the English monarch.—*Translator.*

in the battle of Wagram. The Archduke Ferdinand, shut up in the city, determined on defending his post, though the French were already in possession of the principal suburbs. In vain were different flags of truce sent in; the bearers were not only refused admittance, but even maltreated, and one of them almost massacred by the populace. A bombardment then commenced, and the city was soon wrapt in flames. The Emperor being informed that one of the archduchesses had remained in Vienna detained by illness, gave orders to cease firing. Strange destiny of Napoleon! this archduchess was Maria Louisa! Vienna at last capitulated, and the Emperor then, as of old, established at Schœnbrunn, did not fail to remind his soldiers in a new proclamation what he had predicted in his last address :—

"Soldiers!—A month after the enemy had passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour, we entered Vienna. Landwehres, levies *en masse*, ramparts created by the powerless resentment of the princes of the house of Lorraine, have been unable to support your mere looks. The princes of that house leave their capital, not as soldiers of honor, who yield to the circumstances of war, but like perjured men pursued by their own remorse. Flying from Vienna, their adieus to its inhabitants were murder and conflagration. Like Medea they have strangled their children with their own hands. Soldiers! the population of Vienna, using the words of the deputation from its suburbs, disheartened and abandoned, will become the objects of your attention. I take under my especial protection all the peaceable inhabitants; as to turbulent and wicked men I shall make them examples of summary justice. Soldiers! be kind to the poor peasants—to that honest people who have so many claims to your esteem; let us cherish no pride of success; let us behold therein a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured!"

Who would have thought after this proclamation, in which the Emperor of Austria was treated with so little respect, that the campaign would terminate in Napoleon becoming his son-in-law? Besides, I have always thought that this mania of Bonaparte in insulting his enemies was bad policy; but my observations on this point were invariably ill received.

If again it be asked, why I thus convert to my own purposes Napoleon's proclamations, while preserving a religious silence in respect to his bulletins? the answer is obvious: the former, with the exception of predictions not always verified, were founded in fact; they stated par-

ticulars known to those who had been personally actors; but the latter were intended for the people of France and foreign countries, and too well justified the proverb, "Mendacious as a bulletin."

But the Emperor had undertaken too many things at once for these all equally to succeed. While engaged so prosperously in the heart of Germany his commercial decrees were sadly infringed along its coasts. In some places, notwithstanding his beloved Continental System, things went on as in times of peace. And—commodities still more obnoxious than any other manufactured or imported by his enemy—her news and newspapers circulated as if England and France had been on the best footing possible. At Hamburg, however, the acts were not so overt, but that by secret means colonial productions were smuggled in to a great extent. More than six thousand individuals, chiefly of the populace, were employed in this contraband trade, going and returning twenty times in the day between Altona and Hamburg, with goods so concealed as decency prohibits my describing. I may mention two, however, out of many ingenious instances of more wholesale dealings. Between these towns lay a piece of ground whence materials were brought to repair one of the principal streets of Hamburg. During the night the sand pits were filled with brown sugar, which, of course, nearly resembled the paving materials in color. With this sugar the small carts which conveyed these materials were filled, the load covered with paper, and a layer of sand some inches thick laid over the whole. The searching rods of the excisemen easily penetrated to the bottom; they saw nothing but sand and the whole went on merrily. As may be supposed, the street continued long under repair, those concerned being in no haste to mend their ways: and as this happened to be the road to my country house, I complained of the delay without knowing the cause. The custom-house men made the same discovery, that the paving advanced with marvelous slowness; and seized, one luckless day, the whole of the carts. So it became necessary to fall upon some other contrivance.

Upon the right bank of the Elbe, between Altona and Hamburg, lies a small village inhabited by sailors, laborers in the harbor, and a considerable number of respectable proprietors. Their burial-place is within the city of Hamburg. Well, it was observed that a more than ordinary number of hearses, but with all the proper decorations and customary rites, passed from this small place. Astonished at the extreme mortality which appeared suddenly to have fallen upon their worthy neighbors without the walls, the excise at length ventured to interrogate one of the defunct. Dead men, they say, tell no tales; and,

truly, so it happened here, for somehow or other the lamented deceased could not be found, though most amply provided in the commodities of coffee, sugar, vanilla, indigo, etc. Once more a branch of trade was knocked up.

Penalties and confiscations overwhelmed the delinquents; but these did not prevent, sometimes even by force, the people from struggling against a fiscal barbarism which, instead of injuring England, was bringing ruin to the Continent by forcing us to pay four or five prices for colonial produce. But jealous as he was above all things of what men said, no matter what they thought of him, Napoleon, during the campaign, sent me order upon order to watch the journals. At length I settled the matter by obtaining, from the Syndic Censor, that nothing should be inserted in the journals of Hamburg from the other newspapers of Germany except such articles as had previously appeared in the French journals!

My recollections of 1809 now carried me forward to another of Bonaparte's birthdays. He had introduced a new saint into the calendar under the name of St. Napoleon, and appointed the festival for his own birthday, the 15th August. The coincidence of this date with the day of the Assumption gave occasion to the most inconceivable adulation. Will my readers believe that the words I am now to quote were pronounced from the pulpit? "God, in his sacred mercy, made choice of Napoleon to be his representative upon earth. The Queen of Heaven* has deigned to mark, by the most munificent of gifts, the anniversary of that day which witnessed her reception into the celestial mansions. Holy Virgin! it was not without an especial dispensation of thy love for the French, and of thine all-powerful influence with thy Son, that to the chief of these thy solemn days should belong the birth of the great Napoleon. God decreed that from thy sepulcher should spring a hero!" I might treat to other specimens, but disgust withholds me; and certainly the episcopal mandaments of the empire would form a curious collection.

This 15th of August, so favorable to the growth and practice of flattery, was, on the present occasion, a most auspicious day for those personages who were named princes of Wagram, Essling and Eckmühl, and to seven others created dukes at the same time. There was here something positive; yet have we vapid declaimers against such titles, recommended as they were by a good endowment. But let us see these men put to the proof—would they have hesitated? *Credat*

* So the Romish Church terms the Virgin Mary.

Judæus! I, too, had my luck on this day. After the ceremonial at Hamburg I made a short excursion to Lubeck. During my brief stay in that place arrived a certain Pollon d'Alix, calling himself a native of Neufchatel, whose appearance, demeanor and acquaintances liked me not. I felt a strong presentiment to arrest the man. This was a measure I had much repugnance to enforce, even in cases of actual culpability: still the presentiment was strong: I did order his arrest; which hardly effected, a letter reached me from Westphalia, having been expedited afterwards to Lubeck, recommending by all means to secure this said Pollon d' Alix as a most dangerous person. He was introduced with recommendations to the police at Paris, who best know what became of him.

At this time the King of Westphalia was on a tour through his states, and had advanced to no great distance from Hamburg. Of all Bonaparte's brothers he had been least known to me; and, of all the family, evidently possessed the smallest claims to personal esteem. I have in my possession only two of his letters, one of which, dated 23d November, 1802, is already before the reader.* The other, of the 6th September, 1809, runs as follows:—

"MONSIEUR BOURRIENNE—I shall be at Hanover on the 10th: if it were possible for you to come there and pass twenty-four hours, it would be agreeable to me. I should then be able to remove all the difficulties which may arise in negotiating the loan which I wish to raise in the Hanse Towns. I have pleasure in believing that you will do all in your power to forward the affair. At the present moment this loan, as respects my kingdom, is an operation of extreme importance. I offer *securities more than sufficient;* but it will be of no service to me unless granted for at least two years.

"JEROME NAPOLEON."

Now, I ask, is it not most amusing, on comparing these two letters seven years distant in date, to find that Jerome, lieutenant of a cutter, and Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia, had but one and the same object in writing—to ask for money? The naval officer's concern was easily got over at the expense of only a few epithets, launched by the First Consul against *the dirty little rascal*, as he then termed Jerome; but the affair of his Majesty of Westphalia required more delicate management. Jerome wished to borrow from Hamburg the sum of

* See Vol. I., p. 336.

three millions of francs (125,000); but, notwithstanding his Westphalian Majesty's "more than sufficient securities," no lenders would untie their purse-strings. However, without employing my influence as minister of France, which I dared not do without consulting the Emperor, I prevailed upon the senate to grant one hundred thousand francs towards paying the arrears due to his troops; and a farther sum of two hundred thousand (in all £12,500) for clothing and other necessaries, for his soldiers were in want of everything. This will appear from the fact that he first equipped twenty-five of his own body-guard, the members of which had before been literally naked. The misery which at this time reigned throughout Germany, both among the allies and enemies of France, may be gathered from an expression of the King of Bavaria. I use his very words to one of the imperial household: "If things continue thus we may shut shop and put the key under the door."

Jerome, though sadly disappointed, seemed to consider himself under some obligation, and sent me, some days after, his portrait, in a box set with diamonds, with a letter thanking me for what I had done for his unfortunate soldiers. This, I can safely say, gave me no pleasure, as I wished to have no favors from the Bonaparte family; but it never entered my brain to refuse the present of a crowned head. Napoleon was not of the same opinion. Courier after courier brought reproaches for having accepted without consulting him, and orders for me to return "this mark of special regard," for so had I designated the miniature in a general dispatch to the foreign minister. I sent back the box with the brilliants and retained the portrait. Napoleon, however, had been led to apprehend that there was something irregular in the loan, which probably irritated him, and I had great trouble in proving, though he was at last convinced, that Jerome had behaved with all due propriety. As to the loan actually effected, the senators rejoiced in coming off so well; for they dreaded a visit from the Westphalian division, and that would have cost much more.

We return to Napoleon at Vienna, who, after the decisive battle of Wagram, became involved in apparently endless negotiations with Austria. His patience failing, he formed a plan to revolutionize and dismember Hungary; but, though the design was at this period maturely considered and even settled, the urgency of other affairs caused its being abandoned. I was not, however, surprised in the least on receiving the intelligence of the proposed revolution, for it only recalled one instance more of a return by the Emperor to the projects of Bonaparte which I myself had assisted in raising. Thus, I had noted that

one evening, before the Treaty of Campo-Formio, he said to Berthier and me—"There might be something done with Hungary; if the Austrian government does not speedily come to a conclusion an insurrection in that country would do no harm; and nothing can be more easy. The Hungarians have not the same apathy as the inhabitants of the other Austrian provinces."

While negotiations were going on, the Emperor visited all the corps of his army, and the field of battle of Wagram, which had lately witnessed one of those feats of arms success in which is the more glorious that it has been bravely contested. In the camp before Vienna, also, he instituted the order of the "Three Fleeces," an institution which was never practically realized. But he did not always amuse himself so harmlessly in conceiving designs; he now executed one which alienated many minds in France. Five days after the bombardment of Vienna, that is to say on the 17th of May, Napoleon promulgated a decree by which the Papal States were united to the empire and Rome declared an imperial city. Whether this was good or bad policy we shall see hereafter; meanwhile it was a usurpation without courage, and considering the individual relations which had subsisted between the parties, an act of base ingratitude.

At Vienna, too, Napoleon received intelligence of the disaster at Talavera de la Reyna. My letters from headquarters described his being greatly affected, and making no secret of the pain inflicted by the loss thus sustained by his arms. I believe him to have been strongly attached to the conquest, just in proportion to its difficulties: this conquest he now beheld, if not wrested from his grasp, at least become doubtful in the dark chances of futurity. At Talavera began also to be known in Europe the name of a man who, perhaps, might not have been without some glory had not a great reputation been attempted to be claimed for him. This formed the brilliant *début* of Arthur Wellesley, whose final successes, however they might have been gained, were attended with such vast results.*

* I render the exact *meaning*, but cannot pretend to assign the import of this passage as understood by my original. The Duke of Wellington defeated in succession his most skillful marshals, and finally Napoleon himself. How low, then, must be considered their renown if that of their conqueror be not great indeed! Among the many coincidences to be found in the life of Bonaparte it is not one of the least singular that, in 1805, at *Vienna*, he should have learned the disastrous conflict of Trafalgar; and, again at *Vienna*, in 1809, the English victory of Talavera: each intimation, too, given in the very midst of triumphant negotiations, and each striking at the vitals of his strength. The first annihilated his marine; the second launched a blow which, followed up, laid prostrate the colossus of his military power.—*Translator.*

While we experienced this check in the Peninsula, the English attempted an expedition into Holland, where they had already made themselves masters of Walcheren. This conquest, indeed, they were obliged speedily to abandon; but as the peace between Austria and France was still under discussion, in consequence of the armistice of Znaim, the reverses of the latter prolonged the settlement of conditions, the former expecting that new defeats might render these less objectionable. These delays occasioned Napoleon great irritation. He burned to be revenged on the sole enemies that remained, Spain and Britain. The Spanish affairs especially engaged his attention, for the battle of Talavera had struck at his military renown. This was not, however, the sole motive which induced him to relax somewhat in his pretensions with Austria.

Germany, at this time, presented a scene of suffering which it is impossible to describe; this was increased by the presence of foreign troops, always grievous, whatever care the French generals might employ to maintain discipline; and to misery, illuminism had added the evils of fanaticism. As the only means of delivering Germany, a young man formed the design of assassinating Napoleon, whom the unfortunate youth regarded as her scourge. Rapp and Berthier were close by the Emperor when the assassin was secured, and I congratulate myself on laying before the world the following details, the only exact and authentic ones which have yet appeared on this mysterious affair. General Rapp and myself had pledged ourselves to mutual confidence on the attempt of Staps, which he witnessed, and that of another still more extraordinary enthusiast, with the particulars of which, as will hereafter appear, I alone am fully acquainted.

"We were at Schœnbrunn"—I give Rapp's own narrative as entered in my notes at the time—"where the Emperor was holding a review. I had for some time remarked a young man at the extremity of a column, whom, just as the troops were about to defile, I observed to advance towards the Emperor, at that moment standing between Berthier and myself. The Prince of Neufchatel (Berthier), supposing he had a petition to present, went up and directed him to apply to me, as I happened to be the aid-de-camp on service for the day. The youth returned for answer that it was with Napoleon himself he wished to speak, and Berthier again told him to address himself to me. He then removed to a short distance, still repeating that he wanted to speak to Napoleon. A second time he advanced, and approached very close to the Emperor. I desired him to fall back, speaking in German, and stating that, after parade, if he had anything to ask, he would be

heard. I marked him with attention, for his insisting began to render me suspicious. I observed that he had his right hand thrust into the left breast pocket of his surtout, whence he allowed a paper to appear. I know not by what chance, but my eye at this moment met his: I was struck with his expression and with a certain air of determination, which appeared to me constrained. Seeing an officer of the gendarmerie standing near, I desired him to secure the young man, without violence, and to detain him quietly in the château till after parade. All this passed in less time than my relation has occupied, and as everybody's attention was at that moment taken up with the review, no one remarked the occurrence. Soon afterwards I received information that a large carving knife had been found upon the prisoner, who had given his name Staps. I went instantly for Duroc, and we proceeded together to the room where Staps had been confined. We found him seated on a bed, thoughtful but not intimidated. Near him lay a portrait of a young female, his pocket-book, and a purse containing only two pieces of gold. [Rapp, I think, told me these were two old louis-d'or.] First," continued Rapp, "I asked him his name? He replied, 'I will confess only to Napoleon.' Again I asked what use he meant to make of the knife? Always the same answer—'I will confess to no one but Napoleon.'—'Did you,' added I, 'intend it for an attempt against his life?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Why?'—'I shall make no answer, save to Napoleon.'

"This, altogether, appeared to me so strange that I conceived it my duty to inform the Emperor. On relating what had passed, he betrayed a slight degree of anxiety; for you know," added Ripp, "how strongly he is haunted with ideas of assassination. After a pause he desired me to order the young man to be brought in; but gave me this direction in a tone such as neither you nor I ever knew him to assume. He continued to pass his right hand across his forehead and regarded with scrutinizing glance all present. Berthier, Bernadotte, Savary, Duroc, besides myself were there; and I remarked that the Emperor fixed his eyes alternately upon several of us, although he might have known well that amongst us there was not one who would have hesitated to sacrifice life to do him service. Two gendarmes, according to the orders I had been charged with transmitting, brought Staps into his presence. The poor youth, spite of his intended crime, exhibited in his personal appearance something prepossessing by which it was impossible not to feel interested. I would willingly have heard him give denial of criminal intentions; but how the devil save a young fellow who was bent on his own destruction? 'Do you speak French?'

demanded the Emperor. Staps replied that he spoke the language very imperfectly. As you know," continued Rapp, "that, next to yourself, I am the best German scholar in the imperial court, the duty of interrogating in that language devolved upon me. But in this examination I was merely interpreter. Such was Napoleon's eagerness to know the replies, that in the following dialogue the Emperor and Staps are the speakers; I was only the instrument of communication, rendering the Emperor's questions into German and the responses into French.

"*Emperor*, 'Whence came you?'—*Staps*, 'From Narremberg.'—'What is your father's profession?'—'He is Protestant minister there.'—'How old are you?'—'Eighteen.'—'What were you to do with your knife?'—'Kill you.'—'You are mad, young man; you are one of the illuminati.'—'I am not mad; I do not know the meaning of illuminati.'—'You are ill, then?'—'I am not ill; I am in perfect health.'—'Why would you kill me?'—'Because you are the cause of the misfortunes of my country.'—'Have I done any injury to you?' 'To me, as to every German.'—'By whom were you sent?—who instigated you to this crime?'—'No one; it is my intimate conviction that, in slaying you, I render the greatest service to my country and to Europe, which armed my hand.'—'Is this the first time you have seen me?'—'I saw you at Erfurth, at the time of your interview with the Emperor of Russia.'—'Had you not then the intention of killing me?'—'No; I believed you would not again make war upon Germany. I was one of your greatest admirers.'—'How long have you been in Vienna?'—'Ten days.'—'Why did you delay so long before attempting your design?'—'Eight days ago I arrived in Schœnbrunn, intending to kill you; but the parade had just ended. I postponed the execution of my attempt till to-day.'—'You are insane, I tell you or you, are ill.'

"Here the Emperor desired Corvisart to be sent for. Staps inquired who was Corvisart? 'A physician,' I replied. 'It needs not,' said the youth; after which he kept silence till the doctor arrived. During this interval Staps exhibited the most astonishing composure. The moment Corvisart entered, Napoleon gave him orders to feel the young man's pulse, which he did immediately, when Staps said, 'Is it not so, sir? am I not quite well?'—'The young gentleman,' said Corvisart, addressing the Emperor, 'is in perfect health.'—'Did I not speak truly?' resumed Staps, pronouncing these words with a sort of satisfaction. I really was astonished at the coolness and impassibility of Staps; and Napoleon himself seemed as if in momentary amazement at the young man's firmness. After some brief pause the Emperor

thus resumed:—'Your brain is disordered. You will cause the ruin of your family. I will grant your life if you will ask my pardon for the crime which you designed to commit, and for which you ought to be sorry.'—'I want no pardon; I feel the liveliest regret for not having succeeded.'—'The devil! it appears crime is nothing to you.'—'To kill you is no crime—it is a duty.'—'Whose portrait was that found upon you?'—'It is that of a young person whom I love.'—'She will doubtless be much afflicted by your adventure.'—'She will be afflicted only at my failure; she abhors you as much as I do.'*—'But, after all this, if I pardon you, will you not be thankful to me?'—'I will kill you not the less.'

"Napoleon," continued Rapp, "exhibited a state of stupefaction such as I had never witnessed in him. The replies of Staps and his unshaken resolution had reduced him to a condition that I cannot describe. He ordered the prisoner to be removed. When the latter had been led away, 'Behold,' said Napoleon to us, 'the results of the illuminism which infests Germany. These are fine principles, on my word, and charming lights which transform youth into assassins! But there is no remedy against illuminism; a sect cannot be destroyed at the cannon's mouth.' After some farther declamation against the illuminati, Napoleon with Berthier withdrew to his cabinet, and the event, which it was endeavored to conceal, became the subject of conversation to the inhabitants of the castle of Schœnbrunn. In the evening the Emperor sent for me. 'Rapp,' said he, 'truly the occurrence of the morning is most extraordinary. I cannot believe that this young man alone could conceive the design of assassinating me. There is something more at the bottom. I shall not easily be convinced that the courts of Berlin and Wismar are strangers to the affair.'—'Sire, permit me,' said I, 'to tell your majesty that these suspicions appear to me groundless. Staps is an isolated individual; his calm countenance, and even his fanaticism, are proofs of this.'—'But I tell you,' interrupted the Emperor, 'that there are women in this plot—furies thirsting for vengeance: could I obtain evidence, I would have them seized in the midst of their court!'—'Ah! sire, it is impossible that man or woman in these courts could have harbored so atrocious a design.'—'I am by no means sure of that. was it not they who stirred on Schill against us while we were at peace with Prussia? But patience—we shall see one day.'—'But, sire, Schill's affairs had nothing in common with this attempt of Staps.'—You

* This *amiable* young lady—fit specimen of what German novels can effect—was, I have been given to understand, a relation, and resided with the parents of Staps.

know," pursued Rapp, "how desirous the Emperor always is that every one should go in with his opinion. I had a proof of it here; for all at once dropping his familiarity of address, he continued in the same tone of voice, however, 'You speak in vain, Monsieur le General; they like us not, neither at Berlin nor Wismar. I know the furious enmity of these women—but patience. You will write to General Lauer; it is his duty to examine Staps; say especially that I recommend to him to extract some confession.'

"I wrote in terms of these instructions, but in vain; Staps adhered to the declaration given to the Emperor; his placidity and resignation never for a moment forsook him, and he persisted in saying that he alone was the contriver and sole confidant of his design. Still the Emperor was so struck by the enterprise of Staps that he spoke again to me on the subject a few days after, when we were to leave Schœnbrunn. We were alone when he remarked to me—'That unfortunate Staps, I cannot get him out of my mind. When I think of him my thoughts are lost in perplexity. No—I cannot conceive that a young man of his age—a German, one who had received a good education; above all, a Protestant, could have imagined and designed to execute such a crime. Consider for a moment; the Italians are regarded as a nation of assassins; well! not one Italian ever attempted my life. It is beyond my comprehension. Inform yourself of the manner in which Staps died, and let me know.' I made the necessary inquiries of General Lauer; it appeared that Staps, whose attempt was made on the 23d of October, was executed on the 27th, at seven in the morning, and had not tasted food from the 24th. On provisions being brought he refused to eat, saying, 'I have strength sufficient to carry me to death.' When informed that peace was concluded he expressed great sorrow and a trembling passed over his whole frame. Having reached the place of execution, he cried out with a loud voice, 'Hail, liberty! Germany forever! Death to the tyrant!'—and fell."

Such was Rapp's recital to me while we walked together in the garden of the old hotel of Monctmorin, which the general then inhabited. He likewise showed me the knife with which Staps had intended to perpetrate the deed and which the Emperor had given him. It was nothing more than an ordinary carving knife. Another important circumstance connected with this adventure, and which I drew from a different but not less authentic source, is that the attempt of Staps both hastened the conclusion and influenced the conditions of peace. After the battle of Wagram conferences, as is generally known, were opened at Raab. Although by this time peace had become equally

necessary to both powers, they were not in the same condition to enforce it; but, beaten as she was, Austria still held by certain reservations. M. de Champagny, plenipotentiary on the part of France, had brought Prince Lichtenstein, representative of Austria, to concede the most important demands—those relating to the proposed limitations of territory. But new difficulties were started by Napoleon, whose requisitions increased in proportion to the facile concessions of Austria. Negotiations were thus suspended, nor had the envoys met for several days when the enterprise of Staps took place. Immediately after the examination of the young fanatic, as above related, Napoleon sent for M. de Champagny.—"Where are the negotiations?" The minister described their situation at last meeting.—"I desire that they be immediately resumed. Conclude: I wish peace: do not demur for a few millions more or less in the amount of the indemnity I require from Austria: yield that point. I wish to finish: I leave that matter to you."

The promptitude of the minister did not admit time for the Emperor to retract: the same evening the conferences were resumed, the conditions in debate discussed, settled and signed before morning. I know that on the morrow, when the plenipotentiary presented himself at the levée, with the treaty ready for signature, Napoleon hardly examined it, approved of all, signed, and signified his satisfaction with the dispatch that had been used. This was the way to serve Napoleon. How often have I seen him leave his cabinet with sage and moderate resolutions; then, on traversing the ranks of his soldiers, whom he had been accustomed to behold victorious under his guidance, relapse into his gigantic ideas, lay his prudent determinations aside and launch forth into the vague and imaginative of an ambitious futurity. By the treaty thus concluded, through the promptitude of the plenipotentiaries, and without doubt hastened by the attempted crime of the youthful enthusiast, whom Napoleon believed might be only one of many, the ancient edifice of the German empire was overthrown. Francis II., Emperor of Germany, became Francis I., Emperor of Austria. Unlike his namesake of France, the newly created Francis I. could not say, "All is lost, save honor." Honor had been not a little compromised, but all else was not lost. Nevertheless, the Austrian monarchy had to sustain grievous sacrifices: as had been the case in 1805, Napoleon took care of himself and his allies. Austria ceded to the sovereigns of the Confederation of the Rhine the countries of Saltzburg and Bergtolsgaden, with a portion of Upper Austria; and to France the district of Goritzia, the territory of the Montifalcone,

the government and city of Trieste, the circle of Willach in Carinthia, and all the countries situated on the right bank of the Saave to the confines of Bosnia, with Carniola and a part of Croatia, Fiume and the coast of Hungary, with Istria. The grandduchy of Warsaw was augmented by Western Galitzia and Cracovia. Russia also came in for part of the spoils of Austria, as she had previously shared those of Prussia; and received the remainder of Galitzia for having kept up an army of observation of thirty thousand men, which, doubtless, would have fallen upon Napoleon had he been beaten! So much new work for geographers—a class of men much indebted to the Emperor. The countries added to France were immediately thrown under one general government and designated the Illyrian Provinces. By these acquisitions Napoleon became minister of both sides of the Adriatic; and Austria, shut out from all foreign commerce by the loss of Trieste and her sea coast, had been obliged to agree to a peace, which, from these very causes, could not be lasting.

After consenting to these so advantageous conditions Napoleon was so urgent to quit the country where new imitators of Staps might spring up, that he set out before he had ratified the preliminaries of peace, announcing his intention of doing so on reaching Munich. In all haste, therefore, he repaired to Nymphemburg, where the court of Bavaria waited his arrival; afterwards visited the King of Wirtemberg, whom he found the most intellectual sovereign in Europe; and by the end of October was at Fontainebleau. When the the Emperor quitted the last place for Paris he made the distance on horseback, and with such rapidity that only a single horseman of his whole escort had been able to keep up with him; and, attended by this one guard alone, he entered the court of the Tuileries.

I return to some intervening events. We have seen by the decree of the 17th May that the papal states were united to the empire. This was an impolitic measure, with respect both to Protestants and Catholics; the former beheld the oppression of a feeble old man, the latter saw in that oppression an insult to the head of their religion. Napoleon again calculated that the triple tiara of Rome would easily bend before the new double crown of France, and rushed without consideration into a violence which he did not foresee would arm both prejudice and humanity against him. On the other hand, the Pope miscalculated his means of resistance and renewed the papal extravagances of the dark ages. I was sure of my agents, yet could scarcely credit the veracity of the following document, which, as I never saw it elsewhere, may here gratify and astonish the reader who finds that a papal excommunica-

tion was actually pronounced and promulgated against an Emperor of France in the nineteenth century.

"By the authority of Almighty God, of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and by Our own, we declare that you, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and all your abettors, in consequence of the outrage which you have committed, have incurred excommunication, under which (according to the form of our apostolic bulls, as in similar instances, published in the usual places of this city) we declare all those to have fallen who, since the last horrible invasion of our city, which took place on the 22d February last, have committed as well in Rome as in the ecclesiastical states, the outrages against which we have remonstrated, not only by the numerous protestations made by our secretary of state, which have been successively replaced, but also by our two consistorial instruments of the 14th March and 11th July, 1808. We equally declare excommunicated all those who have been mandataries, abettors, and councilors, and whosoever hath co-operated in the execution of those acts or shall have himself committed them."

In the supposition that the above must surely have been one of the apocryphal writings of the church, I transmitted a copy to Fouché, who, in his reply, left me in no doubt as to its authenticity. I know also that, when the Emperor was informed at Vienna of the moral opposition, the only weapon to which he could resort, employed by the Pope, he showed some uneasiness as to the probable consequences of the affair. But as he never drew back, especially when he found himself engaged on the worse side, he explained his intentions so as to let his devoted partisans seem to act without compromising himself by positive orders. These facts I give for certain; the rest is known to all the world, namely, that during the night between the 5th and 6th July, the Pope was carried off from Rome by General Radet. The unfortunate pontiff was passed from city to city, for then it was who should *not* receive the illustrious captive. From Florence, Eliza forwarded him to Turin; from Turin, the Prince Borghese expedited him into the interior of France; and finally, Napoleon sent him back to reside in Savona under keeping of his brother-in-law; thus ingeniously recalling to Prince Borghese that he owed his rank before an imperial alliance to Paul V. In these pleasure jaunts his Holiness's guard of honor was a squad of gendarmerie. But in all the varied phases of this troublesome transaction, and blamable as it certainly was, the Pope could not easily persuade men that Heaven took pleasure in avenging promptly the cause of the chief of holy mother church, since

the very morning which followed his abduction from the chair of St. Peter lighted up the day of Wagram.

It was at Fontainebleau, during the residence, as mentioned above, which preceded Napoleon's hurried entrance into Paris, that Josephine, who had gone to meet him at the former place, first heard of the divorce; the design of which Napoleon had again agitated even at Schœnbrunn. But I postpone the sorrows and tribulations of the unhappy Josephine until the time when she herself declared them to me in her retreat at Malmaison. It was also at Fontainebleau that Montalivet was named minister of the interior. At this period the letters from Paris entertained us with perpetual accounts of the brilliant condition presented by the capital during the winter of 1809-10; and above all, of the magnificence of the imperial court, where the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg attended the levee of the Emperor, eager to thank the hero who had elevated them to the rank of sovereigns.

I was the first at Hamburg who received intelligence of the projected marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa. This news reached me by two different expresses within two days. The first courier announced merely the intention; the second, confirming the dispatches of the preceding evening, represented this grand alliance as a thing settled. Who would have said of Bonaparte, on the day he pawned his watch at my brother's, that the hand of an Archduchess of Austria awaited him? All was fantastic, prodigious, inexplicable, in his destiny. At the same time it is impossible to describe the effect produced by that event in the north of Germany. From all parts merchants received orders to purchase Austrian stock, in which an extraordinary rise took place immediately. The joy was universal and deeply felt; the confidence of long peace seemed confirmed; the hope of a termination to the bloody rivalship of France and Austria appeared certain; and, if I may judge by the intelligence received from the interior of France and other countries, the sentiment was the same throughout. Whilst all minds were thus absorbed in the reflections awakened by this alliance, the Emperor caused notification to be made to the different courts of Europe that the grandduchy of Frankfort had been ceded to Prince Eugene, the prince primate having constituted him his heir.

We have already seen that, in the commencement of 1810, broke out the difference between Napoleon and his brother Louis, and that Holland was then united to the empire. This province first received the visit of its new empress. The journey took place immediately after the pompous ceremonies of the marriage at Paris, on the 2d of April.

Napoleon returned to Compeigne, where he had first met his bride on the 28th of March, and remained there with her eight days. Afterwards he set out for St. Quentin, once more visited the canal, and was rejoined by the Empress Maria Louisa. After visiting various parts of Holland and Belgium, the greatest rejoicings everywhere hailing their approach, they returned by way of Ostend, Lille and Normandy, to St. Cloud, on the 1st of June, 1810.

Notwithstanding the universal and sincere joy occasioned by the events just narrated, war with England and Spain still continued, and increased the misery arising from the Continental System, which every day augmented. The Hanse Towns had refused to pay the French soldiers, who had neither money nor necessaries. There must be a term to all sacrifices; and from these towns, once so flourishing through commerce, that source of wealth being dried up, nothing more could be extracted. Present want and former exactions rendered them unable to satisfy this unjust requisition. Holland again was utterly ruined by the same anti-social system which, in the end, proved the ruin, or principal cause of ruin, to its author. In this state of things the spirits of men were kept in perpetual agitation and uncertainty by the almost daily promulgation of decrees of the senate, announcing the union of states to the empire. During the present year, or since the Treaty of Schœnbrunn, the limits of imperial France had thus been extended by the swallowing up of small communities on all sides, and seemed progressively and indefinitely advancing. In the midst of this complication of distress all minds were filled with a desperate hatred by a decree which I cannot call other than infernal, issued by Napoleon and worthy of the darkest ages of barbarism, commanding the destruction of all the colonial produce and manufactures of England, throughout the empire, and wherever his power could enforce this mad sacrifice. In the interior of France this was severe enough; but no conception can be formed of the desolation thus wrought in commercial districts. What so cruel as to burn in vast quantities, before men's eyes, the very articles—the first necessaries of life—for which they were starving? This insane measure was urged by an impatient animosity against England, rendered still fiercer by the capture of the Isle of France, of which she had just gained possession. To prevent such miserable devastation in the north, I proposed to the Emperor to admit such colonial produce as might be bonded in Holstein, at an *ad valorem* duty of thirty, and upon some articles forty per cent. I knew the holders would willingly agree to pay a legal duty not more than the expense of smuggling, while all consequent risk was removed, and, by this meas-

ure, which fortunately was conceded, a saving to the treasury accrued of forty millions (£1,600,000).

CHAPTER XII.

BERNADOTTE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN—CONDUCT OF BONAPARTE—SUBSEQUENT DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN PRINCE—HANSE TOWNS UNITED TO THE EMPIRE—BOURRIENNE DISMISSED—HIS ARRIVAL IN PARIS AND FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE—LA SAHLA ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON—HIS SINGULAR CONFESSIONS—DAVOUST AT HAMBURG—LETTER AND BLACK CABINET—FOUCHÉ DISGRACED—SAVARY MINISTER—AFFAIRS OF THE PENINSULA—JOSEPHINE'S PRESENTIMENT OF EVENTS—MURAT'S GRIEVANCES—BIRTH OF THE KING OF ROME—ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL—ANECDOTES OF PIUS VII.—EMPEROR AND EMPRESS SET OUT FOR DRESDEN.

BERNADOTTE had just been elected Prince Royal of Sweden; and this brings me to a circumstance in my life which I recall with the greatest satisfaction—the prince's residence with me at Hamburg on his way to the capital of his future kingdom. But it will be necessary to recur to antecedent events in order to explain how the opposer of the 18th Brumaire came to be seated on the throne of Sweden. On the 13th March, 1809, Gustavus Adolphus was arrested. I omit the circumstances, though these would occupy a large space in the history of a period less fruitful in great events. The duke of Sudermania, uncle to the king, assumed the reins of a provisional government; and Gustavus a few days after gave in an act of abdication, which in the state of Sweden, in both foreign and domestic relations, he could not withhold. In the month of May following the duke was elected king by the Swedish diet convoked at Stockholm. This monarch had an only son, Prince Christian Augustus, who thus became Prince Royal of Sweden, from the fact of his father's election to the throne. He died suddenly in the end of May, 1810, and Count Ferson, who in the court of Marie Antoinette had formerly been known as the "Handsome Ferson," was massacred by the populace, too ready to believe that the count had hastened the prince's death. On the 21st of August following Bernadotte was elected in his room Prince Royal of Sweden.

To return to Gustavus Adolphus, the last king. On the 13th January, 1810, this prince arrived in Hamburg, the place appointed for his

temporary sojourn. He traveled incognito, under the name of Count Gottorp, accompanied by Major-General Skyoldebrand of the Swedish service. This gentleman called upon me next day, and in the course of this visit stated that Count Gottorp had suddenly entertained the idea that the castle purchased for his residence in Switzerland was designed for his prison, and had declared his intention of expediting a courier to the king, his uncle, with a refusal to proceed. But better councils induced the count to go on, and especially the advice of the countess, who supported her reverse of fortune with a resignation so angelic that one would have been tempted to say she joyed in being afflicted. Had he persisted it would have much embarrassed all parties.

Count Wrede made the first overtures at Paris to Bernadotte; who, after this interview, repaired to St. Cloud. Napoleon listened coldly to his recital, and replied "that he could be of no service to him: that events must take their course: and that he might accept or refuse, as suited him; that he, for his part, would place no obstacle in his way, neither would he give any advice." But of the Emperor's being violently opposed to this choice there can be no question; and, though disavowing such a proceeding, he certainly used his endeavors in favor of the Prince Royal of Denmark. Bernadotte in the interval visited the springs of Plombières, and soon after announced to me that his election had taken place. This news I received on the 22d August, the announcement being in the following terms:—

"My dear Minister—This letter will be presented to you by M. de Signeul, Swedish consul-general at Paris, who precedes me by some days. I recommend him particularly to you. Have the goodness to receive him with your usual kindness. You will be much pleased with him. I hope in a very little to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile I renew the assurance of my sincere and affectionate sentiments.

"John, P. R. of Sweden.

"P.S.—I request you to present my compliments to Madame; friendship to my little cousin,* and to your amiable family."

All on a sudden exchange fell greatly against Russia, which was attributed to this election, Alexander having supported the Prince of Denmark. The consternation at St. Petersburg, however, which certainly did exist, proceeded less from the choice itself than from the apprehension that it had been influenced by France.

* One of Bourrienne's daughters, then a child, whom Bernadotte took a pleasure in so naming.—*Translator.*

Bernadotte reached Hamburg on the 11th October and remained with me almost entirely during the three days of his stay. Our conversation was interesting in the extreme. I ventured first to speak of the unfavorable reports concerning the Prince's conduct at Wagram. He took my frankness in good part and answered in the same strain:

"The Emperor refused to see me, and assigned as his reason that he was astonished and indignant; that, after complaints, of which I could not but know the justice, I continued to boast of having gained the battle, and had published felicitations to the Saxons whom I commanded. These he had caused to be pronounced ridiculous by all those who are jealous of the superiority of others." Bernadotte then showed me his bulletin, and the private order issued to the marshals respecting it by the Emperor, as follows:—

"In our imperial camp at Schœnbrunn, 9th July, 1809.—His majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal Prince de Ponte Corvo's order, dated from Leopoldstadt, the 7th of July, which was inserted into almost all the journals of the same date, in the following terms:—

"'Saxons! In the battle of the 5th July, from seven to eight thousand of you penetrated the center of the enemy's army, and advanced to Dutch Wagram, in spite of the opposition of forty thousand men, supported by sixty pieces of cannon; you continued the combat till midnight, and bivouacked in the midst of the Austrian lines. On the 6th, at daybreak, you recommenced the contest with the same perseverance, and amid the ravages of artillery your living columns remained immovable as iron. The great Napoleon beheld your devotedness and ranks you among his brave. Saxons! the fortune of a soldier consists in fulfilling his duties; you have worthily performed yours.

"'BERNADOTTE.'

"As his majesty commands his army in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning the degree of glory which each merits. His majesty owes the success of his arms to the French troops, and not to strangers. Prince Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops, at best not above mediocrity, is contrary to truth, to discipline and to national honor. The success of the battle of the 5th is due to Marshals Duke of Rivoli (Massena) and Oudinot, who pierced the enemy's center at the same time that the corps of the Duke of Nurestadt turned the left wing. The village of Dutch Wagram was not taken during the battle of the 5th; and not till midday of the 6th, by Marshal Oudinot. The corps of the Prince of Ponte Corvo did not remain immovable as iron. It was the first to retreat. His majesty was

obliged to cover it by the corps of the guard and the division commanded by Macdonald; by the division of heavy cavalry commanded by General Nautsonby; and by a part of the cavalry of the guard. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may serve as an example to every marshal not to attribute to himself the glory which belongs to others. His majesty, however, not to afflict the Saxon army, desires that this order shall remain secret and be sent only to the marshals commanding army corps.

"NAPOLEON."

I could not help remarking on the reading of these documents that, though the Emperor had kept his order secret, he was in the main right; and that I had never heard of any one holding a subordinate command issuing a bulletin in presence of his chief. Bernadotte replied to my objection, and, I thought, explained the circumstance to his own advantage. But, however important these papers, the prince's communications respecting his election and consequent correspondence with the Emperor, were still more interesting. On returning from Plombières, he presented himself at the imperial levée, when the Emperor, addressing him, asked, in presence of all, if he had any news from Sweden? On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he inquired farther, "What say they?" — "Sire, my intelligence announces that your majesty's envoy at Stockholm opposes my election, and that your majesty, though I do not credit the report, gives the preference to the King of Denmark.—At these words," added Bernadotte, "he affected surprise, which you know he can do so well, assured me that was impossible, and gave a different turn to the conversation. Really, I do not know what to think of him in the present circumstances. I know he loves me not; but policy may render him favorable to Sweden, and in his present state of grandeur and power I deemed it my duty to make all sacrifices of personal feeling to maintain good intelligence between the empire and Sweden. I call God to witness, however, that I never will compromise the Swedish name. At first," pursued the prince, "he spoke in the best terms of the king and me, made no proposition inducing me not to accept of the succession to the Swedish throne, and caused to be inserted in the *Moniteur* without delay the act of my election. Ten days had passed without the Emperor saying a word about my departure. I was anxious to set out; my preparations were finished, and I resolved on seeing him to request the delivery of my letters-patent absolving me from my oath of fidelity,

which, in spite of all his injustice to me, I had preserved inviolate towards him. He appeared at first a little surprised at this positive request, which, perhaps, he did not expect. After a slight movement of hesitation he said, 'There is one preliminary condition to fulfill: a question of deep import has been started by a member of the privy council.'—'What condition, sire?'—'That of taking an oath never to bear arms against me.'—'Is your majesty in earnest? Can I bind myself by such an engagement? My election by the diet of Sweden, the consent given by your majesty, both to Charles XIII. and to myself, have made me a Swedish subject, and that capacity is incompatible with the pledge mentioned by a member of the privy council—I say a member of the council, sire, because your majesty has said so—and certain I am such a proposal could never have come from yourself. It can have originated only with the archchancellor or the grand judge, who certainly have not considered the elevation to which they would thus raise me.'—'What mean you?'—'If, sire, they prevent me from accepting a crown, unless I take an engagement never to bear arms against your majesty, is not that really to place me on a level with you as a general?'

"When I declared to him positively that, since my election, I must regard myself in no other light than as a Swedish subject, he frowned, and generally, during the time I spoke to him in terms which I think have been reported faithfully, he looked embarrassed; his confusion, in fact, was such that when I had finished speaking he replied, but in a tone of voice so altered that I scarcely heard him, 'Well! go; our destinies are about to be accomplished.' These words he pronounced so indistinctly that I was obliged to crave pardon for requesting a repetition; 'Go!' he said again, 'our destinies will speedily be accomplished.'"

These two singular destinies are, in fact, fulfilled. Identified with the customs, the habits, the wants of his people, Charles John enjoys one of the most tranquil reigns to be found in the history of Sweden; while Napoleon, after having vanquished and struck terror into the world, beheld his fortune pass away, and fell forever from his high estate. Such will always be the respective fate of those sovereigns who base their pretensions on their sword, and those who establish their glory on the interests of their people.

"In other conversations which I held with the Emperor," continued Bernadotte, "I really did everything possible to remove the unjust impressions he had conceived against me, and at one time thought I had succeeded. After hearing me attentively, he extended his hand, pressed

mine kindly, as if to assure me of his friendship and protection; in such a manner, too, that, despite my knowledge of the man, his assumed frankness was so natural for some time I deemed his erroneous prejudices dispelled, and even forced myself to entertain this idea. I spoke in similar terms to those through whom our two families are united, entreating them to assure his majesty of the perfect reciprocity of my sentiments, and how earnestly I inclined to do everything not contrary to the interests of Sweden in order to second his grand schemes.

"Would you believe it, my good friend—these persons laughed at my credulity in return for my frank confessions? They told me that, scarcely had I left the imperial presence, when the Emperor said to them that I was an ambitious man poorly disguised, who had just made a grand display of knowledge; that he had humored me like a child and laughed in his sleeve. He wished, in fact, to inspire me with perfect confidence, so that I might be thrown off my guard; for, after thus deceiving, I learned, as a certain fact, that he designed to arrest me. He dared not do so; the proof of which is that Davoust, believing he told something acceptable, said to him one day, before several witnesses, about the time that my election was talked of, 'The Prince of Ponte Corvo is quite confident.'—'He is not yet elected,' replied the Emperor.

"But," continued Bernadotte, "notwithstanding these proofs of hostility nourished against me by the Emperor since the 18th Brumaire, I do not think he has any intentions against Sweden; and I plainly perceive that once there I shall no longer be admitted to any save political relations. I must farther say, he has given me two millions for my principality, one paid down (£42,000), which has been of great service for the expenses of my journey and installation. I must also tell you that the moment I was getting into my carriage a certain person, whom you will excuse my not naming, came up to say good-by, and told me what had that instant passed in the Tuileries. This person having called at the palace, the Emperor, on his entrance, accosted him with—'Well, does not the prince regret leaving France?'—'Yes, most unquestionably, sire.'—'As for my part, I would have been very well pleased had he not accepted his election. But how could I interfere? After all, he loves me not!'—'Sire, permit me to say your majesty is there in error; I know the differences which have existed for six years between Bernadotte and your majesty; but I know also that he is warmly attached to you.'—'Well, well; I am willing to believe it may be so; but we have not understood each other; now, it is too late: he has his interests and policy and I have mine.'

"Such," added the prince, "were the last words of the Emperor as concerned me only two hours before I left Paris; as to the rest, my friend was right. Yes, my dear Bourrienne, I do regret France; and, but for Bonaparte's unkindness, never should have left my native country: my situation there sufficed for a soldier of fortune; and if ever I ascend the throne of Sweden, I shall owe my crown to this cause."*

During the three days which the prince passed with me we had much conversation on the Continental System. He knew the obstinate resolution of Napoleon on that head. When he asked me what I thought of the treaty of the 1st January, 1810, by which Sweden had bound herself to the observance of this system, I was aware he asked my opinion only to be confirmed in his own. I gave mine without hesitation, which the reader already knows was against the system. "Sell your iron," said I, "your timber, hides and pitch; take in return salt, wines, spirits and colonial produce, of which you stand in need; you will thus gain the affection instead of incurring the hatred of your Swedish subjects."

Since we have proceeded thus far in the history of Bernadotte's rise we may continue the narrative through the subsequent phases of his intercourse with Napoleon. The latter had beheld with no gracious aspect the events now related: he easily divined, from the character of the former, that in him he should not possess a political puppet, nor one who would bend to the theory of conduct prescribed to French princes, and developed, with so much naïveté of despotism, in the letters to Louis. The secret discontent was not long in breaking out into open rupture. The Emperor had permitted the Crown Prince to carry with him, for at least one year, those French officers attached to his staff in the quality of aides-de camp. This permission was retracted almost immediately after; indeed, as Bernadotte stated in his letter, "while he was just thinking of writing to thank his imperial majesty for the favor." This letter changed into decided resentment the bad humor of Napoleon; he repented having granted permission of departure, and stated before the courtiers "that he had a great mind to send the Crown Prince to finish at Vincennes his studies in the Swedish language." Bernadotte received information of this threat, yet he could not believe that such a design would be attempted to be executed. The attempt, however, was made, but it fortunately proved fruitless. It was dis-

* Though both Bernadotte and Bourrienne labor here to fix the charge of duplicity upon Bonaparte, the reader will at once acknowledge that the actions of the Emperor and the sentiments attributed to him on *hearsay* are strangely at variance.—*Translator.*

covered that a plot had been contrived by a set of foreign desperadoes to carry of the prince from the neighborhood of Haga; and the conspirators were constrained to embark without their prey.

At the same time the Emperor took possession of Swedish Pomerania and the island of Rugen by a division of the army under command of Davoust. Upon this the Prince wrote a temperate but firm letter, requesting an explanation:—

"Sire—Information has just arrived advertising me that an army division under the orders of the Prince of Eckmühl (Davoust) invaded the territory of Swedish Pomerania on the night of the 26th and 27th of January—that this said division has continued its march—has entered the capital of the duchy and taken possession of the isle of Rugen. The King expects that your majesty will explain the reasons which have engaged you to act in a manner so directly opposed to the faith of existing treaties. My relations of old with your majesty authorize me to beseech you to declare your motives without delay in order that I may be enabled to give to the King my opinion as to the conduct which Sweden ought to adopt for the future. This gratuitous outrage committed against Sweden is profoundly felt by the nation, and still more deeply, sire, by me, to whom is confided the honor of defending her interests. Although I have contributed to the triumphs of France, though I have ever desired to see her respected and happy, it never could have entered my thoughts to sacrifice the interests, the honor and the national independence of the country which has adopted me. Your majesty is an excellent judge of what is right and has already divined this my resolution. Although I am not jealous of the glory and power which environ you, sire, I am too sensible of dishonor to be regarded as a vassal. Your majesty rules over the greater portion; but your dominion extends not to the state which I have been called to govern. My ambition is bounded, and I desire only to defend that nation which I regard as entrusted to me by providence. The effect produced upon the people by the invasion of which I complain may be followed by incalculable results; and though no Coriolanus, nor commanding Volscians, I have a sufficiently good opinion of the Swedes to assure you, sire, that they are capable of daring all, and of undertaking all, to avenge insults which they have not provoked, and to preserve their rights, to which they are, perhaps, as strongly attached as to their existence."

I was in Paris at the time when the Emperor received this communication, and know that on perusing it he became as if frantic, and

cried out, "Submit to your degradation, or die with arms in your hands!" No answer being received to his remonstrances, the King of Sweden was under the necessity of breaking entirely with France; and, unable to support a neutrality on the fermentation which ensued after the disastrous campaign of Moscow, joined, as we shall see, the alliance of England and Russia.

As the Crown Prince had remained with me in October, I had the honor of entertaining also the princess, who merely passed through on the 4th December, on her way to join her husband. She remained, however, but a very short time—only two months, I think, in Stockholm: the ancient Scandinavia was not to her taste. I may here, too, just mention, as a proof of Bernadotte's good dispositions towards France, in the first place, that war was declared against England one month after his arrival as Crown Prince. In truth it was not till constrained by the Emperor's unjustifiable aggression that the Prince Royal declared to that power and to Russia that war existed between France and Sweden. Upon that occasion Count Lowenhgelm, aid-de-camp to the King of Sweden, was the bearer of a letter from the Prince Royal to Alexander which stated "that the occupation of Swedish Pomerania by French troops, and the successive occupation of the shores of the Baltic, by at once violating treaties, and showing that no faith could be put in any for the future, had induced the King of Sweden to send the bearer, who possessed his entire confidence, and would explain his views to the Emperor." The letter concluded with these remarkable words:—"In the midst of universal despondency all eyes are turned upon your imperial majesty—they are already fixed upon you, sire, with the confidence of hope. But permit me to observe to your majesty that in all events there is nothing equal to the magic effect of the first instant; while its influence endures all depends upon him who has the power of acting. Men's spirits, struck with astonishment, become incapable of reflection, and all yield to the impulse of the charm which they fear and by which they are impressed." This letter also replies to reports that had been spread abroad of Russia having sought the alliance of Sweden, while, as we have just seen, it was the latter who claimed the support of the former power, forced to that step by the unanswerable law of necessity. When, for the first time, the fortune of Napoleon had failed, he made overtures to Bernadotte after the campaign of Moscow.

To these advances, in the shape of diplomatic notes, the Prince Royal replied in respectful but measured terms: "Expressing the sentiments of attachment with which he had quitted France; that in

Sweden he had found these amiable dispositions towards the empire common to his subjects; and that friendship had been turned into suspicion and then hostility by the French ambassador at Stockholm, who had assumed the part of a Roman proconsul, forgetting that he had not to dictate to slaves. During twenty years the human race has suffered too much: your glory is at its height; and if your majesty desires the King of Sweden to intimate to the Emperor Alexander the possibility of an arrangement, I answer for that monarch's magnanimity and willingness to concede whatever is equitable, both for your empire and for the north. Should such be your majesty's sentiments, the benedictions of the Continent will rise to heaven in your favor. Sire, one of the happiest moments of my life, since I left France, was that in which I was assured your majesty had not entirely forgotten me. You have only done justice to my sentiments of attachment; they are consecrated by the brilliant achievements of our brotherhood in arms; and, though a Swede by honor, by duty and by religion, never can I forget our beautiful France: yet never will I sacrifice the least of the interests of that country which has adopted me, with confidence unlimited." Such are some of the principal relations which I know to have taken place between Napoleon and the Prince Royal of Sweden, in the interval between the elevation of the latter and the fall of the empire.

But my own sojourn in the north had now drawn to a close; the hour of the Hanse Towns, like that of Venice, had struck. On the 8th December I received a honeyed missive from the minister for foreign affairs that "the Emperor wished to consult me respecting affairs in Germany, where the information I had acquired promised to be useful to the public service—a consideration which would prove my sweetest recompense," and concluding with a high eulogium on the manner in which I had fulfilled my duties. On the morrow I was off for Paris. On arriving at Mayence I met a courier, who announced that the Hanse Towns were united to the empire. So much for the value put upon my information with regard to them. I confess Bonaparte fairly outplayed me here; like Moreau, I broke my nose against the Tuileries and had no audience. Only the very first *Moniteur* I read informed me that my diplomatic functions had ceased by the union to the empire of six new departments, with Hamburg as their capital. However, I had my revenge. This new usurpation so far northward excited still more strongly the growing displeasure of Russia, which soon broke into open hostility, notwithstanding the whitewashed friendship of the two Emperors. In short, the Continental System, destroying every kind of

trade in the ports of the Baltic, reciprocal accusations of bad faith between her and France united Russia closer to England, and brought on that famous war the fatal issue of which was so exquisitely characterized by Talleyrand as "the beginning of the end."

The Emperor, instead of admitting me to an audience, had given certain directions, as follows, to his minister for foreign affairs, the commission being faithfully discharged by M. de Champagny, in one of our first conferences. "The Emperor," said that excellent person, "has given me in charge the order which I now deliver.—'When you see Bourrienne say I wish him to replenish your coffers with six millions (£250,000), to pay for building the new palace of foreign affairs.'" Astonished at this brutal demand, I could at first make no answer: the minister naturally desired to know what he should say. I was still silent—he insisted. "Well, then, tell him he may go to the devil!" The minister very naturally declined having any concern with such a message. I would give no other reply; and, as I afterwards learned from Duroc, the Duke de Cadore was absolutely constrained to deliver the laconic one above. "Well, Champagny," said Napoleon, "have you seen Bourrienne?"—"Yes, sire."—"Did you tell him about the six millions I wish him to refund to you?"—"Yes, sire."—"What was his answer?"—"Sire, I beg to be excused repeating it."—"What said he? I desire to know."—"Since your majesty insists, M. de Bourrienne said, 'That your majesty might go to the devil!'"—"Ah! ah! he said so, did he?" Upon this, the Emperor retired into the embrasure of a window, and there continued for seven or eight minutes quite alone, biting his thumbs, and doubtless giving free scope to his projects of vengeance; but, after reflecting, he came forward and spoke to the minister about something else. Bonaparte, however, continued to cherish the idea of making me pay; and every time he passed the building remarked to those present, "Bourrienne must certainly pay for that."

At Paris, of all the wonderful transactions which had taken place, what chiefly engaged my attention was the marriage of the Emperor; and whoever places himself in my situation will conceive the tenor of my reflections when I thought of my ancient college comrade, beginning life with views hardly equal to my own, urged on by his fate, and now son-in-law to the Emperor of Germany.* Berthier had been sent

* Bourrienne delights to harp on this alliance, forgetting that Napoleon—the creator of his own fortunes, the *imperial* husband of the woman who had loved him when possessor only of a cloak and a sword, occupied an infinitely higher grade in that real honor which is courted by every noble heart than when he condescended to borrow extrinsic splendor.—*Translator*

to Vienna to espouse by proxy the new Empress of the French; before him, M. de Laborde, a discreet man and chamberlain, had been charged with the first overtures for this alliance, while Napoleon was yet uncertain whether he should throw the imperial handkerchief to a princess of Saxony, Russia, or Austria. When it was settled in favor of the court of Vienna, which has given so many queens to France, and generally with misfortune for their dowry, the presenting of the Empress Maria Louisa to French commissioners took place at Braunau; and the ceremonial to be observed on this occasion is a curious document when we think of the Exile of St. Helena, and General Neiperg become *factotum* of the Grandduchess of Parma and Placenza.* As to the divorce, the Pope required that all the religious formalities should be observed: they were so, as also all the canons of the church, which occasioned a delay of several months. The procedure was terminated, and the sentence rendered by M. de Boisleve, grand official of the Archbishop of Paris. It may serve to show how Bonaparte, at this period, respected the laws in his private life, that the considerable sums required for public proceedings were paid—the treasury had its dues, but the private claims of the legal profession were not discharged; only the grand order of Réunion was sent to Boisleve, who, ashamed of his honor, concealed it as long as he dared. This order, in fact, never enjoyed any respect in France.

Notwithstanding my disgrace, old friends, who were men of honor, received me as before. Among these was General Duroc, who, though devoted to the Emperor, scorned the blind attachment which approves of all. He had not witnessed without displeasure the Emperor's divorce; he often spoke of the measure as a fatal omen for the future, and informed me that the Emperor himself had not taken the step without a degree of dread.† From Duroc's frequent conversations, when he could steal an hour from his occupations to see me, I give the following details:—

On returning from the last Austrian campaign, Napoleon, as already mentioned, stopped at Fontainebleau, and Josephine there joined him. For the first time the communication which had previously united his own with his wife's apartments was shut up, by his order. While I lived as one of the household their domestic arrangements had been

* See Appendix, E.

† It is reported, on the authority of an attendant of the Empress, that Josephine, endeavoring to turn her husband from his fatal design of divorce, said to him with the greatest tenderness and solemnity of manner, "Bonaparte, remember! To *my* star, not to thine, has empire been promised!"—*Translator.*

still more direct—Bonaparte's bedchamber, as the reader knows, having been only an apartment of ceremony. Josephine did not deceive herself as to the fatal prognostics to be deduced from this conjugal separation. Duroc, having been sent for one day, found her alone and in tears.—"I am undone," said she, in a tone the recollection of which still moved Duroc; "I am undone! all is now over with me! How hide my shame? You, Duroc, you have always been my friend—you and Rapp: neither of you has advised him to separate from me; my enemies have done this—Savary, Junot, and others: alas! they are still more his enemies than mine. And my poor Eugene! what will become of him when he knows I am repudiated by an ingrate? Yes, Duroc; ungrateful he is. My God! my God! what shall we do?" Josephine sobbed convulsively while speaking thus to Duroc; and I myself witnessed the tears which she still wept over the separation.

Before the singular demand of M. de Champagny, I had requested Duroc to ask the Emperor why he would not see me. The grand marshal of the household faithfully delivered my commission; but all the answer returned was in these ironical words—"Ah, truly, have I nothing else to do than give an audience to Bourrienne? that would set all Paris a-buzzing. At Hamburg he always took the part of the emigrants. He would speak to me of former times; he is for Josephine! My wife is near being brought to bed, Duroc. I shall have a son, I am certain of it!—Bourrienne is now antiquated; since his departure I have made grand strides. I don't wish to see him; besides, it would be useless. He is a grumbler; he is so by character; and besides, you know, my good Duroc, I love him not!"

My position at Paris had thus become one of extreme delicacy; this refusal of the Emperor to see me cast something questionable over my relations with society, and at first I hesitated before visiting Josephine. Rapp, too, much to my sorrow, was absent; he had played some slight part in the ceremonial of the nuptials; but, having ventured some remarks on the Fauxbourg St. Germain, of which this marriage was conceived to have made the conquest, he had been ordered off to his governorship of Dantzic. Duroc, however, having assured me that Napoleon would not take such a visit amiss, I wrote the Empress, requesting leave to pay my respects. Josephine's reply arrived the same day, and on the next I repaired to Malmaison. Alas! under what circumstances and with what recollections did I now revisit this retreat. How many sweet and bitter remembrances crowded upon my mind while passing through the veranda in front to the small circular drawing-room, where I found Josephine walking

with her daughter Hortense. On entering, Josephine held out her hand to me, pronouncing only these words, "Well, my friend!" But the tone was one of such profound emotion that, to this moment, the sounds vibrate upon my heart: tears prevented her saying more. Seating herself on an ottoman, placed on the left of the fire, she motioned me to take my seat beside her; while Hortense remained still standing, leaning against the mantel-piece, and vainly endeavoring to hide her tears.

Josephine had taken one of my hands, which she held pressed between both her own, and for a long time wept in silence, unable to utter a single word; at length, recovering a little command over her feelings, she said, "My good Bourrienne, I have suffered the full extent of my misfortune. He has cast me off—abandoned me: the empty title of Empress conferred by *him* has only rendered my disgrace the more public. Ah! how truly did we estimate him! I never deluded myself as to my fate; for whom would he not sacrifice to his ambition?" At this moment one of the ladies attendant on Queen Hortense entered, announcing a visitor to her royal mistress, who remained a few moments longer, to recover from the effects of the distress under which she was too visibly laboring, and then left us alone—a situation alike desired by both; for Josephine sought relief in disclosing her sorrows, and I longed to hear from her own lips the story of her misfortunes and tribulations. Women throw a touching charm into the recital even of their griefs.

Josephine confirmed what I had learned from Duroc respecting the shutting up of the communication between the two sleeping apartments in the palace of Fontainebleau; then, coming to the period when Bonaparte disclosed to her the necessity of a separation, she thus continued: —"You, my good Bourrienne, were for years a witness of what passed between us—you saw all, knew all, heard all; you are aware that I never had a secret from you, but confided to you my sad forebodings. He accomplished his resolution, too, with a cruelty of which you can form no idea. I have now played to its end my part of wife in this world. I have endured all—and am resigned." At these words one of those melancholy smiles wandered across Josephine's countenance which tell only of woman's suffering, and are so inexpressibly affecting. —"In what self-constraint did I pass that season in which, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to appear so to all eyes! what looks, my friend, are those which courtiers allow to fall upon a divorced wife! In what stupor, in what uncertainty, more cruel than death, did I live, from that period to the fatal day in which he avowed to me the

thoughts I had so long read in his countenance: it was the 30th of November. What an expression he wore on that day; and how many sinister things appeared in his looks! We dined together as usual; I struggled with my tears, which, despite of every effort, overflowed from my eyes. I uttered not a single word during that sorrowful meal, and he broke silence but once to ask one of the attendants about the weather. My sunshine I saw had passed away; the storm was coming—and it burst quickly. Immediately after coffee, Bonaparte dismissed everyone, and I remained alone with him. What an expression, Bourrienne! what a look he had! I watched in the alterations of his features the struggle which was in his soul; but at length I saw that my hour had come. His whole frame trembled; and I felt a shuddering horror come over mine. He approached; took my hand; placed it on his heart; gazed upon me for a moment without speaking; then at last let fall these dreadful words—'Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee—to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France.'—'Say no more,' I had still strength sufficient to reply; 'I was prepared for this; I understand you; but the blow is not the less mortal.' More I could not utter," pursued Josephine; "I cannot tell what passed within me; I believe my screams were loud: I thought reason had fled; I remained unconscious of everything; and, on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber. Your friend, Corvisart, will tell you better than I can what afterwards occurred; for on recovering I perceived that he and my poor daughter were with me. Bonaparte returned to visit me in the evening. No, Bourrienne, you cannot imagine the horror with which the sight of him at that moment inspired me; even the interest which he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh! my God! how justly had I reason to dread ever becoming an Empress!"

I sincerely pitied Josephine, yet knew not what consolation to give. Of all I said to alleviate her sorrows that to which she seemed most alive was the public reprobation pronounced against Bonaparte's proceedings in the divorce. Here I told her nothing but the truth. Josephine was universally beloved; it had become a popular belief that the good fortune of Napoleon depended upon her presence; and it must be confessed that events subsequent to his illustrious alliance were of a nature to accredit this superstition. I recollect, also, while at Hamburg, that correspondence reached me from various quarters, showing

that a vague feeling—an anticipation undefined, yet generally prevalent, beheld a source of misfortune for France in the alliance of her chief with the House of Austria: this union gave rise to comparisons with the fate of Maria Antoinette; and, as there wants only an unexpected occurrence to give consistency and weight to a received prejudice, the fire which happened at a ball given by Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian envoy at Paris, was pronounced to be a counterpart of the accidents which occurred on the marriage of the Dauphin of France with the aunt of Maria Louisa.

Such considerations, however, were but a feeble solace to the grief of Josephine, who, from the depths of her affectionate heart, sent forth vows for Bonaparte. I recalled to her the predictions which I had ventured in more fortunate times. "My friend, I never forgot them; I have often thought of all you said to me in those days: why did *he* not listen to you? As for me, I had foreseen that we were lost from the time he made himself Emperor. Adieu, Bourrienne; come and see me—come often; we have much to talk about, and you are aware of the pleasure with which I shall receive you." Such was our first interview, and the reader will find that I did not neglect the parting invitation.

In speaking of the attempt of Staps to assassinate Napoleon at Schœnbrunn, I mentioned another of the same kind, little known, and with which I had become perfectly acquainted. I had been about two months in Paris when young La Sahla arrived, on the 16th February, 1811, and was arrested on the Sunday following, accused of having come from Saxony on purpose to kill the Emperor. La Sahla, on being examined, expressed a desire to see me, assigning as his reason the reputation I had left at Leipsic when a student there, and latterly in Germany during my mission. I had reason to believe the Emperor permitted the interview; and the minister of police, Savary, who had replaced Fouché, requested to see me at his private office. This was about half-past nine in the morning. I found in the cabinet a young man, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and with him M. Desmarets. Young La Sahla, with much politeness, expressed a wish to converse with me, and I insisted on being left alone with the prisoner, threatening to retire if anything like a judiciary investigation was to be given to this interview. Desmarets politely retired and the guard took his station outside. We conversed in German, though the young Saxon spoke French very well: he seemed thankful for this indulgence, and said, "I feel I shall do my cause more justice in my native tongue;" and when mentioning Germany, though his recital was in other respects

calm, clear, and collected, he burst forth into an enthusiasm which arrested an unconscious interest. After conversing for a little on the university and professors of Leipsic, I put the question, "How has it happened that I see you, belonging to a distinguished family and having received an excellent education, here, accused of the design which it is said brought you to Paris? Speak to me candidly and without fear."

"Sir," replied La Sahla, "I was pursuing my studies at Leipsic, where I had resided for about fifteen months; having little intercourse with my fellow-students, whose dissipated life suited neither my habits nor my state of health. [The youth's countenance announced a state of habitual suffering.] I applied particularly to the study of law, history, and the oriental languages. Being disabled by illness from attending the public courses, professors attended me privately. My father died about nine years ago, and my mother, who, without being opulent, is in easy circumstances, allows me thirteen hundred German crowns yearly (£217), and I receive besides some remittances from other relatives. I began to hate your Emperor after hearing at Dresden a sermon by M. Reinhart, senior Lutheran clergyman. In that discourse, delivered before the battle of Jena, Napoleon, without being precisely named, was clearly indicated and compared with Nero. The evils suffered by Germany since that period sunk deep into my spirit; and Viller's letter on the taking of Lubeck put the seal to my resentment. While pursuing my studies at Leipsic I heard of the conscription—of the attempt of Staps [here his expression became animated and his air as if inspired], and the suppression of the free states of my country. I beheld the English merchandise committed to the flames. That last act of stupid tyranny afflicted me beyond endurance. When I saw commerce annihilated, the shops shut, desolation among all classes of citizens, despair throughout, I resolved to kill Napoleon, the author of all these evils. I intended to leave Leipsic six weeks later than I did; but, upon reflection, it appeared to me that, by killing the Emperor before the Empress's delivery, the success of my attempt would be more complete than if I waited till afterwards; for, should she have a son, the French would probably become more attached to the dynasty and there would be less chance of an overturn in the empire. I hastened my departure, therefore, and practiced firing with a pistol, in which I attained great expertness. I became a Catholic because, the Pope having excommunicated Napoleon, to kill him had become a meritorious act in the eyes of God, and because I knew that, by professing myself of their religion, I should obtain more support among Catholics. As a

second motive I had remarked that those countries in which that faith prevails are more united and less easily governed by their neighbors. I read with avidity books on this subject and the writings of Müller on the liberties of Germany. From these I made many extracts, which will be found in my trunk at Leipsic. For six weeks before my departure I gave myself up to dissipation and to pleasure, in order to deceive my companions and justify in their opinion a departure not authorized by my relations. The day before setting out I sent my domestic to Dresden in order to get quit of him, under pretense of carrying a letter to my uncle. As bad luck would have it, he missed the public conveyance, and returning, found me engaged in preparations for a journey which he judged must be a long one. He it is, I believe, who betrayed me to the police. At the moment, however, I felt no uneasiness, having given out that I was going to Mayence to be confirmed. I played the imbecile and the sot and arrived in Paris without being disconcerted or discovered in my design. I brought with me five pistols of different sizes."

To my question, How he had employed the time since his arrival in Paris? La Sahla replied—"Since the 16th February, when I first reached the capital, I have every day passed five hours in the Tuileries: I dined at Very's and was on the watch for the time when Napoleon should walk. Last Thursday I observed the Emperor walking backward and forward in a saloon fronting the gardens. The window was open and sometimes he approached it. I designed to fire at him; but a passenger to whom I expressed my desire of getting a nearer view of the Emperor having told me that in all likelihood he would descend into the garden, I waited: the Emperor, however, did not again appear. I reckoned on accomplishing my design in different ways, as opportunity served: while he was getting into his carriage to go to the chase; or while walking with Duroc in the garden of the Tuileries; or at mass; or at the Theatre Français. The distance at the chapel presented to me no objection, for it did not seem more than that between a box fronting his at the theater, which I had ascertained to be about thirty paces. With one of my pistols I was sure of my man at that distance. I finally determined for the theater. By resting my hand on the front of the box and firing two barrels at once, it was impossible I could miss the mark. I had indeed found a pistol in the Palais Royal with four barrels, but this did not appear either sufficiently commodious or sure enough. I never deceived myself as to the fate which awaited me: I knew I should be massacred on the spot; but what imported life to me? Had Staps despised death as I do, Napo-

leon had not now existed, for he had the good fortune to close with him; but he trembled. I do not fear death; I believe firmly in predestination. If I am to die in two days nothing can save me; if I am not to die, nothing can prevent my living.* Neither did I conceal from myself that the failure of my enterprise was not impossible. I have read that three-and-twenty attempts were made on the life of Henry IV., and that the twenty-fourth succeeded. Yet Henry took no precautions, and was beloved; Napoleon takes many, and is hated. Forty attempts, therefore, may be made before succeeding with him. One would think that this consideration would have deterred me: but no. For, supposing it true that six attempts have been made, I hazard a seventh; it is one chance more for others, and one less for Napoleon: it is so much gained. And what is the life of one man in comparison with the great result of the destruction of the tyrant?"

"Have you accomplices?" asked I. "No," was the reply, "not one: I opened my mind to no human being; but please God, the tie of virtue which unites the youth of Germany in the same love of liberty will give me successors. After me will come others; but not from Saxony; the students of Leipsic are dissolute and dishonorable; but from Westphalia, where the inhabitants are well informed, and very discontented: from the Hanse Towns, now united to the empire; from Italy and Spain. In the end some one must succeed."

"Did you not," said I, "recoil at the thought of the grief you would occasion to your family?"—"Sir," answered the youth, "family considerations must give way before the grand interests of country and of freedom. I know that I shall overwhelm with sorrow my mother and my sister. But what matter the tears of two women when the deliverance of Germany is at stake? Napoleon dead, Germany recovers her laws and her sovereigns; French domination, so odious, is at an end; the Code Napoleon ceases to be the law of the people. All this must happen; for if he be killed—and killed he must be by perseverance—Bernadotte, so beloved by the French, will be recalled from Sweden, and he will evacuate Germany; or the marshals will dispute among themselves, and we shall have repeated the history of Alexander's successors. In either case Germany will be free and happy; for, while France is united, Germany will be oppressed. Such was my design: no private consideration actuated me, and till now my secret remained untold to every mortal. I have no accomplices. I considered

* How singular the coincidence between the reasoning of the Turkish seik in volume first and that of the young Saxon in volume second!—*Author.*

neither mother nor sister, nor relations, nor nobility, nor privileges. I thought but of one object—the deliverance of Germany from the French yoke which weighs still more heavy upon the unfortunate classes of society than upon those of elevated rank. To this grand idea I have sacrificed all. Beyond this I formed no wish, and even now have none: my blow has failed: I love life, but do not fear death. Were I desired to prepare for execution in five minutes it would be to me a matter of perfect indifference."

Such was the young man's confession: I took down his answers in German, and afterwards read them over to him both in German and French. But he had interested me deeply, and I resolved if possible to save him. The Duke de Rovigo was easily persuaded to view the matter as I did, and to see the propriety of representing the young German as insane, especially as disturbances in the class to which he belonged—his uncle being minister to the king of Saxony—would be doubly dangerous, both in themselves and in their influence. The Emperor has since acknowledged the prudence of this conduct; for, speaking at St. Helena of the attempts made on his life, he says, "I carefully concealed all I could." Vincennes, therefore, according to my recommendation, became the prison of La Sahla, where he remained till March, 1814, when he was liberated, having first been transferred during the interval to the castle of Saumur. I had not heard of him for three years, when, after the restoration, while at breakfast with my family, I was roused by an extraordinary uproar in the antechamber, and, before I could know the cause, found myself in the arms of a young man. It was La Sahla, in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude on his liberation, and the arrival of events which he had attempted to hasten by assassination. He returned to Saxony: I never saw him more, but may as well finish here the story of his singular destiny.

In 1815, during the Hundred Days, I learned, in Hamburg, where I then resided, that, on the 5th of June, a violent explosion had been occasioned on the streets of Paris by a quantity of fulminating silver on the person of a young Saxon. On receiving this intelligence, I know not why, but La Sahla irresistibly occurred to my mind: it was he indeed. The following is the declaration of the police, then, as of old, directed by Fouché, and which, with the exception of the concluding portion, seems sufficiently veracious. But it may be proper to remark that, if false, I am inclined to ascribe the inaccuracies of the document rather to the police than to La Sahla:—"During the sitting of the Chamber of Representatives, about half-past one o'clock, a dreadful explosion was heard resembling a clap of thunder. The following are

the details:—A Saxon, aged about twenty-eight [here is an evident mistake; he could not be more than twenty-three], who was said to belong to a noble family, had in his coat pocket about four ounces of fulminating silver. He had ordered himself to be driven to within a short distance of the palace of the Legislative Body, and alighting, had immediately entered the hall, whence he departed soon after; and, at some distance, while turning the corner of Rue St. Bourgogne, his foot slipped and he fell upon the packet of fulminating powder. A violent detonation ensued, his coat and waistcoat were torn and his person terribly mutilated. None of the passengers near him were injured. In this condition he was conducted to the prefecture of police, and there examined and recognized as the Baron de La Sahla, who had previously, some years before, attempted to assassinate or poison the Emperor. Such are the facts of this new arrest. The following is his defense:—

"He does not deny his former intentions against the Emperor's life, whom he regarded as the oppressor of Germany; but that oppression having ceased, his hatred had also disappeared. The robbery of the Congress, and especially the oppressive exaction of Prussia towards Saxony, had highly exasperated him against the Prussians; and when he heard of the Emperor's landing and the prosperous issue of his enterprise, he beheld in him the liberator of his too unhappy country and resolved to render him all possible service. His attempt of former years assisted him marvelously here by introducing him to much important information, of which he now proposed making use. But for this it behooved to enter France; and addressing himself to M. de Hardenberg (Prussian minister), he feigned to be more zealously than ever bent upon his former design. M. de Hardenberg, after bestowing on him many praises and giving him much encouragement to proceed, introduced him to Marshal Blucher, whom he requested to procure for M. de La Sahla the means of entering France. The marshal's headquarters were then at Namur; and his chief of staff, in delivering to M. de La Sahla his passport, advised him to procure some fulminating silver, and even mentioned a dealer in Namur by whom he could be supplied. To avoid suspicion La Sahla purchased four ounces. Arriving at Paris he communicated to the government, and particularly to the minister of war, much important information on the force, designs, and resources of the allies. In thus serving France he considered himself as most effectually benefiting his country. To the war minister he also communicated the circumstance of the fulminating powder, which, as he declared on his examination, he had not found a convenient opportunity to dispose of; and fearing some acci-

dent if he left the packet at his lodgings, had continued to carry it on his person.

"It is said he also declared that he had communicated, with proofs, to M. de Metternich, whom he saw at Vienna, that M. de Stein, Prussian minister, had engaged him to poison M. de Mongelus, minister of Bavaria, and that M. de Metternich had appeared indignant and alarmed at this conduct of M. de Stein. If these declarations are true, it must be confessed that some members of the Prussian cabinet there employed diplomatic means of a nature sufficiently singular."

The conclusion of this document is the portion to which I allude in saying above that any inaccuracies are to be charged rather upon the police than upon a lying declaration emitted by La Sahla. In either case, however, it is very difficult to admit, without proof, assertions so atrocious, which accuse so positively M. de Hardenberg of encouraging the assassination of Napoleon, and M. de Stein of having equally encouraged La Sahla to poison M. de Mongelus. I decide nothing; only I consider it a duty to raise doubts concerning accusations of this nature against two Prussian ministers whom Prince Wittgenstein, a man of honor in the most especial sense of the word, always mentioned to me in honorable terms. Is it not at least among the probable chances that the crafty police of the Hundred Days had thus recourse to one of its familiar means to cover with contempt and draw indignation upon its enemies? These are questions, I repeat, which I propose without venturing to solve them.*

I had left my family at Hamburg, where they continued during the winter of 1810–11. Davoust had succeeded to the military command of the new departments. Misery attained its height, for Dupas was regretted. One of the prince-marshal's first acts on arriving was to assemble the officers and instruct them to play the spy in private houses. Some were indignant, and advised Madame de Bourrienne to remain on her guard. But Davoust never forgave my free opinion of his abilities expressed to Bonaparte. Soon after my arrival in Paris,

* The relation above has called forth an angry reclamation from Baron de Stein, which only proves the good faith of Bourrienne. This pamphlet is dated from Cappenberg, in Westphalia, 17th February, 1830, and seems to aim at giving an impression to the reader as if our author had invented the accusation, while he merely quotes a public document. Bourrienne, on being applied to, instantly stated his willingness to add, in a note to a subsequent edition, that his personal opinion had always exculpated M. de Stein. M. de Metternich, too, shows that La Sahla never *spoke* to him. This merely proves, what Bourrienne had supposed, the police report to be erroneous; but so far from reflecting upon his veracity, the Prince de Metternich passes on his work a merited eulogium.—*Translator.*

in the commencement of 1811, I received intelligence from an excellent friend in Hamburg that I would soon get a letter intended to compromise me, Talleyrand, and Rapp. This information I laid before the Duke de Rovigo. Three weeks had passed and no letter came. Savary was inclined to believe the alarm a false one; but in a few days the letter did arrive. To what a degree of infamy may not men descend! The letter was written by one whom I had known in Hamburg, whom I had obliged, and to whom I had given bread by employing him as a spy. After a long account of an infamous transaction in which he affirmed he had been engaged, managing it for me, Talleyrand and Rapp in England, he desired 60,000 francs to be remitted by return of courier as payment for this affair. Happily this precious document contained its own confutation. The transaction was laid in 1802, when I was not only not plenipotentiary, but still secretary to the First Consul. I copied and carried this credential to Rovigo. The duke went immediately to the Emperor. Scarcely had he entered when the latter, advancing, said, "Well, I learn fine doings of your Bourrienne, whom you are always defending!" Whence, the reader will ask, arose this apostrophe? from the simplest of all causes—a copy of the letter had been forwarded by the same post to the Emperor. Rovigo explained, and produced the documents. "What baseness, what horror!" exclaimed Napoleon: "Let the rascally writer be arrested and sent hither." The order was promptly executed. What was the result? No sooner had the prisoner arrived than he was examined. His confession declared that the missive in question had been written by order and to the dictation of Marshal Davoust, and that he himself had received a small sum of money as secretary's salary in the business. It came out farther that the said letter, on being put into the post-office, had been designated by the marshal to the director of the "black cabinet" as one to be opened, copied, re-sealed and forwarded to its original address, and the copy transmitted to the Emperor! The miserable scribe was banished to Marseilles, or to the Island of Hieres, I forget which; but the grand criminal, who contrived and directed the whole, continued, as if nothing had happened, marshal of France, prince of the empire and governor-general of the circle of the Hanse Towns. Such was the distributive justice awarded to the subjects of the empire.

I have just said that Savary, Duke of Rovigo, had replaced, as minister of police, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, but without telling how. It had by this time been discovered that my opinion of the latter was well founded; and when the former, as new minister, came to investigate the arcana of polices, counter-polices, surveillances and hier-

archies of espionage, he discovered that all these were but so many scarecrows set up to frighten the Emperor. Verily Fouché had acted much in the same way as gardeners do who place effigies in their cherry-trees to scare the sparrows and get all the fruit for themselves. Thanks to such artifices, the eagle had looked upon these with the same terror as the sparrow. But at length, the Emperor having detected a correspondence which Fouché carried on with England through the channel of Ouvrard, dismissed the minister with fewer palliations certainly than during the consulate, but still with a good deal of management. As to Ouvrard, he was arrested, and this was the last arrest effected by Savary in his subordinate capacity; for immediately after the Emperor, sending for him to St. Cloud, placed in his hands the portfolio of general police. If, in these circumstances, Savary had known Fouché as I did, he would not have committed the egregious blunder of allowing him to remain for fifteen days afterwards in quiet possession of the hotel of the police. This space Fouché employed in burning all his really useful papers, instead of arranging them as he had pretended; so that, after his *classification* of documents, Savary found himself utterly without guides, save such as his predecessor chose to leave him, and to which it would have been extremely silly to have yielded implicit confidence. Fouché concealed all the names of those heroes of his system whom he honored with the name of *observators*, and revealed only his *spies*. The former played their part in the gilded drawing-room in the hotels of ambassadors, and contrived to have a periodical infirmity towards strong waters at all times when the great personages of diplomacy found the said waters necessary to set the stomach to rights. Thus Savary got acquainted with only the populace of Fouché's subterranean subjects; and it must be acknowledged that the spies of Rovigo were far inferior as genteel company to the myrmidons of him of Otranto. But the absence of such gentlemen was far more desirable than their best politeness; and, though I will not venture to say that they were entirely banished from the saloon, they were, at least, far more rare under Savary, who simplified the whole system and afforded something like a very respectable liberty. It is but justice to explain that though he endeavored to simplify the machinery of his administration and insensibly to diminish everything most vexatious therein, he was not always the master; and I here avow that, not without much impatience, I have seen in his "Memoirs" a voluntary assumption of responsibility in several instances when a single word would have consigned the obnoxious facts to their true author.

I continued in Paris to the month of May before returning to Germany for my family: during this period the war in Spain and Portugal occupied all minds. The year 1811 had commenced under auspices sufficiently favorable to the French arms. On New Year's Day Suchet had carried Tortosa; and, almost at the same time, we obtained important advantages in Portugal, where Oporto and Olivenza were taken by Girard. We gained also some other advantages, as the capture of Pardaleras and the battle of Gebora, fought by the Duke of Dalmatia. But in the beginning of March fortune changed. The Duke of Belluno, notwithstanding the valor of his troops, could not fix her inconstancy in the contest of Chiclana; and from that hour the French could effect nothing against the Anglo-Portuguese army. Massena himself was no longer the beloved child of victory, as under the walls of Vienna and in the mountain defiles of Zurich. The combined forces increased, and ours diminished daily. Nothing was spared by England to insure success in the struggle. She lavished gold; her army paid well in return for everything; and our troops, in order not to throw the inhabitants into the enemy's party, paid also for their provisions, though far from possessing the same resources. But all would not do; numerous partial insurrections broke out in different provinces, which rendered communications with France extremely difficult, and armed bands cut off our straggling and dispersed soldiers wherever they were to be found. England encouraged and supported this spirit; for otherwise the idea is not to be entertained for a moment that Portugal could, for one day, have held out against France. But combat, a deadly season, privations and misery had thinned the French ranks, and repose had become doubly necessary where exertion had ceased to be followed by results. Massena was recalled; for the state of his health had rendered him physically incapable of the activity necessary for restoring the army to a respectable attitude. In this state of things Napoleon sent Bertrand into Illyria instead of Marmont, who then assumed Massena's command in Portugal. The army he found in a woful state of destitution and disorder; yet, by good and prudent measures, Marmont re-established affairs, and in a short time, placed himself at the head of thirty thousand well appointed infantry with forty pieces of artillery; though he could assemble but few horsemen and these badly mounted. Matters were not greatly different in Spain; at first, success was ours throughout, but so dearly purchased that the issue of the struggle might then almost have been predicted. When a people fight for their independence, every day, every hour, every death diminishes the assailants, but swells and in-

spirits the ranks of the patriots. A regiment destroyed is replaced with difficulty and delay, while a village burnt, among an energetic population, arms the inhabitants of a whole province. In vain did Soult and Suchet cover themselves with glory; that glory, dyed in Spanish gore, was rendered fruitless. Resistance had become to all Spaniards a holy duty; and the assembling of the Cortes in the Isle of Leon gave consistency to their efforts. On this subject I remember a remark of Alfieri, written fifteen years before the present war. That author, throwing a retrospect over the different nations of the Continent, says—"I behold in the Spaniards the only nation which yet possesses sufficient energy to combat a foreign rule." Certainly, if I had been then with Napoleon, I would have ventured an honest artifice, which had often proved successful, by laying the book upon his desk, open at the passage. Sometimes, indeed, he paid no attention to the volume, but most usually the passage I had selected caught his eye and provoked a discussion on the analagous thoughts then dominant in his spirit.

Throughout the summer there occurred nothing very decisive in the Peninsula. Sometimes success, most dearly bought; sometimes defeat; always blood—never results. Some brilliant affairs still bore witness to the bravery of our troops and the talents of our generals. Such were the battle of Albufera and the taking of Tarragona by Suchet, while Wellington was forced to raise the siege of Badajos. These advantages were productive only of glory, though flattering to Napoleon's hopes of finally triumphing in the Peninsula. But doubts began to prevail even at Paris; for it was pretty well known that the official intelligence was not all gospel. Duroc even confessed his illusions had fled! he said, "Good news from the Peninsula were little less to be dreaded than bad." At the same time he assured me that more than once the Emperor had expressed regret at seeing himself engaged in the war; but, because the English had taken part in it, no consideration could induce him to withdraw from the contest.

It will perhaps be considered a singular fact that Josephine, from its beginning, entertained a presentiment of evil regarding the Spanish war: her tact here was not for a moment deceived. Usually she meddled little with political affairs, chiefly because aware her doing so would displease Napoleon, and because a natural levity of disposition carried her to less serious thoughts; but such was the perfection of her instinct, if the expression may be used, of good and evil in reference to her husband, that she rarely, if ever, failed to appreciate justly the final issue of events as affecting his fortune. She herself

told me that from the moment he expressed an intention to give the crown of Spain to Joseph a fearful foreboding struck upon her heart which she could neither banish nor account for. I cannot tell whence arises that prophetic sense of futurity which does exist in some minds; but certain it is that Josephine was endued with this feeling to an extent I have never known in any other. To her the gift was a most unfortunate one; for experience had attached such implicit credence to the sentiment that it rendered her unhappy both in the present and for the future.

I saw the Empress pretty frequently at Malmaison, Duroc having assured me that the Emperor would take my visits in good part. Yet I know not what he must have thought of our conversations; for, truly, his first friend and his first wife were excusable even if they did not always commend him in their interchange of grievances. Although more than a year had passed since the separation, sorrow was ever new in Josephine's heart, for everything contributed to augment it. "Think, my friend," she would often say, "of all the tortures I must have endured since that fatal day; I cannot conceive how I have not sunk under them. Can you imagine greater bitterness than for me everywhere to see descriptions of fêtes for *his* marriage! And the first time he came to see me, after having wedded another—what an interview! How many tears did it cause me to shed! Still the days when he comes here are, to me, days of suffering, for he never takes the trouble to humor my feelings, or, if you will, weaknesses. With what cruelty does he converse about the child he is to have! You can understand, Bourrienne, how all that afflicts me. Far better be exiled a thousand leagues from hence! Yet" (as if her kindly heart reproached her), "yet some friends have remained faithful to me: those are now my only consolation." She really was very unhappy, and I had no comfort to give, save to mingle my lamentations with hers. Such, however, was still the empire of dress over Josephine that, after weeping for a quarter of an hour, her tears were forgotten to give audience to some fashionable milliner. At the aspect of a bonnet, Josephine became a mere woman. One day I recollect taking advantage of a moment of calm, obtained by a display of some brilliant gewgaws, and could not refrain felicitations on the happy influence which these still exercised over her. "My good friend," was her reply, "would you believe it, all that is perfectly indifferent to me? but, then, it is a habit." She might have added—and an occupation; and it would be no exaggeration to say, that if from Josephine's existence had been

retrenched the time passed in tears and toilette, its duration would have been considerably diminished.*

Another of my old friends whom I met at Paris was Murat. He had come to offer his congratulations on the expected increase of the imperial family, and the news of his presence in the capital had not reached me, when, one morning about nine o'clock, while passing along one of the alleys in the Champs-Elysées, he accosted me before I recognized him. He was alone and dressed in a long blue surtout. We were exactly opposite the palace of his sister-in-law, the Princess Borghese. "Hollo, Bourrienne! my good fellow, how are you?" said Joachim, for we had been on the best understanding; and he, to do him justice, never played the king, save with his attendants and those who had known him only as a sovereign. After exchange of greeting he asked, "But do tell me what are you about now?" I recounted how I had been tricked by Bonaparte in reference to Hamburg. Imagination still portrays the noble and animated countenance of the King of Naples, when, on my accosting him with sire and majesty, he replied, with indignant frankness, "Pshaw! my dear Bourrienne; prithee, no more of that; are we not always old comrades!" Then continuing, almost in the same tone, "So the Emperor has been unjust towards you! and to whom is he not unjust? His displeasure is more to be valued than his favor, so dearly does he make one pay for the latter! He says he made us kings! but did we not make him Emperor? Look you, my friend, to you, whom I have long known, I can repeat my confession of faith: my sword, my blood, my life, are the Emperor's; let him but say the word, I am in the field to combat his or the enemies of France: there I am no longer a king; I become, as of old, a marshal of the empire; but let him not urge me beyond this. At Naples I will be King of Naples, and pretend not to sacrifice to his false calculations the life, the well-being, the interests of my subjects. And let him not think to treat me as he treated Louis! for I am ready, if needs must, to defend against himself the rights of the people whom he called me to govern. Am I then only an advanced-guard king?" This last phrase seemed peculiarly appropriate in the mouth of him whose fiery valor had ever placed him in the van of our armies, to

* Bourrienne here, as elsewhere, does not appear in one respect to have appreciated with feeling the character of Josephine—mere frivolity, as he pretends, did not form one of its constituents. In the present case her own remark, that dress had become a habitude, shows a far better knowledge of the human heart. A settled grief, so far from interrupting habits, strengthens them in the *act*, though the consciousness of *pleasure* may have ceased forever.—*Translator.*

whom, in fact, had always been confided the command of the advance, and very happily expressed the situation of the soldier and the monarch.

During even this our first conversation he did not conceal from me that the greatest of his grievances arose from the Emperor's having placed him in advance, and afterwards deserted him. "When I arrived at Naples," resumed he, "I was told they intended to assassinate me. How did I act? I made my entrance into Naples alone, in broad day, in an open carriage, and would have preferred being assassinated the first hour to living in constant apprehension of such a fate. I immediately undertook an expedition against Ischia.* It was successful; I attempted another against Sicily, and should also have succeeded, I am certain, had the Emperor, according to promise, sent round the Toulon fleet to second my operations: but he issued contrary orders: he wished to play Mazarin to my adventurous Duke of Guise. At present, I see clearly his aim. Since he has got a son, on whom he has conferred the title of King of Rome, he contemplates in his after plans to render the crown of Naples a deposit on my head. He looks upon Naples only as a future annexation to the kingdom of Rome, in which I perceive it to be his intention to ingulf the whole of Italy; but let him not drive me to extremities, for I will mar the scheme or perish sword in hand." Murat was right in his anticipations, but I had the prudence not to tell him so. It was the Continental System, however, not these apprehensions which wrought the final schism—which separated the cause of Murat from the Emperor's, and constrained the new King of Naples to seek allies among princes at war with France. Different judgments have been pronounced upon this conduct: I sum them up thus: the Marshal of the Empire was wrong—but the King of Naples right.

About eight days previous to this interview the long-cherished wish of Napoleon's ambition had been fulfilled. He had a son of his own, an heir of his name, of his power, and of his crown. Here I must state, because true, that the reports then spread abroad respecting the birth of the King of Rome were utterly false and without foundation. My friend Corvisart, who never for an instant quitted Maria Louisa during her long and painful labor, left me in no doubt on this subject, and it is just as true that the young prince who was held over the baptismal font by the Emperor of Austria was the son of Napoleon and Maria

* A small island in the Bay of Naples, within view of the palace, and then in possession of the English.—*Translator.*

Louisa, as it was false that Napoleon was the father of Hortense's eldest son. It is also a fact, for my sensibilites, torn as they then were, cannot render me unjust, that the birth of this infant heir to the imperial throne was hailed with universal enthusiasm. Never had child beheld the light under circumstances promising greater glory. In fact, from the birth of his son to the first of his reverses beyond the Moskwa, the Emperor was in the zenith of his power. The empire, embracing under this denomination all the states possessed by the imperial family, exclusive of the ill-assured throne of Spain, contained fifty-seven millions of inhabitants.

In the meantime, the venerable old man whose capital (the ancient abode of the Cæsars) had been gifted to an infant successor, remained still at Savona, where he lived in the greatest simplicity. No accommodation had been brought about. It has even been certified to me on the best authority that the million inflicted by Napoleon upon the Pope for his expenditure was refused. To conceal this refusal the money was regularly sent, and Cæsar Berthier, who had charge of the household, took care that the sum uniformly disappeared in the management of an establishment for the Pope which had been forced on his Holiness. Truly the thunders of the Vatican were not much dreaded at this era; nevertheless, precautions were multiplied to lay asleep remembrance of the excommunication; but in vain, and the Pope began to have a party. These dissensions between the throne and the Church produced a vague uneasiness, to which, though not dangerous, it was desirable to put a termination. Napoleon deputed the archbishops of Nantes, Bourges, Treves, and Tours to accomplish some arrangement, who also failed. A second deputation was not more successful; for the Pope would listen to nothing short of restoration to Rome, with all his spiritual and temporal rights. Such restitution lay entirely beyond the verge of Napoleon's ideas of concession. That Cardinal Fesch even had joined the Pope's party is a fact which I can guarantee; but not so the following anecdote, which I only report. One day the Emperor was discussing with the Cardinal the subject of the Pope's recusancy; the latter made some remarks which put the former in a passion, and calling both his uncle and the Holy Father two old fools, he added, "The Pope is an obstinate old fellow and will listen to nothing! No, most assuredly, I shall not permit his return to Rome!"—"He refuses to remain at Savona."—"Eh, well! where does he suppose I mean to send him then?"—"To heaven, most likely," added the Cardinal, with great coolness.

These discussions continued throughout the whole summer of 1811.

At length Napoleon bethought himself of calling a council, which, after the six or seven hundred already held since the first ages of the church, he imagined might devise some plan of restoring her to peace. This council assembled at Paris. The attendance of Italian bishops was numerous. The great object of dispute lay in the discussion of the temporalities apart from the spiritual concerns of the church. To this the Pope would never agree. It was hoped a council would get on without his Holiness. However well disposed towards this separation a number of prelates, chiefly from Italy, might be, the influence of the church was still too strong in the council, and certain members, both bishops and archbishops, being convicted of sending secret instructions to Savona, those of Ghent, Troyes, Tournay and Toulouse were superseded in their sees and confined in the castle of Vincennes. The Emperor finally resolved to dissolve the council, and, fearing some act against his supreme authority, cause deach member separately to sign a declaration that the propositions relative to resumption by the Emperor of the temporalities were conformable to the usages of the church. In these individual declarations the members were unanimous, though when assembled in council their opinions had been divided on the very points which they afterwards signed, doubtless for *accommodation.*

Subsequently, Napoleon, before setting out for Germany, in the commencement of 1812, transferred the Pope to Fontainebleau, under the friendly care of Denon, our amiable fellow traveler in Egypt. Two motives induced this change of residence—fear of disturbances in Italy while his Holiness remained so near, and apprehension that the English in the Bay of Genoa might make a dash and rescue the venerable captive. There was delicacy, however, in placing near his person one of Denon's accomplishments, character and disposition. "The Pope," I use Denon's own words, "conceived great friendship for me, always addressed me 'my son,' and delighted in conversing on our Egyptian expedition. One day he asked me for my book: as you know all is not quite orthodox therein, I hesitated; but he insisted. After having finished the perusal the holy father said it had interested him very much, and I endeavored to gloss over the objectionable points relative to the Mosaic account of the creation. 'It is all one, my son,' he repeated on several occasions; 'it is quite the same; all that is extremely curious; in truth, I did not know it before.' Then," pursued Denon, "I thought I might venture to tell his Holiness the cause of my hesitation, and that he had formerly excommunicated both the work and its author. 'Excommunicated thee, my son!' returned the Pope, with the most touching kindness; 'have I excommunicated thee? Truly

I am very sorry! I am sure I never intended to do so.'" Denon assured me that he was greatly touched by the virtues and resignation of the Holy Father; who, notwithstanding, would sooner have become a martyr than yield the temporal sovereignty of Rome. Of this he considered himself as depositary; and resolved it should never be said he had resigned the trust voluntarily.

As the first step in the grand expedition in which he was speedily to be involved, Napoleon, accompanied by Maria Louisa, who expressed a desire to see her father, set out for Dresden on the 9th of May, 1812.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR WITH RUSSIA—PREPARATIONS—NAPOLEON AT DANTZIC—SUPPER WITH MURAT, BERTHIER, AND RAPP—POLITICAL ARRANGEMENTS—POLAND — EXPEDITION TO MOSCOW — CONTRASTS IN BONAPARTE'S CHARACTER—CONSPIRACY OF MALLET—ITS CONSEQUENCES—NAPOLEON'S PRECIPITATE RETURN FROM THE ARMY—ITS CAUSES—HIS ACTIVITY — NEW ARMY — CAMPAIGN OF DRESDEN — CONGRESS AT PRAGUE—DESERTION OF NAPOLEON'S ALLIES—MOREAU IN THE ALLIED CAMP—HIS MOTIVES OF ACTION—BATTLES OF DRESDEN AND LEIPSIC—DEATH OF DUROC—SINGULAR CONFERENCE BROKEN OFF AND RESUMED—DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI—RETREAT OF THE FRENCH TO MENTZ—ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES TO THE RHINE—PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE—LAST MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

From the month of March, 1811, suspicions of an approaching war with Russia began to be entertained; and in October, on returning from an excursion to Holland, upon which he had set out soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon perceived that such a rupture had become inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston, in quality of ambassador, to replace Caulaincourt, who would no longer remain at St. Petersburg. Nothing could be done with a cabinet whose measures were taken. These measures, too, had been greatly enlightened by the information conveyed from time to time by Czernischeff, aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, who, on various pretexts for carrying compliments from and answers to his master, contrived to be almost continually on the road between Paris and St. Petersburg; so that in the space of four years it was calculated he thus traveled thirty thousand miles, and, during all that time, had been engaged in the

deepest mysteries of espionage. His object, indeed, was not unknown. The Emperor treated him with all apparent confidence; and the police, under Savary, underplotted him to a considerable extent, by doubly corrupted informers; but in the month of April, 1812, it became too evident that he had obtained real and valuable information, from one Michel, a functionary in the war-office. This unfortunate wretch was condemned to death. The motives which moved the Russians to war were numerous, but all springing from one grand source, the ambitious aggressions of Bonaparte, in adding to his empire state after state, to the very borders of Russia. The Hanse Towns, and the right bank of the Elbe, formed into imperial departments, we have seen, awakened into active resolution this slumbering jealousy. The seizure of Oldenburg, belonging to Alexander's brother-in-law;* the invasion of Pomerania; and the operations in Poland, followed the conviction, or tended to enforce it, that if Russia wished to prevent the mighty wave, thus rolling on northward over Europe, from overwhelming her own estates, she must meet and repel it with an armed bulwark.

Napoleon, on his part, prepared for the gigantic enterprise on a scale so immense that the conquest of the world might well have seemed in prospective. From the month of March, 1811, the Emperor held at his disposal almost the entire military force of Europe. It was astonishing to behold the union of nations, languages, manners, religions, and diverse interests, ready to fight for a single individual against a power which had done them no injury. This vast expedition, the greatest conceived by the genius of man since the age of Alexander's conquest of India, fixed all regards, absorbed all ideas, and transcended the calculations of reason. Towards the Niemen, as if that river had become the sole center of all action, men, horses, carriages, provisions, baggage of every description, were directed from all points of the European continent. The army of Napoleon was not composed solely of French, nor of those troops drawn from countries subjected to her immediate influence, as Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and the Confederation. Neither Prussia nor Austria possessed the cour-

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* "The Duke of Oldenburg was not the brother-in-law of the Emperor Alexander, but his uncle. If that prince, instead of going to St. Petersburg, had sojourned at Hamburg, this error would not have occurred: he might then, like several other princes of Germany, have danced in the saloon of M. de Bourrienne, and transacted business with the latter in his cabinet." Such is the only error of magnitude which Baron Stein has detected in Bourrienne; and such are the terms in which, in his angry pamphlet, he crows over a mistake of a *German* pedigree! This gives additional value to the original. —*Translator.*

age, or rather could claim the power, of remaining neutral; the former supplied a contingent of fifteen thousand men, under General Yorck, and Austria an army of thirty thousand troops, commanded by Prince Schwartzenberg, who nevertheless retained his station of ambassador to the French imperial court, or rather headquarters. As if victory had been already secure, Napoleon, on this occasion, for the first time, placed among his own preparations for the campaign some of those splendid articles which had served to decorate his coronation, and which were now intended to swell the pomp of a triumphal entry into the most ancient capital of Muscovy. What afterwards became of these is well known: the imperial carriage, used at the coronation, became the object of a speculation in London. But in his military and diplomatic arrangements there was no trifling. Before departing, Napoleon, having removed all the disposable force of the empire, issued a senatorial decree for calling out the national guards, divided into three *bans*. The national guard!—a civil militia, the bare convocation of which was a solecism in his absolute government.

So early as February, 1812, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, had been concluded with Prussia, in virtue of which each of the contracting powers guaranteed reciprocally the integrity of their estates, and by implication those of Turkey, then at war with Russia; a similar treaty was concluded with Austria, towards the end of the same month; and the confederation renewed between France and Switzerland.

But, while public attention, the hopes and wishes of all our generals, and the fears of all wise men, were directed towards Russia, the war in Spain was suffered to languish or become daily more unfortunate. Officers most distinguished in the art of war regarded it as a disgrace to be sent to or retained in the Peninsula. No great foresight, therefore, was required to predict the period when our soldiers would be forced to repass the Pyrenees. The enemy had everywhere assumed the offensive: he had sixty thousand men, while we had scarcely one half of that number; farther, our troops were scattered, separated into small divisions, and obeying different impulses; for, though Joseph had returned to Madrid, not one of our generals considered himself as under his orders. The enemy was abundantly supplied with provisions, while we, objects of national hate, were in want of everything, our soldiers having no other resource but pillage, which necessarily exasperated their difficulties for the future. Already had Ciudad-Rodrigo and Badajoz fallen into the hands of the English. I can assert, also, that however truth might sometimes be concealed from the Emperor, the

disastrous situation of Spanish affairs was fully laid before him, in the spring of 1812, previous to his departure for Dresden. The period of his abode in that capital has frequently been assumed as the era of Napoleon's greatest glory: not so; but it was certainly the most imposing exhibition of the imperial splendor. In the Saxon palace, indeed, was a *hall of kings*, as at the Tuileries a hall *of princes and marshals*. But to anyone who would scrutinize the sentiments which had thus transformed monarchs into the courtiers of a soldier of the French Republic, it appeared evident that what this assemblage possessed in brilliancy was wanting in solidity.

From Dresden the Empress returned to Paris, while the Emperor speeded forward to Smolensk. But, before commencing his grand operations on the Niemen and the Volga, he took Dantzic on his way, where my friend Rapp commanded, and from whom I afterwards received the following narrative of this interesting visit:—"On quitting Dresden," said Rapp, "the Emperor came to Dantzic. I reckoned on a *dressing*," such was Rapp's expression; "for, to speak truly, I had treated very cavalierly both his custom-house and his officers; I had even put in limbo one of the directors who had ventured on refractory airs with me. He knew, likewise, that I had not been overscrupulous with English merchandise and colonial produce. Indeed, I saw people so miserable that I had not the heart to be severe. In addition to all this, I had made pretty free with the Russian expedition in one of my reports. ["These beasts of Russians will soon know as much as we," Rapp used, long before, to say to me; "every time our people go to war with them we teach them how to beat us."] In the commencement of 1812," continued my informant, "I wrote to the Emperor thus:—'If your majesty experience any reverse, be assured the Russians and Germans will rise *en masse* to shake off the yoke: it will be a crusade: all your allies will abandon you. The King of Bavaria, upon whom you confide so much, will join the coalition. I except only the King of Saxony; he, perhaps, would remain faithful to you; but his subjects will force him to make common cause with your enemies.'

"The King of Naples, intrusted with the command of the cavalry of the army," continued Rapp, "had preceded the Emperor, and appeared to me to view not more favorably than I the issue of the campaign about to be commenced. Murat was, besides, very much dissatisfied that he had not been asked to Dresden: he told me he felt more ashamed of being a king, such as he was, than if reduced to a simple captain of grenadiers." Here I interrupted Rapp to tell him of my former conversation with Murat in our singular interview in the

Champs-Elysées. "Ah, bah!" resumed Rapp, "Murat, all brave as he was,* had no more pluck in the Emperor's presence than a chicken in a rainy day. As a proof—when Napoleon arrived, Murat and I were the first to receive him. Being much fatigued, after putting a few questions to me on Dantzic, he dismissed us immediately; but in a little time sent for me alone. When he had finished dressing, the first thing he spoke to me about was the alliance lately concluded with Prussia and Austria. I, who governed in the country of one of these powers, could not, for my soul, forbear telling him that, as allies, we did infinite mischief, as evidently appeared from the complaints which I daily received on the conduct pursued by our troops. The Emperor tossed his head, as you know was his practice when not in the very best of humors. After a short interval of silence, and laying aside his *thee-thou*ing, he replied: 'Monsieur le General, all this is but a torrent, which must be allowed to roll past; it will not continue: we must first know if Alexander is decidedly for war.' Then changing entirely the subject of conversation, he asked, 'Have you not observed something extraordinary in Murat? For my part, I find him quite changed. Is he ill?'—'Sire,' answered I, 'Murat is not ill, but in low spirits.'—'In low spirits! and wherefore? Is he not satisfied with being a king?'—'Sire, Murat says he is not one.'—'It is his own fault! Why is he a Neapolitan? why is he not a Frenchman? When he is in his own kingdom he does dothing but blunder: he favors the commerce of England, and that I will not permit.' Now, thought I, comes my turn; but it was a false alarm; there the conversation dropped; and, when about to take my leave, he said in the kindest manner, 'Rapp, you sup with me this evening.' At supper were Murat and Berthier, who had also been invited. Before seating ourselves at table our conversation ran upon the war with Russia; and, as I had in my room a bust of the Queen of Prussia, the Emperor made some reproachful observations on the circumstance; to these I replied by remarking that he himself had just told me of Prussia being one of his allies. On the morrow he visited the town, received the civil and military authorities, and invited us again to sup with him. This second supper was a dull affair at first, for the Emperor kept silence; and you know that not one present, not even Murat, dared to take the first word. At length he opened by a question to me—'How far from Cadiz to Dantzic?' I replied without mincing the matter, 'Sire, too far.' Then no more the familiar *thee*

* Was! for this conversation took place after the second restoration, when Murat, Ney, and others were no more.—*Author.*

and *thou*. 'Monsieur le General, I understand you; but, in a few months, the distance will be still greater.'—'So much the worse, sire.' Here there was another interval of silence; neither Murat nor Berthier, whom the Emperor examined with that searching glance which you know he has, answered a word, and he again took up the conversation, but without addressing any one of us in particular, saying, in a grave and rather low tone of voice, 'Gentlemen, I see clearly that you have no great taste for campaigning. The King of Naples is reluctant to quit the fine climate of his own kingdom; Berthier prefers the chase on his estate of Grosbois; and Rapp is impatient to inhabit his house in Paris.' To this right, left, and front stroke—would you believe it?—neither Murat nor Berthier had a single reply to give—and the ball came again to my foot. I answered, quite frankly, 'that it was very true.' Lo and behold! the very same evening, when we were alone, Murat and Berthier complimented me on my honest freedom, and on the thousand and one reasons there were for speaking as I had done. 'Truly, gentlemen,' replied I, 'since you so heartily approve of what I did, why not do as much? and why leave me to say my say alone?' You cannot conceive the air of confusion which both presented on this address; and Murat, even more than Berthier, though his position was very different. Why, my God! why did *he* not listen to me!" Rapp was here strongly affected: but, though he disapproved of Bonaparte's ambition to Bonaparte himself, he shed tears over the fallen Napoleon in presence of Louis XVIII.

The negotiations, commenced while it was wished to seem desirous of avoiding war, resembled those oratorical flourishes which only put off for a little what it was intended to say. The two Emperors were alike eager for war: the one to consolidate his power; the other to rescue himself from a yoke of insupportable burdens which differed little from vassalage. No accommodation, then, was possible. Napoleon desired and foresaw the war; and when Czernischeff took leave, the latter said the best news he could carry to his master would be that the French conscription had not been called out. Two powers alone of all the Continent were not involved in the vortex of Napoleon's ambition—Turkey and Sweden. Upon both these neighbors of his enemy Napoleon had turned his regards. With the latter his exertions had been vain; and though the Grand Seignior was then actually at war with Russia, not only were no serious steps taken to prevent Turkey from concluding peace, but no care was evinced to remove or oppose the prejudices with which our enemies had inspired the Ottoman Porte. The divan had been persuaded that, should Russia fall in the struggle,

France would purchase peace at the expense of Turkey, as she had done in 1797 in the case of Austria and Venice. The past justified this supposition. While the war, terminated by the Treaty of Tilsit, raged, France had made common cause with the Turks, but abandoned them when peace had rendered their alliance no longer needful. The Grand Seignior, thus mistrustful of the policy of France, held himself on his guard, and Andréossi, dispatched to Constantinople, was heard with little favor. No confidence was attached to Napoleon's advances; they succeeded too abruptly to years of forgetfulness and neglect.

The Russians, on their side, opened negotiations: they made such concessions as were judged necessary and which they intended to resume on the first favorable occasion. By this treaty, concluded at Bucharest, the subsequent embarrassments of Napoleon were greatly augmented; the more so that he had not prepared for such a result. The left of the Russian army, thus secured by the neutrality of Turkey, was re-enforced by the army of Bagration, which, returning from Moldavia, took up a position on the right of the Beresina, and destroyed the last hopes of saving the wreck of the French army, then reduced one-half. On the other hand it is not easy to comprehend how the Turks allowed to escape the best, and in all probability the last, opportunity they will ever have of avenging their quarrel with Russia.

In the north, again, Russia maintained a considerable body of troops in Finland to support her occupation of that province, seized, as we have seen, at the period of the interview of Erfurth. It was of the utmost importance that these should be retained in their position or even augmented. Napoleon, therefore, represented to Bernadotte that now was a sure opportunity of recovering Finland and of attaching, by this acceptable conquest, his new subjects. Had he succeeded in this alliance with Sweden, not only would his enemy have been unable to withdraw his troops, but would have been obliged to increase them, in order to protect Finland and even to cover St. Petersburg. But how was this important affair conducted? In the month of January, 1812, Davoust seized upon Swedish Pomerania without any declaration of war, and without apparent motive. Upon this, Bernadotte, as already explained, adopted the part that might have been expected, repelled the offers of Napoleon and prepared for what might follow. On his side the Emperor Alexander, desirous of securing the advantages of which this alliance would have deprived him, had an interview with the Crown Prince at Abo, on the 28th August, 1812. I know that the Emperor of Russia came under a promise to Bernadotte to protect him, at all events, from the fate of the new dynasties; to guarantee his position;

and to obtain for him Norway as a compensation for Finland. He even went so far as to give him to understand that he might succeed Napoleon—a circumstance of which I shall speak hereafter. These promises produced their full effect: Bernadotte adopted all the propositions of Alexander; and thenceforth made common cause against him who was justly styled the common enemy, giving the signal for that general defection which an odious and tyrannical supremacy had long provoked.

A question respecting another power which naturally occurs here is, "Did Bonaparte, before setting out for the last campaign of Russia, intend to restore Poland to her independence?" Bonaparte, as Emperor, never entertained fully, and with a resolution to realize, the idea of re-establishing the ancient kingdom of Poland; but Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of Egypt, had at heart to avenge the triple partition of that unfortunate country. Many most interesting conversations have I held with him on this subject, on which we were both of one mind. But times were changed since we had walked on the terrace at Cairo and lamented over Poland and the death of Sulkowski. In like manner, at the commencement of the consulate, his language was, "France yet feels the humiliation of having contemplated with cowardly timidity the destruction of a kingdom such as Poland. The Poles have always been the allies of France; to me belongs the right to avenge them. Never will there be a secure peace in Europe till that ancient kingdom be established on its former basis and in its integrity. Patience! if I live twenty years I shall perhaps force Russia, Prussia and Austria to restore the provinces which they have divided among them. Their policy was odious, infamous and oppressive." Doubtless the First Consul then spoke as he thought. Then he delighted, above most things, to talk on this subject in the evening, when the finished labors of the day gave him time to launch forth into gigantic reveries on the future. He was then in the habit of dictating to me notes for the *Moniteur*, many of which, without signature or official character, in their energetic expression bear the impress of having emanated from Bonaparte alone. Some of them were so little measured that he tore them next morning, laughing at the petty fury of the night before: others I took upon me to detain, assigning both good and bad reasons for so doing. He would then read the note in dispute, approve of my conduct, but generally added, "It is not the less true, however, that, with an independent kingdom of Poland, and one hundred and fifty thousand disposable men in the east of France, I should always be master of Russia, Prussia and Austria." But, subsequently, how

did he act, or rather, what was his power of acting? Napoleon had, indeed, made war upon and vanquished the three powers who had ruined and seized Poland; but separately; or, at least, he had never conquered all three at once. In 1805 he fought Austria and Russia, but Prussia remained neutral; in 1806 his opponents were Prussia and Russia, Austria standing apart; in 1809 Austria was solely engaged, while Russia and Prussia looked on, or rather were his allies; and finally, in 1812, Russia was to enter the contest, while Prussia and Austria were allies. Thus he never found himself completely disengaged, even if inclined to Polish emancipation. In fact, upon this last occasion, when Napoleon reached Poland, the Diet of Warsaw proclaimed the kingdom free and independent. The address presented to the Emperor on these points was coldly received. Doubt and indecision were put expressly in his reply, and these alienated the spirit of a generous and brave people, who had looked to receive from him a renovated national existence. In regenerated Poland, Napoleon would have found the means of succeeding in the gigantic enterprise which his ambition had created. In marching upon Moscow he would thus have protected his rear and supplies, and there would have secured that retreat which subsequent reverse rendered but too needful. Talleyrand's removal from the management of foreign affairs proved unfriendly to the cause of the Poles. At the moment of departure, indeed, the Emperor had been on the point of recalling his former minister, whose enlightened views and great knowledge of European policy would have induced him to support the regeneration of Poland. Intrigue prevailed for a little longer; Talleyrand remained at a distance; Maret was retained as negotiator, if anything were to be done; and the Abbé de Pradt, imperial almoner, was nominated ambassador to Warsaw. This man, great chancellor of the Legion of Honor at the Restoration, had only become celebrated after he had become nothing.

From Dantzic the Emperor led his army forward to Smolensk, crossing the Niemen on the 24th of June. But into the details of a campaign known to all the world I, as usual, enter not, especially as the reader can here be referred to the excellent work of Count de Segur. The first affair of importance, Smolensk, had not all the success expected. Napoleon accused Junot of not having cut off the retreat of the enemy by intercepting their retreat beyond the river, after the Russian legions had been beaten under the walls of the city. This error, however, allowing it to be one, could have but little influence on the result of the campaign. Still victory was ours; but, at

the same time, we lost the battle of Salamanca, and Wellington entered Madrid.

The character of Bonaparte presents the most inexplicable contrasts; though the most obstinate of mortals, no man ever more easily allowed himself to be led away by the charm of illusions; in many respects to desire and to believe were with him one and the same act. And never had he been more under the empire of illusion than during the early part of the campaign of Moscow. The easy progress of his troops, the burning of towns and villages on their approach, ought to have prepared him for a Parthian warfare, where retreat, drawing him into the heart of the country, was only preparatory to rendering the advance more fearful. All wise men, too, before those disasters which marked the most terrible of retreats recorded in history, were unanimous as to the propriety of spending the winter of 1812-13 in Poland—there to establish, though only provisionally, a grand nursery for the mighty enterprise of the following spring. But the illusions of an impatient ambition urged him on, and his ear was deaf to every other sound save "Forward!" Another illusion, justified perhaps by the past, was the belief that Alexander, the moment that he should behold the van of the French columns on the Russian territory, would propose conditions of peace. At length the burning of Moscow revealed to Napoleon that it was a war to the death; and he who had been hitherto accustomed to receive propositions from vanquished enemies, now for the first time found his own rejected. The Emperor Alexander would not even hear of negotiations. The prolonged stay at Moscow cannot be explained on any other supposition than a delusive hope that the Russian cabinet would alter its resolution and treat for peace. As to the regulations, dictated from the ancient capital of Muscovy, touching the Comic Theater of Paris, these were just a petty contrivance of his policy, in order to put a deception upon the Parisians and make them believe all was going well, since he had leisure for such matters; and this persuasion, circulated by the leaders of public opinion, tended marvelously to support the fictions of his bulletins. These, though false in so many respects, were looked for with the utmost anxiety. How many were the wives and mothers in France who could not, without a palpitating heart, break the cover of the *Moniteur!* How many were the families who, in that series of calamities, lost their support and their hope! Never were more tears shed; in vain did the cannon of the Invalids thunder forth the announcement of a victory;—how many thousands, in the silence of retirement, were preparing the external symbols of mourning! It will yet be remembered that, for a

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long space of six months, the black dresses of Paris presented a very striking sight throughout every part of the city. Destiny had declared against Napoleon; and, after he had taken a too tardy and vainly prolonged leave of a capital in ashes, the rigors of the climate showed themselves of one accord with the Russians for the destruction of the most formidable army that had ever yielded obedience to a single chief. To find in history a catastrophe comparable to the disaster of the Beresina we must ascend to the destruction of the legions of Varus.

Still, at home, the capital and the interior were tranquil, notwithstanding the certain misfortunes or deferred hopes which agitated so many of its individual families, when, by a singular hazard, on the very day that Napoleon evacuated the burning ruins of Moscow, Paris witnessed the inconceivable and wild enterprise of Mallet. That general, who had always professed republican principles, endowed besides with considerable elevation of character, after being imprisoned some time, had obtained permission to inhabit an hospital in one of the suburbs. The causes of his errest were, in some respects, similar to those which cost him his life, namely, hostile intentions towards the imperial government, in 1807. Mallet, besides, was a man without partisans, connections or character, one, in short, of those whom Bonaparte, when First Consul, had designated *Grumblers of the Republic:* yet this adventurer imagined he could overturn the authority of Napoleon and reestablish in its room popular government—the worst of all, not even excepting absolute power. What could Mallet have done? Positively nothing. And, had his government endured for three days to an end, it was greater good fortune than he had a right to expect. Still, though his enterprise was that of a fool, there appeared a considerable share both of address and boldness in its execution. The only conspirators were Mallet, Guidal and Lahorie; without confidants, without plan and without credit.

Mallet escaped from detention on the 22d October, with accounts, forged by himself, that Napoleon had ceased to live on the 8th of the same month. He first repaired to Colonel Soulier, who commanded the tenth cohort of the national guard, whose barrack lay immediately behind the hospital wherein Mallet was confined. So far all went well. He had provided himself with a quantity of forged orders, which he had signed and sealed. To Soulier he announced himself under the name of General La Motte, saying he came on the part of General Mallet. Colonel Soulier, learning that they had lost the Emperor, burst into tears; he immediately gave orders to the adjutant to assemble the cohort and to obey the orders of General La Motte, whose pardon he craved that

his own state of health would not permit him to rise. It was then two in the morning, and the forged orders and dispatches relative to the Emperor's death and new form of government were read to the troops by torchlight. Mallet then left the barracks in all haste at the head of 1,200 men. With this column he marched first to the prison of La Force, whence he relieved the Sieurs Guidal and Lahorie, who were there detained; the latter, a miserable agent in the conspiracy of Georges; the former, suspected of vile espionage for the English off Toulon, was to have been sent to Marseilles, there to be tried, when an accidental delay occasioned his becoming thirdsman in this affray. To these Mallet communicated his news; issued orders; appointed a meeting in the town hall, and directed the arrest of the minister of police.

I was then at Courbevoie, and, as very frequently happened, came to town that very morning to breakfast with the minister. The reader may conceive my surprise on hearing that the Duke de Rovigo was arrested, transferred to the chambers of La Force, and his ephemeral successor, Lahorie, to my great astonishment, just then busy in getting measured for his official suit. Such an act so completely characterized the conspirator that I felt quite easy as to the issue. The minister at war was also to have been arrested; but it had been thought necessary to unite the bands respectively intrusted to Lahorie and Guidal for these arrests before attempting to secure the duke; the delay thus occasioned alone saved his colleague from a similar jaunt to La Force.

Mallet, on his part, marched to General Hulin's, commandant of Paris, to whom he stated that he came with an order from the minister of police to arrest him and seal his papers. Hulin demanded a sight of his credentials. These Mallet had prepared, and giving them to the commandant followed him into his cabinet, where, on Hulin's turning round to explain, after having examined the papers, he fired a pistol at his head. Hulin fell, being wounded, but not mortally, in the cheek. What is remarkable, the captain whom Mallet had ordered to follow found nothing extraordinary in all this, and never gave any alarm, so that Mallet next repaired with all composure to the adjutant-general's, Doucet. Here, as chance would have it, there happened to be an inspector-general of police who had come for instructions to headquarters, where all these scenes were passing. He recognized Mallet as one under his own surveillance and abroad without permission, and arrested him provisionally. Mallet, seeing the game all up, attempted to draw a pistol from his pocket, but was pinioned and disarmed.

Thus finished this conspiracy, remarkable for a success of some hours, and by a bloody termination more rapid still; a conspiracy

which, absolute madness as it was, cost nevertheless the lives of fourteen individuals: of these, with the exception of Mallet, Guidal and Lahorie, eleven were mere machines. It was asserted at the time, and has often been repeated since, that the Emperor disapproved of and felt alarmed at these executions, exclaiming when he heard of them—"It is a massacre—a fusillade; what an impression must that make at Paris!" This is not correct. It is certain that Napoleon learned with pleasure the prompt and severe punishment which had followed an attempt on his power. The event produced but little effect at Paris, because the issue and the enterprise reached men's knowledge at the same moment. But triflers found it excellent sport that the minister and prefect of police had been put in limbo in the morning by the very men who, the evening before, had been their own prisoners. I called upon Savary next day, and found him still in amazement at his mishap. He already knew that the Parisians laughed at him on account of his imprisonment, though it had not continued in all above half an hour. Guidal, accompanied by Lahorie, had presented himself at the hotel of the prefecture and seized the minister in his shirt, having caught him in bed, and scarcely left him time to put on his clothes; all defense on his part would have been useless, and he acted as any other would have done under similar circumstances.

The Emperor, as I have said, having quitted Moscow on the very day of this wild enterprise, namely, the 19th October,* received the news at Smolensk. Rapp, who had been wounded before entering Moscow, but who was now so far recovered as to be able to keep up with Napoleon, was in attendance on his person at the time when he read the dispatches containing the recital. Rapp assured me that Napoleon was greatly agitated by the perusal. He broke out against the nullity of all polices and the negligence of Savary. "But this was not all," continued Rapp; "Napoleon, addressing himself to me, exclaimed, 'Does my power, then, hang upon such slender security? How! It is indeed a frail tenure if a single individual, a prisoner, can contrive to place it in jeopardy! My crown, truly, is but ill fitted to my head if in my very capital an audacious scheme of such adventurers causes it to totter! Rapp, misfortunes never come single: this fills up the measure of evil here. I cannot be everywhere, but I must absolutely return to my capital; my presence there has become indis-

* The reader will here observe a difference of two days, which is to be reconciled thus: Napoleon left Moscow with the advance, on the 19th, and the rear-guard cleared the ruins on the 22d October.—*Translator.*

pensable to restore opinion. I want men and money: great successes and great victories will repair all: I must depart.'"

Such were the reasons which determined the Emperor to quit his army with all possible speed. It is not without indignation that I have seen motives of fear, cowardice, weakness, assigned for his abrupt departure. He fear! he a coward or poltroon! eh? Truly you know him well! He never was more happy than on the battle-field—never more tranquil than in the midst of dangers; but say that he dreaded an empty phrase in some contemptible pamphlet and you are right. Furthermore, I can well conceive the deep anxiety he must have experienced in the circumstances above. His reflections to Rapp, he knew, were the same that the public would make; that the moral effect of such an attempt was to be apprehended as capable of dispersing those prestiges of strength and stability with which he had labored, by every means, to environ his throne. What might have been the issue of such an enterprise if delayed till the arrival of the famous twenty-ninth bulletin, giving an account of the loss of the army, which spread consternation throughout the capital, and which he had the audacity to close with—"*The Emperor is well!*"

Napoleon, for these causes, setting out precipitately for Paris, intrusted the broken remains of his army to the most experienced of his generals—to Murat, who had so bravely commanded the cavalry, but who forsook his post to return to Naples; to Ney, the hero, rather than prince, of Moskwa, whose name will be immortal in the records of glory and his death an everlasting disgrace to the vengeance of party. Eugene, more than any other leader, was enabled to preserve some degree of discipline among the Italians in the midst of universal route; and it was remarked that these children of the south endured the frozen horrors of this campaign better than the soldiers of less genial climes: as if nature, in their constitution, had tempered one extreme by the opposite.

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 19th December, at eight o'clock in the evening. He was accompanied by Caulaincourt, whose brother had fallen in the battle of the Moskwa, and who had thus passed fifteen days alone with him. I know the Emperor returned much irritated against Savary, whom Caulaincourt labored to exculpate: he was, in truth, not more to be blamed for the conspiracy of these madmen than Napoleon for the frost which had destroyed his army. The dismissal of Rovigo was expected, the more so that Fouché had come to Paris. But, better informed of the whole proceedings, Napoleon merely dismissed Frochot, prefect of the Seine, who had little to say in the affair at all;

remarking that his own life and liberty were every day in the power of the colonel of the guard.

The return of Napoleon in nothing resembled former triumphal entries into his capital; and it was remarked that the very first great reverse he had experienced attended on his first enterprise after the marriage with Maria Louisa; then, more than ever, did the belief become popular that Josephine's presence had brought him good fortune. Superstitious as he was in some respects, I will not swear that he himself, at the bottom of his heart, did not participate in this persuasion.

From this date Napoleon began to pay regard no longer even to the forms of legal proceedings in the acts of his government. He gave himself at once to arbitrary measures, thinking the serious position in which he stood would justify everything. Nor can it be denied, while we unreservedly condemn this conduct, that his necessities were great and that he impressed an almost incredible activity upon every means of repairing losses and bringing back victory to his standard. All advanced together; a new artillery was created; men were called forth in masses; the greatest sacrifices were required, or, to speak properly, enforced by the still magic power of Napoleon: the eye of the Emperor was everywhere. He was obeyed; but what complaints throughout the whole extent of the empire! Young men who had already satisfied the exigencies of former conscriptions were now torn from their homes. Those who had paid for substitutes to the enormous amount of fifteen thousand francs (£700) were called upon to serve near his own person in the guard of honor, an institution now established for the first time. This creation struck a species of terror into the upper ranks of society, against whose members it was particularly directed. In no part of the empire, however, was it more hardly endured than in Holland; but nothing could bend Napoleon. Everywhere he now acted upon the principle that the last man and the last crown were his.

Notwithstanding this activity, the disasters of the Russian campaign were daily pressing heavy on his cause. Prussia, constrained to play one part, now resolved to act in her own interest; and General Yorck, who commanded the Prussian contingent which had been attached to the corps of Macdonald, went over to the Russians. I dare not trust myself to characterize the conduct of the king on this occasion, who, though in his heart approving this defection, yet had the general tried and condemned for having acted contrary to his orders; and, in a little time, was seen commanding in person his armies ranged against ours. The moral effect produced by this desertion was

far more to be dreaded than its real amount; for in the immense levies that were daily raising a few thousands more or less in the enemies' ranks could be of no consequence. But the signal thus given it was to be feared would be speedily followed by other allies in Germany, and Napoleon foresaw in the event all of misfortune which it foreboded for the future. Assembling a privy council, composed of ministers, officers of state and a few of the great functionaries of the household, he demanded whether in such a conjuncture he ought to make overtures of peace or prepare anew for war? Cambacérés and Talleyrand, who, with the president of the senate, had been called to the council, argued in favor of peace—no gracious proposition to the ears of Napoleon, especially after defeat; so they were not heard. But the Duke de Feltré, Clarke, knowing how to touch the sensitive cord in the soul of Bonaparte, had the audacity to say that he would consider the Emperor as dishonored if he consented to abandon the smallest village which had been united to the empire by a senatorial decree. What a fine thing it is to talk! This opinion prevailed and the war proceeded. Nor can I say that the Emperor was blamable in hesitating to treat at this stage; but I blame him much for having neglected to do so seriously and in good faith at Dresden after victories at Lutzen and Bautzen had proved that in the retreat from Moscow the climate rather than the Russians had vanquished us.

The Pope was still at Fontainebleau and now added somewhat to Napoleon's disquietudes by refusing to adhere to the concordat which he had signed: but the Emperor had no leisure for such disputes; so the concordat was published as Pius had subscribed it. His whole soul now lay beyond the Rhine. He was unfortunate, and the powers most nearly allied were falling away; nor was Austria the last to imitate the example of Prussia. On this Count Louis de Narbonne was sent as ambassador to Vienna; but in vain: Austria withheld her contingent —a clear proof to Napoleon that she would soon assume more active hostility, and that ere long he would have the whole of Europe against him. His bold mind was troubled but not cast down. A few of the Princes of the Confederation still remained faithful; and his own preparations being finished, he was about to resume in person the command of the army thus miraculously renewed. This time, however, taught experience by Mallet's affair, Napoleon appointed the Empress Regent, assisted by a Council of Regency; and convoking a privy council, he presented Maria Louisa in her new capacity with all possible solemnity.

For a length of time prior to Napoleon's departure for the army, the main body of which lay in Saxony, partial insurrections had broken out

on different points. But with the exception of some rumored disturbances in La Vendée, the interior of old France remained perfectly tranquil. Not so in the provinces annexed by force to the empire; especially in the north, and particularly in the unfortunate Hanse Towns, and in Hamburg an actual revolt had broken out. Effervescence reigned, too, in Westphalia, and the states bordering on the Elbe, augmented by the news of the march of the Russian and Prussian troops which were descending that river.

I had dined with Duroc a few days before his departure for the grand army, for such was still the name given to that which Napoleon commanded in person. Duroc had had enough of war; though not for his own repose, but for the interests of France and of the Emperor, did he desire peace. This excellent friend had lately married the daughter of M. Hervas; he had become a father, and longed to taste the calm of domestic life, so congenial to the natural disposition of his character. But not one personal complaint proceeded from his lips. When I urged him to press the Emperor to conclude peace, even at the expense of some sacrifices, he only replied with an expression of deep-rooted pain, "You might do so were you still near him, because you wear not a sword; but when we venture such moderate counsels he ever answers as if we thought only of ourselves. 'The plain meaning of all this,' he tells us, 'is, that you are tired of war; you wish to enjoy your fine fortunes in Paris: do I take ease to myself?' What would you have us reply to such language," continued Duroc; "we must drain the cup; we have risen with him. Well! if he falls, we will fall together. But what hurts me, I confess, and to you I can make the confession, is the slight regret he expresses for our old companions in arms. He observes, in a solemn tone, 'Such a one died like a brave man!' and next moment thinks no more of him." When I bade adieu to Duroc, little did I think it was forever.

Napoleon at length quitted Paris, on the 15th April, having under his standard a new army of one hundred and eighty thousand effective men, excluding guards of honor. With such physical resources and the aids of his own genius, men rightly foresaw he could yet play a high game, and might, perhaps, prove the winner. This reflection was by no means reassuring to those who had already made movements in opposition, and filled with an especial apprehension the Hanseatic countries. Along the line of the Elbe and in Saxony was the grand theater of events. In the former, insurrectionary and hostile movements had taken place on a large scale. Carra St. Cyr had precipitately retreated from Hamburg, which had been occupied by the Cossacks under

Colonel Tettenborn, and also by the Swedish and Russian regular forces. In conjunction with the other towns of the Hanseatic league, this city, besides the friendly reception of the enemy, had raised ten thousand men for the service of the allies. These troops, by the disorders which they subsequently committed, justly merited their designation of *Cossacks of the Elbe.* St. Cyr being under arrest for this injudicious and even cowardly retreat, Vandamme took the command of the forces of this quarter, while Napoleon marched to the grand theater of Saxony. The former, during the night of the 2d of May, attacked and carried the islands of the Elbe. On the 9th the corps of Vandamme and Davoust formed a junction, composing a body of forty thousand men, on their way to the grand army. Though Napoleon, urged by strong necessity, desired the speedy arrival of this re-enforcement, he gave orders to the Prince of Eckmühl not to leave Hamburg in the rear, cost what it might. After a siege of twenty days the Prussian, Swedish and Russian garrisons evacuated the place; and, after seventy days of independence, Hamburg was again united to the empire. Vandamme made the inhabitants pay for this brief enjoyment of their privileges. Of this general the Emperor said at Dresden, "Were I to lose Vandamme, I know not what I would give to have him restored; but, if I had two, I should be obliged to shoot one of them." One, indeed, was quite enough in all conscience: his principle in the conquered countries was, "We must first begin by shooting a few rascals, which prevents the trouble of future explanation."

In the meantime had been fought, on the 2d of May, the battle of Lutzen, at the close of which, both parties claiming the victory, *Te Deum* was chanted in either camp. The subsequent motions of the two armies and the advance of Napoleon inclined opinion to his side. His was in reality the advantage on a field illustrious two hundred years before as the scene of the triumph and death of Gustavus Adolphus.* Eight days afterwards the Emperor was in Dresden; not as in the spring of last year, like the sovereign of western Europe, surrounded by his grand vassals; yet still counting on his fortune. He remained ten days in the beautiful capital of the sole king, of all those whom he had created, that continued faithful to the declining star of his benefactor, and whose honorable adherence to his word subsequently cost him half his kingdom. Departing from Dresden, the Emperor set out in pursuit of the Russian army, which he

*See the elegant, faithful and spirited Translation of Schiller's Historical Works, in "Constable's Miscellany," by George Moir, Esq.—*Translator.*

encountered on the 18th at Bautzen. This battle, followed on the morrow and the next day by those of Wurtchen and Ochkirchen, continued consequently during three days, which speaks sufficiently for the keenness of the contest. Victory declared at length in our favor. But Napoleon, and I may say France, sustained a great loss; for the same cannon ball killed General Kirschner, as he conversed with Duroc, and mortally wounded the latter in the abdomen.

The time was now come for Austria to declare herself, and all her amicable demonstrations were limited to an offer of mediating between the belligerent powers. This brought on the armistice of Plesswitz, and subsequently the congress of Prague. In these conferences the allies demanded the restitution of all they had lost since the campaign of Ulm, in 1805. This left us Belgium, Piedmont, Nice, and Savona. But nothing would induce the Emperor, ill advised as he then was, to recede to such an extent. Yet can we not easily conceive how he could have expected more. Between the 20th June and the 8th of July, when the armistice was to cease, arrived news of the battle of Vittoria and the conquest of the whole of Spain by the English. This greatly improved the aspect of affairs in the allied camp, without altering the resolutions of the Emperor. But had he been advised with courage and by men of good sense, the profound grief which that victory caused would have induced him to yield to the necessity of peace.

At this epoch Moreau arrived in the allied camp. Some have thought, others have written, that this general came at the solicitation of Bernadotte. This assertion is neither true nor likely. But the exact truth I know to be that the princes of the house of Bourbon caused overtures to be made to Moreau by a fellow-sufferer of the 18th Fructidor, General Willot, who had attached himself to their cause. I also positively know that General Moreau, then at Baltimore, would in nowise adopt nor serve the interests of the Bourbons. I likewise know that the Duke de Berry wrote a letter to General Willot, in which he lamented to see Moreau assume the green cockade:* the noble prince at the same time declared that, come what might, never should a foreign badge disgrace his own crest. Moreau, in fact, yielded only to a passion of his own, the desire of wreaking his vengeance upon Napoleon —and found a grave where he could not find glory.

Towards the end of July, Napoleon made an excursion to Mayence, where the Empress met him for a few days; thence he returned to Dresden, and allowed the armistice to expire on the 17th August. The

* The Russian uniform is green.

congress at Prague having thus separated without attaining any result, hostilities recommenced on the 17th, and on the same day—a fatal blow for France—Austria declared against us; the Emperor alleging to his son-in-law that the greater the number of his enemies, the greater was the chance of bringing him sooner to reasonable terms. This addition of two hundred and fifty thousand men to the allied ranks, arrayed against Napoleon upwards of a million of combatants.

On the 24th, seven days after the rupture of the conferences, was fought the battle of Dresden: victory remained with Napoleon; but the defeat and capture of Vandamme in Bohemia rendered fruitless the success in Saxony. This conflict will ever be memorable by the death of Moreau.* All the corps of the army which were in action at this time suffered a reverse; yet though constantly talking of fortune, we could not perceive that she was now abandoning our standards. The example once given, even Bavaria deserted, and those troops whom the Emperor had adopted, as it were, on the field of battle—whom he had trained to victory, joined the hostile ranks. The month of October opened with the conflict of Wachau, in which success and disaster were nearly balanced. Soon after the battle of Leipsic, fought on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of October, decided the fate of France, and became the signal of our grand disasters. The Saxon army, the last which had remained faithful to us, went over to the enemy while the battle yet raged; a treason ill rewarded, though so useful to the allies.

As usual, I enter not into the details of battles, but shall state here what I know regarding the deaths of two men who were sincerely lamented and deserving each of the respect of all—Duroc and Poniatowski. Napoleon also regretted Duroc, not from sensibility, but because he had found his services most useful: he it was who, as grand chancellor of the household, established that admirable order which reigned in the economy of the palace; but Napoleon, wishing to make a parade of his grief, after having arranged the scene of the tragic death of Duroc, put into a bulletin his own pompous expression of sorrow and Duroc's reply, as follows:—"Sire, my whole existence has been consecrated to your service, and I regret life only as it might still have been useful to you. Yes, sire; we shall meet again one day, but that will be thirty years hence; when you have triumphed over all your enemies and realized all the hopes of your country.† I have lived

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*See Appendix, F.

†Bonaparte affected to lay great stress upon the expression "thirty years."—*Author.*

as an honest man; I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself. I leave a daughter; your majesty will be a father to my orphan."

Not one word of all this was true; the discourse, like the one made by the First Consul for Desaix at Marengo, was composed and put forth expressly for the occasion. I suppose he took from Homer the idea of making his heroes speak in the hour of death. But the truth is Duroc labored under the most excruciating agony. In such a moment the sufferer is neither very eloquent nor much inclined to talk. I affirm to have seen at the time a private letter which arrived by express from an eye-witness who had accompanied the Emperor and held an office near his person. In this letter, which was addressed to a minister, the writer cautioned his friend against attaching the least credit to the official account; and stated that Duroc, suffering greatly, and seeing the visit was prolonged, turned himself painfully upon the left side, and, motioning with his right hand for the Emperor to withdraw, addressed him in these words:—"*Ah! sire, leave me at least to die in peace.*"

As corroborating in some measure this account, I cite a fact which I guarantee. Before departing for the campaign of 1812, Duroc sent to beg me to come to his apartments in the Tuileries, where I often visited him. He descended about midday from the Emperor's cabinet, where he had, as usual, been transacting business, and was in full court dress. I had been waiting for him about five minutes. He had scarcely entered, when, throwing aside his coat, and hanging up his hat, he said to me, "I am going to give you an account of a conversation which I had concerning you last night with the Emperor; say nothing about it to anyone: wait with patience, and you will be"—He had hardly said "you will be," when a footman entered—"My lord, the Emperor desires to see you immediately." Duroc answered in an angry voice—"Enough—'tis well—not so loud—I am coming." The valet had no sooner shut the door than Duroc, who was in his shirt, stamping violently on the floor with his right foot, exclaimed—"That ——, during the day, never lets me rest. If I have five minutes of enjoyment he grudges and takes them from me." Putting on his coat, he said—"Another day, my good friend"—and hurried away. The disastrous campaign of 1812 intervened between our next meeting, and not till January, 1814, was our conversation resumed. On this occasion Duroc was strongly affected at what had happened since we last met, but confidence in Napoleon's genius still cheered his hopes. To draw him from gloomy thoughts, I reminded him of our strangely interrupted conversation. "The evening preceding the day in question," said he, "the Emperor was amusing himself at billiards with me—by the way he

plays wretchedly; he is poor at the games of skill—while carelessly knocking his balls about he muttered the question—'Duroc, do you see Bourrienne always as formerly?'—'Yes, sire; he comes frequently to dine with me on our diplomatic days; he looks so droll in his antiquated costume of Lyons stuff, you would laugh at the figure he cuts.'—'Eh, well; what says he of that regulation?'—'I must confess he says it is ridiculous—that forced innovations will never prove successful.'—'That is always his way, constantly finding fault; though he served me well at Hamburg. He understands business; but he has many enemies. His letter, however, has opened my eyes, and I begin to think Savary was right in defending him. There are people who labor constantly to prevent my intrusting him with affairs; but I shall finish by recalling him. I do not forget that it was he who gave me the first notice of this war in which we are now engaged. I have forgotten everything they have been saying against him for these two years; and, so soon as peace is concluded and I am at leisure, I shall remember him; keep me informed of what he is doing.'" Alas, I saw my excellent friend but once more, on the day I dined with him, before the fatal campaign of Dresden, wherein he fell.

But the death of such a man as Duroc was not only a loss to Napoleon; it produced a serious moral effect, injurious to his cause; and the fall of each old companion in arms, the victim of his ambition, exposed to still greater execration his insatiable thirst of war. Prince Poniatowski, next to Duroc, thus occupied all minds during the campaign of 1813. Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, Stanislaus-Augustus, had lately been named marshal of France, when he fell at Leipsic. Retreat having become indispensable, Napoleon took leave of the King of Saxony and his family, who had accompanied him from Dresden. The Emperor then cried out in a loud voice to the inhabitants who filled the square, "Saxons, farewell!" and reached, with difficulty, and by a circuitous passage, the suburb of Runstadt. He then quitted Leipsic by the outer gate which leads to the bridge over the Elster and to Lindenau, the only road to France. A little after he had crossed the bridge blew up, and much too soon, since the catastrophe completely prevented the retreat of all that portion of the army which had not yet passed and which, consequently, remained in the power of the enemy. At that time Napoleon was accused of having given orders for the destruction of the bridge immediately after his own passage, in order to secure his retreat from the active pursuit of the enemy. The English journals were unanimous on this point, and there were few of the inhabitants of Leipsic who doubted the fact. To destroy this, at the

moment, general opinion, the following notice was inserted in the *Moniteur*:—"The Emperor had issued instructions to the engineers to lay mines under the principal bridge between Leipsic and Lindenau, in order that it might be blown up at the last moment, thus to retard the enemy's march and allow time for the baggage train to defile. General Dusausoy had given this operation in charge to Colonel Montfort. The colonel, instead of remaining at the station to superintend and give the signal, ordered a corporal and four miners to blow up the bridge on the first appearance of the enemy. The corporal, a man void of intelligence, on hearing the first musket shot discharged from the ramparts of the city, fired the train and blew up the bridge. A portion of the army, with a park of eighty pieces of artillery and some hundreds of carriages, was still on the other side. The advance of that part of the army which had not yet crossed, seeing the bridge destroyed, believed it to be in possession of the enemy. A fearful cry arose and ran from rank to rank—'The enemy are on our rear, and have also broken down the bridges!' These unfortunate men then disbanded, and each sought safety as he might. The Duke of Tarentum (Macdonald) crossed the river by swimming; Prince Poniatowski, mounted on a spirited horse, plunged into the water, and has not since appeared. The Emperor was not informed till too late to remedy the disaster. No remedy, in fact, was possible. Colonel Montfort and the corporal of sappers have been delivered up to a court-martial." It is remarkable that this said court-martial was never held. What are we to conclude? nothing; unless that this is one of the secrets which cannot be revealed, save by the initiated.

Before his own passage of the Elster, Napoleon had directed the prince, in concert with Marshal Macdonald, to cover the retreat and to defend that part of the suburb which extended towards the position of the allies on the road from Borna. To accomplish this he had only 2,000 Polish infantry. Such was his sad situation when, perceiving retreat cut off, even before the bridge blew up, by the retreating squadrons of men, artillery and carriages, he unsheathed his saber, and, turning to the few officers who accompanied him, "Gentlemen," said he, "here we must fall with honor." At the head of a small body of Polish officers and cuirassiers he dashed forward on the advancing columns of the allies. In this action he received a ball in the left arm: already had he been wounded on the 14th and 16th. Still he advanced, but found the suburb filled with the allied troops. Again he exposed himself, and again was wounded. He then threw himself into the Pleisse, which lay between the party and the Elster, and, assisted by

his officers, gained the opposite bank, but lost his charger in the stream. Though much fatigued he mounted another horse and gained the Elster through the gardens of M. Reichenbach, which run along the river. Time pressed; the greater part of the troops were drowned in the Pleisse and the Elster. Here the banks were steep, and though the prince was wounded, he leaped his steed into the river, when both horse and rider were ingulfed. The same fate attended several other officers who followed the example; many were taken on the bank. Marshal Macdonald happily escaped. Five days after, a fisherman found the corpse of the prince and brought it ashore. A modest stone marks the place where the prince's body was found. The Poles expressed to M. de Reichenbach their desire of erecting in his garden a monument to their countryman. The generous banker had already placed a beautiful sarcophagus in the center of a green sward surrounded with magnificent weeping willows.*

This great battle commenced on the 14th October, the anniversary of the famous victories of Ulm and Jena; continued four days, and decided the fate of Europe. During these days of desertion half a million of men engaged together on a surface of three square leagues. From this bloody field Napoleon retreated to Mayence, which he entered, but not without more conflicts, on the 2d of November, and thence to Paris. During this campaign of Dresden the regency of the Empress had given general satisfaction, because she had refused to place her name to sentences of death; but had signed with great alacrity every pardon which the nature of the crime would permit. These circumstances I learned from the Duke of Rovigo (Savary), who, I must in justice say, of all Napoleon's ministers, then most truly appreciated and most honestly declared the true state of things. I recollect, also, that he solicited permission to join the Emperor at Mayence, during the conferences at Prague, with the intention of urging him to peace, at whatever sacrifices. He entertained the persuasion that he should have succeeded. I partook not in his illusions; but he was not permitted to leave Paris; and besides, as already described, Napoleon and Maria Louisa passed there only a few days.

When the signal of our final disasters had been heard, the stocks and course of exchange fell progressively. After the battle of Leipsic, especially, the fall became considerable. I have already said that Napoleon entertained the falsest notions on public credit, and, consequently, was ever terribly alarmed by any depression in the funds.

* There is a slight mistake in this description. See Appendix, G.

And the admirable plans which he conceived to remedy this! One was to purchase stock in order to keep up the rate. This was a hobby which the most prudent counsels could not persuade him to abandon. But the consequences?—when public affairs suffered a check, down came the funds, and as sellers were always sure to find *one* good buyer, stock to be sold glutted the market. But this play was not enough. He had recourse to trickeries which might be termed even childish; for instance, announcing in the *Moniteur* the course of exchange at 80 when it actually stood at 60. When the crisis had passed, and things had resumed their ordinary direction, an erratum would appear, stating that an 8 had appeared in a former paper instead of a 6. In this illusive play the Emperor expended upwards of 60,000,000 of francs (£2,500,000), which would have been much better employed in purchasing bills in London upon Paris. Bonaparte never could comprehend that the rise or fall of the public funds depends on a proper or improper financial administration; on the good or bad faith of the debtor; on a state of peace or war; and finally, on a judicious or imprudent system of sinking fund. To the Emperor, however, a sinking fund was merely a resource whence he could draw, upon an emergency.

At this epoch, namely, the autumn of the year 1813, the more the imperial government verged towards decline, a circumstance difficult to explain, the more extensively it multiplied vexatious measures. From the first disasters of the campaign of Moscow it had seemed good, in order to prevent the truth from circulating, to intercept all communications; to cut off all means of giving vent either to grief or friendship; and the order was accordingly issued to seize at the post-office all letters coming from, or destined for, foreign parts. This mode of investigation, however, as Napoleon at St. Helena has well remarked, being stale at Paris, *black cabinets* were established in the conquered countries. They were placed at Ostend, Brussels, Hamburg, Berlin, Milan, and Florence. All that was required was an order from a superior authority for a letter to be seized, and a copy transmitted to the Emperor. This intolerable abuse influenced not a little the fate of the empire. Similar cruel abuses had aided in bringing about the Revolution and the expulsion of the Bourbons, and they assisted in their restoration. At this period, however, Europe, armed against us, had most certainly not yet begun to think of recalling these princes to the throne of France.

The month of November, 1813, was fatal to the fortune of Napoleon; on all hands our armies were driven back and forced to the Rhine. In every direction the allied columns advanced towards that river.

The fall of the empire evidently approached; not that the foreign sovereigns had yet resolved upon its destruction, but because it was impossible for Napoleon to contend against all Europe; and I well knew, however desperate the situation of his affairs, he would not consent to a peace falsely regarded as dishonorable. Even before the battle of Leipsic, the loss of which was to Napoleon incalculable, and the consequences ruinous, he had felt the necessity of demanding from France, as if she had been inexhaustible, a fresh levy of two hundred and eighty thousand men. The commission devolved upon the Empress, who, for this purpose, proceeded for the first time to the senate in great state. She succeeded; but the splendor of the empire was on the wane. Hardly were these men enrolled when war devoured them. The defection of the Bavarians had much increased the difficulty of the retreat; for, getting before the wrecks of the army, they had preoccupied Hanau, situated about four leagues from Frankfort, with the design of cutting off our retreat. French valor once more roused its energies; the Bavarians were attacked, defeated with great slaughter, and our army reached Mayence. But in what a condition, good Heavens! Could the name of an army be given to some masses of men without resources, discouraged, borne down by fatigue and privations, and, in short, reduced through misery to a kind of brutishness? At Mentz no preparations had been made for their reception; these wrecks of soldiers and of themselves were attacked by contagious maladies; and the horror of their situation became complete. The disasters even of 1812 and of Moscow had been remedied by the activity of her chief and the sacrifices of France; but those very sacrifices had rendered irreparable the misfortunes of Leipsic.

Without including the feeble remnant which had escaped from that fatal field and its consequent miseries, and without counting also the two hundred and eighty thousand whom Maria Louisa had obtained from the senate, in the month of October, the Emperor had still one hundred and twenty thousand veteran troops. These, however, had been left in the rear, shut up in fortresses—such as Dantzic, Hamburg, Torgau and Spandau, or scattered along the Elbe. Still, such was the horror of their situation and of ours, that we could not resolve to abandon, while it was impossible to relieve, them. Meanwhile, the allies were advancing on an immense base of operation; and in one month after the former, a new levy of three hundred thousand men was demanded from France. Then only her wounds seemed probed to the bottom. After the events of Leipsic, which thus lost to France a second formidable army, all the powers of the coalition

pledged themselves to each other, at Frankfort, on the 9th of November, never to separate before a general peace had been established, and to renounce all armistice or negotiation which had not such peace for its object. As the basis of this pacification the allied powers declared that France should be permitted to retain her natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Alps and the Pyrenees.

Here I briefly recall some reminiscences which may explain why Napoleon did not seriously incline to these, in the circumstances of the case, advantageous propositions. We have seen that the signal of defection had been given in 1812 by the corps of General Yorck, but without at least the ostensible consent of the King of Prussia. Napoleon desired to appear unaffected by this desertion, though I am certain that he did not deceive himself as to the ulterior consequences; and from that moment his whole conduct, where negotiation was concerned, plainly showed that he had assumed as his secret device, "*All or nothing.*" At that very period he rejected the sage advice of Cambacérés and of Talleyrand, in order to adopt the boasting of Clarke. I recollect, what I then omitted to insert, that this latter exclaimed, in affected magnanimity, on the question of restitution—"You will be dishonored, if the meanest village, once united to the empire by a *senatusconsultum*, be dismembered." On hearing this, the Emperor cried out, "Excellent! That's what I call speaking. A dishonorable peace is unworthy of France. Let us to arms!" Whoever has known Bonaparte knows what was the influence of his will when positively expressed, and that such an opinion, enunciated in his imposing and stern tones, would sway all sentiments not yet declared. At all events, no one, I believe, will venture to maintain that Napoleon desired peace in 1812. Well, if he were then opposed to it, *a fortiori*, he would adhere to his opposition after the disasters at Leipsic. Men judge of him as they would estimate one of their fellows; but he stood apart, both in his littleness and his grandeur. Will it be said that he would have made peace because it was necessary? but the more it became necessary, the less of advantage it presented, and consequently the farther was he removed from desiring it. Even power, which he so strongly coveted, and which he exercised so imperiously, so despotically—power, in the hidden recesses of thought, was to him but a means, the grand aim was glory—futurity—the mightiness of a name in the echoes of posterity. I am assured that the successive shocks which finally hurled him from his throne were to him less painful than would have been the restraint of living quietly as Emperor of France, reduced to her ancient limits, and being condemned to behold his vast

conquests governed by other laws than his. Napoleon was thus, because such was his nature; and that in this estimate I have truly portrayed the man, his whole conduct proves.

According to the above propositions of the allies, termed, from the place whence they were issued, the Declaration of Frankfort, Germany, Italy and Spain were to be entirely wrested from the possession of France. True, a small part only of the mighty empire founded by Napoleon was thus to be left; still the portion that remained was large and valuable, after so many disasters, and while such vast armies threatened us on every side, borne to our very frontiers on the tide of victory. The conditions were, in truth, a real homage rendered to France and to the valor of Frenchmen. A senseless enthusiasm or blinded devotedness only could have regarded as thus dishonored a prince who, after having ravaged the world for fifteen years, still preserved such a territory. England, too, recognized the liberty of commerce and navigation, and manifested, apparently, the most sincere dispositions to make great sacrifices in order to attain the objects proposed by the allies. But to these offers was added a fatal condition—that representatives from *all* the belligerent powers should assemble in a city to be declared neutral, on the right bank of the Rhine, *but without interrupting, by these negotiations, the course of warlike operation.*

The Duke de Bassano, then minister for foreign affairs, replied to these overtures generally, consenting to the congress and requesting that Manheim might be chosen as the neutral city. In this reply no mention was made of accepting the preliminary basis of pacification. Napoleon reserved the power of negotiating separately with England. To this note Metternich replied on the 25th November, acceding, in name of the allied powers, to Manheim as the seat of congress, but requesting a definite answer on the part of the Emperor Napoleon as to the summary and general views of pacification, lest otherwise insurmountable difficulties should arise at the very outset. The Duke de Vicenza, who had now succeeded to the portfolio of foreign affairs, received this letter, and, relying upon the Declaration of Frankfort, believed he could treat upon these bases, and frankly accepted, trusting to the consent of Napoleon. But the allies had now decided no longer to grant the territorial limits yielded in that declaration. Caulaincourt was obliged to apply for new powers. Having received them, he replied, on the 2d of December, that Napoleon *accepted* the fundamental bases as already proposed. To this letter Metternich again replied that the Emperors of Russia and Austria were gratified to find that the Emperor of the French recognized the bases *deemed* necessary by the

allies, and that these two sovereigns had decided to *communicate*, without delay, this official document to the other members of the coalition, and that they were convinced negotiations might be opened the moment their answer arrived, *without the war being interrupted.*

These negotiations, however, produced no result. The allies had overthrown the colossus of the French empire in the month of October, and thenceforth had resolved to treat with the Emperor of the French only in his capital, as he had formerly treated with the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Napoleon, on the other hand, wished merely to gain time, and in reality never thought of listening to the offers made at Frankfort. He profited, however, by these overtures to raise the immense levy of three hundred thousand men, in order, as he said, to place France in an imposing attitude and to enable her to negotiate not to submit to a peace. This last effort was made in the confidence that the Emperor sincerely desired peace, and would think only of France; for who, I ask, would have given up his children or his fortune that Joseph might rule in Spain or Jerome reign in Westphalia?

The allies, having been informed of the multitude of men which the Emperor had demanded, and well aware of the state of the public mind in France, published a manifesto addressed to the French people which affords a grand lesson to men on the small credit to be attached to the promises of governments.—"The French government," said this document, "having decreed a new levy of three hundred thousand men, the Allied Powers, who by this act have received new provocation, deem it expedient to declare to the world the principles which guide the present war. The Allied Powers do not make war against France, but against the unjust preponderance claimed and exercised by the Emperor Napoleon, beyond the limits of his empire. Conducted by victory to the banks of the Rhine, the Allied Powers have used their success only to offer peace to the Emperor of France on honorable conditions and on a basis to secure the independence of other states. The Allied Powers wish to see France great, powerful, and happy, and confirm to her an extent of empire greater than she ever knew under her kings. But the allied sovereigns wish also to see their own people happy and tranquil; they desire, by an equitable partition of forces and a just balance of territory, to secure their own states from those calamities which for twenty years have desolated Europe. The Allied Powers will not lay down their arms till this great and benevolent design is accomplished."

The good faith of these fine promises may be judged of from the

Treaty of Paris; but it is certain that this manifesto contributed to alienate from Napoleon's cause the hearts of many who had till then remained faithful; since, by giving credit to the declaration of the allies, they beheld in him the only obstacle to peace—the universal wish of France. Nor in this respect were the allies deceived; and I confess having read with no little surprise that part of the Duke de Rovigo's "Memoirs" where he speaks of this manifesto, accusing its authors of falsely representing the Emperor "as a furious man, who replied to their overtures of peace by levies and conscriptions." But on this point what did they say which was not true? How otherwise explain the fact that, in the year 1813 alone, Napoleon had levied one million and forty thousand men?

After all, I have no intention of maintaining that the declaration of the allies was candid as respected the future: most certainly it was not so. Napoleon's destruction evidently appeared to have been sworn. Even the Swiss were now begun to be tampered with; and means were employing to get their consent to the passage of the troops by the bridge of Basle. Meanwhile affairs presented an equally unfavorable aspect in the south, where the Anglo-Spanish army menaced us on the Pyrenean frontier, and already occupied Pampeluna. The loss of that last position, which we had still preserved in Spain, more forcibly proved the sad condition to which France, on every hand, was reduced. The state of the interior was not less afflicting than the situation of affairs abroad; if, on the one hand, the foreign powers made offers of peace, they nevertheless continued war; and the departments bordering on the Rhine, throughout the whole of that frontier, were threatened with invasion. Men had been raised; but that was not sufficient: the most essential necessaries of an army were wanting. Everything was to create. To meet the most urgent demands the Emperor drew forth thirty millions (£1,250,000) from the immense treasury he had hoarded up in the Tuileries, in the vaults and galleries of the Pavilion Marsan. This sum disappeared as if ingulfed; but it was not less an act of generosity on the part of Napoleon, and I confess my inability to account for the complaints of the legislative body regarding this matter. These rigid legislators, who before dared not snuffle out a single word while fortune smiled upon their master, had at length found their most sweet voices, and now demanded loudly, prior to the donative in question, that the three hundred and fifty millions (£15,000,000) in the imperial coffers should be transferred from the privy purse to account on the public budget. Why had they permitted in silence such a sum, squeezed by exaction

from the conquered provinces, to be hoarded up? There would have been danger in opposition!*

At this deplorable period every day brought new misfortunes—inevitable consequences of the fatal campaign of Moscow. Dresden, still occupied by a French garrison, fell into the power of the allies; and the sentiments of other powers were so far changed towards Frenchmen, before whom they had so often trembled, that it was not scrupled to violate the faith sworn to the garrison of the Saxon capital. Scarcely had the French troops marched beyond the walls when they were disarmed, in the face of an engagement upon which they had surrendered, to allow them to enter France with arms and baggage. Ah! had Napoleon once more resumed the ascendency he would have been excusable in signally avenging this perfidy—this insult offered to misfortune! Holland, at the same time, welcomed with joy the hour of enfranchisement, and the arrival of a Russian corps countenanced a general but almost bloodless insurrection. Such was the love which the countries bore us, and such the happiness we had conferred upon them! But defection was not confined within the limits of the empire: Murat had come to an understanding with the English because otherwise he entertained a well-grounded fear that the throne of Naples would not long be his. Still it presented not one of the least strange of the eventful occurrences of the period to behold Neapolitans, with Murat at their head, swelling the armed million arrayed against Napoleon and France.

In the conflict of difficulties which thus assailed the Emperor he threw his eyes upon M. de Talleyrand, who, unfortunately for France, had been long absent from the affairs of government. But Napoleon having required that he should lay aside the dignity of vice-grand-elector, on becoming foreign minister, Talleyrand preferred one of the first posts in the state to a situation of which caprice might soon deprive him, while it exposed him to many ambitious machinations. Perhaps, too, Talleyrand's perspicacity led him to view the situation of affairs as desperate, and his acceptance as of doubtful good in circum-

* However culpable the former silence of the legislative body might be, they were right in demanding the imperial hoard to be given up to the public necessities. Nor will the reader easily reconcile our author's prattling about generosity with the fact of Bonaparte's hesitation. In truth, it would be difficult, probably impossible, to find in history an instance of incapacity greater than keeping up such a sum from useful circulation; or of unfeeling cruelty more justly meriting the execration of all mankind than withholding this aid, or doling out a fifteenth fraction of it, while he was calling upon every father in France for his last child and his last franc, and enforcing the sacrifice!—*Translator.*

stances so difficult. I have been assured that, viewing things in their source, he proposed, in a conversation with the Emperor, the very extraordinary advice to call into play the ambition of the English family of the Wellesleys, and to awaken in Wellington's mind, the splendor of whose fame had now begun to shine forth, ambitious views and projects which would have troubled the coalition. To this scheme Napoleon lent no attention; the issue appeared to him too uncertain, and especially too distant, for the pressing exigencies of the season. Caulaincourt was then called to the administration of foreign affairs, and Maret became home secretary, where he was much better placed. Regnier quitted the portfolio of justice and was succeeded by M. de Mole; and, at the same time, M. de Cossac resigned to Count General Daru the ministry of war.

During these slight changes of his servants the Emperor himself was unceasingly engaged in preparing the means of repelling the attack now directed against him. He created all—overlooked all—performed all. Though age might have been thought to have taken from him some of his activity, yet in this crisis I beheld him as in his most vigorous youth. That he might be enabled to direct the full force of his arms against the allies who menaced him on the side of Switzerland, he took a resolution with regard to Spain which might have exercised a decisive influence upon affairs. This was the resignation of the crown, the renunciation of Joseph's rights over that country, and the immediate restoration of Ferdinand to his states. Joseph made this sacrifice at the instance of his brother, but reluctantly, and in a manner which showed how hard it is to quit a throne. The treaty was signed, but executed with inconceivable tardiness, while the torrent advanced upon France so rapidly as to interrupt the execution. Ferdinand indeed recovered his crown, but by causes very different.

The march of the allies occasioned to the Emperor intense anxiety. It was important to destroy the bridge of Basle. The Rhine, easily crossed, would throw the enemy in masses upon France. I had at this time a correspondence with a foreign diplomatist whom I shall be excused naming: this correspondence assured me the bridge would be allowed to remain, and that such agreement had been made with the allies at Berne. This astonished me, since, on our side, I had contrary information. I dispatched an emissary on my own private account, being deeply interested in knowing the truth. He returned to tell me that the bridge would be suffered to stand.

On the 19th December the legislative body was convoked. M. Lainé presided under Regnier. The house formed itself into a committee to

consider and report upon the communications addressed to it by the Emperor. The majority of the members sensibly felt the deplorable situation of France; they expressed these sentiments in their report. This was not what had been wanted by the Emperor, who desired that they should coincide in his views of resistance: the report was therefore seized, and the house adjourned. This proceeding I have ever regarded as a great error. Had the Emperor and his legislature frankly communicated with each other, the defects of a diplomacy always so artificial and vacillating might have been supplied. Who can doubt that a noble and candid conduct on the part of the legislative body of France, declaring that she accepted the propositions of Frankfort, would have been listened to by the allies? Would they not have preferred an honorable peace to the dangers of invading a vast country, defended by an ardent and valorous people? But the remark, "You will be dishonored if the meanest village, united to the empire by a *senatus consultum*, be dismembered," continually sounded in Bonaparte's ear, whose secret wishes it flattered, and rendered him averse from every pacific measure.

Those who attentively observed events will still remember the general stupor which fell upon Paris on learning what had occurred in the legislative assembly. That body, according to custom, waited on the Emperor in order to take leave. He received the *revolters* not over graciously, and dismissed them without hearing any explanation. Afterwards he observed concerning them, "The members of the legislative body come to Paris only to obtain some special favors. They importune ministers from morning to night, and grumble if not instantly satisfied. Invite them to dinner—they seem bursting with envy at the splendor which surrounds them." These words I had from Cambacérés, who was present.

CHAPTER XIV.

CRISIS OF NAPOLEON'S FATE—ALLIES ENTER SWITZERLAND—A MISSION AND DUKEDOM OFFERED TO BOURRIENNE—SIEGE OF HAMBURG—DAVOUST—OPERATIONS IN ITALY—EUGENE—DEFECTION OF MURAT—AFFAIRS IN FRANCE—GIGANTIC PLANS OF NAPOLEON—HIS VIEWS OF PEACE—PROPOSALS OF THE JACOBINS—REJECTION—PARTING INTERVIEW WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

I HAVE now reached the most critical period in Napoleon's career. What reflections—supposing him to have had leisure to reflect—must

have filled his mind on comparing the remembrances of his dawning fortunes with the sad associations of his glory in its wane!—when he contrasted the standard of the army of Italy, which, in victorious youth, he presented to the Directory, with those drooping eagles constrained now to defend the eyrie whence they had so often dared their flight, to soar on conquering wing over Europe! The comparison and the contrast alike teach the difference between freedom and absolute power. Child of liberty—everything through her, Napoleon had disowned his parent, and was now to be again nothing. The season had gone by when the nations of Italy rejoiced to be vanquished in the name of a free republic; on the contrary, to rescue herself from a despot's thrall, Europe stood armed around our country, ready to burst upon its sacred territory. Fraud was united with force, and both against the Emperor; while the mighty resources still offered by France were paralyzed through the inactivity of many agents of his government; while a stupor had fallen upon all spirits—he was betrayed by those who yet professed themselves allies. Thus the Swiss voluntarily opened their frontiers which, as a neutral power, they had promised to see respected or to defend; and the weakest side of France thus lay exposed to the blow.

This violation of the Swiss territory by the allied armies, with consent of the cantons, is connected with a very important circumstance in my life, which, had I been inclined to take part in the mighty events then passing, might have effected a vast change in my destiny. On Tuesday, the 28th of December, I was dining with my friend M. Pierlot, formerly intendant-general of the Empress Josephine's establishment, when, about nine o'clock in the evening, an express arrived from the minister of police requesting my immediate attendance at his residence. I confess it was not without alarm that I prepared to obey this summons: I knew, thanks to Davoust's calumnies, that I was still an object of suspicion, and at this very time under surveillance, being obliged to show myself three times a week to Savary; a species of restraint which, of course, had to me nothing disagreeable.

But I conceived that new accusations had accomplished the threatenings of the last two years, and that certainly I should now be sent to sleep at Vincennes. In truth, as the Emperor's former kindness had seemed to revive, machinations against me had been redoubled. At all events, I deemed it best to be prepared; so, borrowing a nightcap from my friend Pierlot, I marched on bravely to the hotel of the minister of police. Savary I found in a chamber fully lighted up, and evidently waiting for me. He was in grand costume, and had appar-

ently just come from the Emperor. Before he had time to speak I readily perceived he had news to impart, and from his air of satisfaction augured that for this bout Vincennes was not the word.

"Bourrienne," said this thoroughly good man, whom it has been endeavored to represent almost as a monster, "I have just come from the Emperor. He asked me, 'Where is Bourrienne?'—'Sire, in Paris; I see him often.'—'Well, send for him: I wish to employ him: for three years he has had nothing to do. I desire to send him to Switzerland in the capacity of ambassador: but he must set out immediately. The King of Prussia has expressed himself by letter satisfied with his conduct towards the Prussians, whom the chances of war had forced to retire to Hamburg. He is the friend of Prince Wittgenstein, the friend again of the King of Prussia, and who is probably also at Lorrach.* He will see all the noble Germans who are there. I have sufficient confidence in him to feel assured that his journey will be productive of good results. Caulaincourt will give him his instructions.'" Notwithstanding my great amazement at this unexpected proposition, I replied without hesitation that I could not accept the mission; and that it was offered me too late. "You flatter yourselves that the bridge at Basle will be destroyed—that Switzerland will maintain her neutrality; I believe neither—nay, more, I know positively to the contrary. I can only reiterate that the offer comes much too late."—"Your resolution gives me much pain; but Caulaincourt may perhaps prevail upon you to accept. The Emperor desires you should call upon the Duke of Vicenza to-morrow at one o'clock; he will tell you all about it and give you instructions."—"He may tell what he pleases; I will not go to Lorrach."—"But you know the Emperor better than I do; he wishes you to go, and will never pardon your refusing; and who knows what may be the consequences to you?"—"He may do as he likes; but upon no consideration will I go to Switzerland."—"You are wrong; but you will think of it between this and to-morrow: the night brings counsel. At all events, do not fail to see Caulaincourt at one. He expects you. You will be admitted instantly, and will be alone with him."—"I know Caulaincourt. I had the happiness of being useful to him and his family in an affair of erasure from the emigrant list: he is an excellent person, and will listen to reason: if not, my part is already taken, and the Emperor can take his as suits himself."

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* Lorrach is a small village about six miles from Basle, and which had been fixed upon as the starting point of the Austro-Russian army.—*Translator.*

It was eleven at night before I separated from the Duke de Rovigo, who continued to press me earnestly, but with friendly interest, to a change of resolution. Next morning I began by calling upon M. de Talleyrand, informed him of what had occurred, and begged he would speak to M. de Caulaincourt in favor of my determination. The former approved of my refusal; and at one precisely I called upon the latter at the foreign office, which had not yet been removed to the palace for which I was to have paid. The usher stationed at the door of the cabinet recognized, and, comformably to order, instantly announced me. M. de Caulaincourt made me sit down on the opposite side of the fire beside which he was seated, and gave orders to the attendant to admit no one. The duke, then, with a calmness and forbearance which delighted me, began to explain his commission. The conclusion seemed to me evident that he was well aware of the melancholy situation of affairs, and that he himself considered the proposed mission as vain. I answered with the same composure, repeating the substance of my conversation with Savary, his colleague in the ministry, and my own friend, of the result of which, as a refusal, he himself must be already acquainted. The minister then entered into long details, and in a very friendly manner, on the reasons which should induce me to accept. Among other things he remarked that from the repeated denunciations of Davoust the Emperor had been rendered ill-disposed towards me, and, that by refusing I ran the hazard of confirming his suspicions of my dispositions for the future. I again replied generally on the inutility of the mission, and then particularly on my own situation—a private individual—appearing among the allied princes as one who had been three years removed from public affairs, and in some measure in disgrace, without even the decoration of the Legion of Honor. "If that be all," interrupted M. de Caulaincourt, "there is no difficulty. I am authorized by the Emperor to say that he will create you a duke, and invest you with the grand order of the Legion of Honor." At these words I thought I must be dreaming, and was almost inclined to regard the minister as in jest. The offer, however, was serious; and it is honest to confess that I found it tempting. I withstood the temptation, nevertheless, and persisted in my positive refusal. At length, after some farther discussion, the duke, seeing his efforts vain, rose, which was a signal to me that our conference had terminated; and it must be confessed that for some seconds I remained very uncertain what course to take. M. de Caulaincourt was retiring slowly towards the door of his cabinet. If he departed without my knowing his opinion, I had done nothing. Addressing him by his family name, "Cau-

laincourt," he returned towards me. "You have often assured me that you would never forget the services which I rendered your family when possessing some credit. Look at the situation of France—consider my circumstances. I do not ask for your secrets, but I will state frankly that my conviction is the allies will pass the Rhine in a few days. The Emperor has been deceived; I should not have time to arrive, and would be laughed at. I know you to be a man of honor—and tell me candidly, and as a friend, how would you act if in my situation?" I saw from the sudden and involuntary emotion expressed in his countenance that my question had touched Caulaincourt. He pressed my hand with affectionate warmth and said, "I would do as you have done. Enough: I will arrange with the Emperor; keep yourself easy." In fact, I heard no more of the affair.

Here I feel myself constrained to anticipate with a short anecdote. In May, 1815, when the King had appointed me prefect of police, M. de Caulaincourt sent, on the 15th of that month, a person on whom dependence could be placed to ask me if he incurred any risk by remaining in Paris, or whether he ought to remove. The duke had learned that his name was contained in a list of those whom I had orders to arrest. Much affected by this mark of confidence, I replied with warmth to the duke's envoy, "Say to M. de Caulaincourt that *I do not even know where he lives:* let him remain quiet, and I answer for his safety."

The reader is already aware that numerous garrisons had been left in different parts of Germany. Dresden had fallen into the power of the enemy by a capitulation which was not respected; for the troops, who had surrendered on condition of being sent into France with arms and baggage, had no sooner marched beyond the walls than they were stripped. Magdeburg, under Lemarrois, still held out, and was expected to do so for some time. Davoust resolved to render Hamburg a similar point of resistance. Of the extensive correspondence which I maintained at this time with the exterior, my information from Hamburg interested me especially. During the campaign of 1813 the allies, having driven the French out of Saxony, and constrained them to march for the Rhine, formed the siege of Hamburg, wherein Davoust had shut himself with thirty thousand men, in the resolution of rendering the defense no less memorable than that of Saragossa, and of delivering up the post only when the town had become a heap of ashes. Such were his own expressions, and, it must be acknowledged, he displayed much ability in carrying his resolution into effect, though at a fearful expense of life and property to the miserable inhabitants. He began by laying up vast

quantities of provisions. Generals Dejean and Haxo, of the artillery, were sent by Napoleon to mark out the lines of fortification; in the formation of these Davoust employed fifteen thousand men. At the same time General Bertrand commenced the erection of a bridge uniting Hamburg and Haarburg by joining the islands of the Elbe to the Continent—a distance of six miles. This bridge, constructed of wood taken by force from all the timber yards, was finished in eighty-three days. It presented a magnificent appearance, bestriding a waterway of five thousand and fifty-eight yards, exclusive of communications across the two islands. Many millions would not replace the houses thrown down to complete the fortifications and to uncover the approaches of the enemy. But these defenses were upon so extensive a scale that sixty thousand men would have been required for their full occupatio. All this was effected at incalculable loss to the inhabitants. From the immense stores heaped up in the place the garrison was plentifully supplied, while provisions in the town were to be obtained with much difficulty, in very small quantities, and at exorbitant prices. All horses, without exception, were seized for the artillery; the best were selected, the others slaughtered in the streets, and the flesh distributed to the soldiers. The inhabitants, pressed by famine, bought the hides at a dear rate. The garrison, composed of French, Italians, and Dutch, upon the evacuation of the place, in May, 1814, was found to be reduced to a moiety, having lost upwards of 15,000 men. The process of demolition, in leveling the outer defenses, was so complete that even the tombs and vaults were thrown down. Neither the living nor the dead were spared; for, in executing their work of destruction, the soldiers might be seen wrenching off the silver plates from the coffins, and even breaking them up, in order to get at the rich stuffs in which it is there customary to wrap the deceased. In this rage for plunder were braved even the exhalations of putridity, which doubtless exaggerated, perhaps had occasioned, the pestilence that broke out at a subsequent period of the siege. To these acts of barbarity succeeded a most strict blockade, formed by the troops of Russia and Sweden, and all external communication was cut off. The King of Denmark, even, the faithful ally of Napoleon, found himself constrained to abandon the garrison to its fate. To this he was forced by the Prince Royal of Sweden, who, as we have seen, joined, at an early period, the league of the north. In one of the first sorties General Vandamme and a considerable number of men were uselessly sacrificed. In the month of December provisions began to fail the inhabitants, and all useless

mouths were turned out, under every aggravation of cruelty. On the 18th one of those proclamations of expulsion was issued, for departure, in forty-eight hours, under pain of destruction of the houses—the commandant of the gendarmerie having it in charge to inflict on the recusants fifty strokes of the bastinado before expelling them. But if there are ways of dealing with Heaven, so are there with the gendarmerie. The bastinado was remitted for a sum of money, and, in the case of females, French gallantry substituted scourging! But such is the tie that binds us to our natal soil that still the wretched inhabitants clung to their hearths; and a new order of the 25th became necessary, which declared that, out of compassion, twenty-four hours longer were granted, after which all found within the city who could not contribute to the defense should be considered as in league with the enemy, and consequently liable to be delivered to the Prevotal Court and shot! This was not enough: lingerers were still found; and, in one of the last nights of December, all who fell under the proscription, without distinction of age or sex, sickness or health, were torn from their beds, and, during an intense frost, carried beyond the walls. By a refinement of cruelty the escort was composed of citizens. In the course of the night many aged persons perished. To misery the most deadly insults were added. I have seen—I have read—I do not invent, an order of the police declaring all female servants subject to domiciliary visits, unless they had certificates of health from their masters! All those evils were increased to an incredible degree of desperation by the avarice and barbarity of Davoust's favorite agents. One of these, a native of Auxerre, retained a valet whose business it was to carry off by force, or inveigle by fraud, for his master a daily victim from the honorable young females of the place. These are facts so well known that though, for the sake of his family, I do not mention the name of this commissary, when these pages, even at this distant date, are read in Hamburg, everyone will repeat that name. Meanwhile filth and putrescence accumulated everywhere: the streets were encumbered with the carcasses of slaughtered horses: the Alster and its lake, poisoned by every species of uncleanness which there was no longer means of transporting beyond the city, sent forth deadly exhalations: as the season advanced, epidemic and febrile complaints were converted into pestilence: from sixty to eighty died daily in the hospitals, of which no care was taken: and, on the bastions, on the ramparts, and in the highways, the dead were flung into trenches rather than buried; so that the living could not make a step without treading on the remains of their relatives or friends. All pecuniary resources being at

length exhausted the poor remains of the bank were seized, amounting to about eight millions of marks (£600,000); and thus, while Hamburg, so lately rich and hospitable, was completely ruined, the shock was extended to distant places. Napoleon had accused Hamburg of Anglomania, and, in ruining it, thought he was ruining England. Through all these persecutions that city had been an unresisting sacrifice. Like Jerusalem—whence, it is said, during the siege by Titus, *the sound of lamentation was heard in the night*—Hamburg could only bewail in secret.*

Such was the state of the French interest in Germany, where we were expelled from all save a few isolated points, in which crime and useless resistance maintained a sinking cause. In Italy, Eugene commanded; that country having been confided to his care after the campaign of 1812. To the preservation of Italy, Bonaparte attached great importance, both from the recollection of his early glory and its present value. The actual possession of its rich provinces would be of great weight in a treaty of peace which might call for their resignation; while they afforded a strong and convenient point whence to threaten Austria. The Viceroy did everything in his power to second the intentions of the Emperor. But Eugene's army, in reality, differed greatly from its appearance on the muster-roll. That, indeed, bore the number of regiments, but, in many instances, the regiments themselves had remained beneath the snows of Russia or been buried in the plains of Poland. By dint of exertion, however, and the care taken of his soldiers, he assembled a corps of fifty thousand men, of whom five thousand were cavalry. After the failure of negotiations in the shadow of a congress at Prague, the Viceroy entertaining no doubt of an approaching attack upon Italy, marched with his whole disposable force, and took up a position as near as possible to the Austrian frontier, his headquarters being at Udine. Until April, 1814, he was enabled to preserve an imposing attitude and to protect the entrance to the Italian kingdom with that skill which might have been expected from one trained in the school of Napoleon, and ranking among his best generals. Two defections, however, afflicted the excellent heart and disconcerted the prudent arrangements of Eugene; namely, those of Murat,

* It is dreadful to think of such enormities and sufferings during the space of their continuance; but it is, perhaps, even more fearful to contemplate their future consequences. While walking on one of the magnificent promenades which have replaced the astonishing mounds of Davoust, I was informed by a magistrate of Hamburg, of the opinion being generally entertained that the crimes and calamities of the siege had wrought an injurious effect on the morals of the place, from which they had not yet recovered, nor would soon regain a healthy tone.—*Translator.*

his brother-soldier, and of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Thus exposed in rear to the Neapolitan army, and in flank to the Bavarians approaching through the Tyrol, he commenced a series of retrograde movements in the autumn of 1813, falling back, first upon the Tagliamento, and subsequently upon the Adige. There he took up a position with troops considerably diminished by garrisons, sickness and conflict.

Towards the end of November, Eugene understood that one corps of the Neapolitan troops had seized Rome, another Ancona, and that the army was on its march for Upper Italy. The King of Naples wished to turn to his own advantage the situation of Europe, and became the dupe of offers promised as the reward of his treason. He was here doubly a traitor; for not only had he entered into a treaty with the enemies of France, but, as nothing certain was yet known respecting his desertion, and flying reports were discredited as impossible, he continued to profess amity to the Emperor and to receive provisions and stores from Eugene. Such, too, was the confidence at Paris, that the war minister never once thought of refusing those demands; yet, at that very moment, the King of Naples was engaged to join the Austrian troops and to make common cause against the French arms in Italy. Here Murat became perfidious and inexcusable. To disown his native for his adopted country, when the interests of the latter demanded it, was a measure standing on its own merits and liable to be judged differently, as men's opinions or their feelings differ; but to join perfidiousness to desertion can admit of only one sentiment—that it was at once unmanly and criminal. When first informed of this treachery Napoleon refused to give credit to the fact. "No," exclaimed he to those around him—"No! that cannot be! Murat, to whom I gave my sister! Murat, to whom I have given a crown! Eugene must be deceived. It is not possible that Murat should declare against me!" It was, however, not only possible, but true. At that very moment Miollis, with a handful of men, was blockaded in the castle of St. Angelo, as were also the garrisons of Ancona and Loretto in their respective citadels. The treaty between Austria and Naples was definitely signed on the 11th of January, 1814. Soon after Eugene, mistrusting Murat's conduct, retired behind the Mincio and cantoned his army. Here, on the 8th of February, the Austrian army came up with his position: he engaged and defeated the Austrians, and thus for some time prevented their invasion and junction with the Neapolitan forces. Not till eight days after this conflict did Murat officially declare war against the Emperor by sending in his declara-

tion by his chief of staff to General Vignolles, who held the same situation in the army of Prince Eugene. Immediately all the French officers in the Neapolitan service left the king and went over to Eugene. Murat exerted every effort to retain them, but in vain. "No Frenchman," said they, "who really loves his country, can now remain in your service."—"Do you suppose, then," cried he, "that my heart is less French than yours? Believe, on the contrary, that I am much to be pitied: from the grand army I hear only of disastrous events. I have been forced to make a treaty with the Austrians and an arrangement with the English under Lord Bentinck, in order to save my kingdom from a threatened invasion by the English and Sicilians. Such a disembarkation would infallibly have excited a revolt in the interior: remain then with me."

Immediately on receipt of Joachim's declaration Eugene issued a proclamation to his troops:—"Soldiers," said the prince, "my motto is, Honor and Fidelity; let the same be your device: with this in our hearts and God for our aid we shall yet triumph over all our enemies." In the same proclamation he expressed his hopes of a solid and lasting peace; these were not realized: another portion of it, in which he promulgated the imperial decree for the recall of all French officers in the Neapolitan service, had become useless from the voluntary retirement of all whom the regulation concerned; and unfortunately he possessed not the means of fulfilling his promises of victory. The Austro-Neapolitan army obtained advantages which could not be disputed; Leghorn and Ancona were taken, and the French obliged to evacuate Tuscany.

I return to affairs in France at the end of 1813. These presented a spectacle no less afflicting than in Italy. The imperial diadem, like the iron crown, tottered on the head of Napoleon. The treachery of Murat had proved doubly fatal in itself and in its effects upon the mighty combinations in which he had been destined to act an important part. In the gigantic scheme of defense and offense which he now meditated, Bonaparte's intention had been that Eugene and Murat, uniting their forces, should march upon Vienna, through the Tyrol and Carinthia, and thus get to the rear of the allies and shake Austria to the center. Meanwhile he himself, with the soldiers and on the soil of France, would have multiplied obstacles in the enemy's front, and might have decided the campaign before their timid million, measuring every step, had polluted Paris with their presence. On hearing of this immense project I could not but recognize the daring spirit which I had known

meeting greater disasters by great resources. The impress of genius was there, but rendered powerless in the means of execution. In the campaign of Paris Napoleon was all himself; again he unfolded that fervid mind which, as in youthful conquests, annihilated time and space and seemed omnipresent in its energies. But the chances of success were no longer the same: victory, even, if dearly purchased, must become fatal to him. In France new hopes had sprung up in the room of those that had been deceived and which had heralded him to consular power. Now must he have felt in all its simple honesty the counsel of Josephine—"Bonaparte, do not, I beseech thee, make thyself king."

Napoleon was still Emperor; but the man who had imposed upon all Europe treaties of peace not less disastrous than war itself could not now obtain an armistice. His ambassador, Caulaincourt, commissioned to treat of one, passed twenty days in idleness at Luneville, without being received into the allied camp or permitted to pass the advanced guards of the army of invasion. In vain Caulaincourt entreated—supplicated Napoleon to sacrifice, or rather provisionally to lay aside, a portion of the glory acquired in so many combats. No concession could be obtained: he wrote, however, to his minister—"I shall sign whatever you will. To obtain peace I ask no condition. I shall not dictate my own humiliation." This was equivalent to a prohibition to sign or concede anything. In the course of the first fifteen days of 1814 one-third of France was invaded and a new congress proposed at Châtillon upon the Seine. Of the proceedings I shall speak hereafter; meanwhile, let us consider the last moments of Napoleon's stay at Paris before setting out for that adventurous campaign of France wherein he displayed military talent superior even to the reverses which he experienced, and where these were often balanced by the fortunate daring of his vast combinations.

Affairs were approaching daily to a crisis. Strongly pressed by the allies, he was counseled to seek extraordinary resources in the interior of the empire. He was reminded of the fourteen armies which, as if by enchantment, sprung forth from the soil of France to defend her at the commencement of the Revolution. In short, he was advised to throw himself into the arms of a party who still possessed the power of raising the mass—to join himself to the Jacobins. What a trial for him who had so often manifested the justifiable loathing which these inspired! Nevertheless, for a moment he cherished the idea of adopting this advice. He made the round, on horseback, of the suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau; caressed the populace; replied to their acclamations with attentive eagerness; and believed he beheld in these dispositions

something which might be turned to advantage. On returning to the palace some prudent people took upon them to make remarks, recommending him to have recourse rather to the upper classes—to the nobility and select of the nation. Perceiving thus that several blamed this ridiculous popularity, he replied—"Gentlemen, you may talk as you please, but, in my present situation, I find no nobility save in the rabble of the Fauxbourgs, nor any rabble save in the nobility I have made." A happy device this to please everybody; since, according to Napoleon, all were rabble together.

At this epoch the Jacobins were disposed to serve and to strain every nerve to save him. But they required that he should leave them alone to act freely, to arouse every revolutionary passion, to abandon the press to their management and to have sung in the streets and in the theaters their favorite airs—with other propositions no less extravagant and not less revolting. I do not in this repeat hearsays, but what I witnessed and heard at two meetings at which I was present, though certainly by chance, and when these proposals were brought forward with the more assurance that success appeared certain. Though years had passed since the times of my familiar intercourse with Napoleon, I knew his opinions regarding the Jacobins too well to be under any apprehension as to the result here. In fact, disgusted by their demands and the price which they put upon their services, he broke off the correspondence. "It is too much," he said; "I shall find in battle some chance of safety, but none with these hare-brained fools;" adding afterwards—"There can exist no connection between the demagogues of 1793 and monarchy; between furious clubs and a regular ministry; between a Committee of Public Safety and an Emperor; between revolutionary tribunals and the reign of the laws. No! if I must fall, I will not bequeath France to the Revolution from which I saved her."

Golden words these! and Napoleon followed up a resolution worthy of himself by calling forth a truly national and more noble instrument to parry the threatening danger. This was the National Guard of Paris, which he placed under the command of Moncey, a man estimable in every respect, who had loyally fought under the standard of France, and now, in an advanced age, preserved the freshness, both mental and bodily, of youth.* The Emperor could not have made a worthier choice;

* Moncey Bon-Adrien Jedunot, marshal of the empire and Duke of Cornegliano, was born at Besançon, July, 1754. His father was an advocate, and the young soldier was himself intended for a similar career; but so powerful were the attractions presented by the profession in which he afterwards attained so honorable a station, that thrice he

but the staff of the National Guard became a focus for every species of intrigue, save that which tended to the defense of Paris; and when the moment came, without seeming to wish the overthrow of Napoleon, all its members had that overthrow uppermost in their minds. However that may be, as captain of the guard, I was convoked with my brother officers to meet the Emperor in the Tuileries on the 23d of January, when we received Napoleon's farewell, previous to his setting out on the morrow, for the first time, to fight for the hearth with the foe in the land. What a day for me! how many recollections assailed my memory! We were introduced into the grand saloon which I had so often traversed as a familiar of the house. Better to view the ceremony I had mounted along with others upon a bench placed against the wall. Napoleon entered with the Empress; he advanced with a noble air, leading by the hand his son, not yet three years old. For a long time I had not been near him with whom I had lived so intimately and for so many years. He had become very corpulent; and upon his extremely pale countenance sat an air of sadness and displeasure. The ordinary movements of the muscles of his neck were stronger and more frequent than I had formerly remarked.—No, I cannot describe what I felt stirring within me, on beholding this friend of my youth, so long master of Europe, on the point of sinking beneath the efforts of his enemies. The ceremony had something grave and solemn, and at the same time mournful. Rarely does silence so profound reign in so numerous an assembly. There prevailed throughout some indescribable and vague uneasiness—an eager listening for the voice of Napoleon. Nor was that voice long unheard. In strong and sonorous tones, as when he harangued his soldiers in Italy or Egypt, but without the expression of self-confidence and satisfaction with others which then beamed from his countenance, Napoleon thus addressed us :—

"Gentlemen, officers of the National Guard, I have pleasure in beholding you assembled around me. I depart this night to place myself

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deserted the paternal roof to enlist as a private sentinel. The first time his discharge was purchased by his family; a second time he solicited his own release, but the third time he persevered; and, as his reward, found himself, at the age of forty-six, a cornet of dragoons! The Revolution opened rapid promotion, for, in 1796, he was general of division. In Italy, under the consulate, he distinguished himself in the passage of St. Bernard; at Marengo; and in other lesser conflicts. In 1804, he became one of the fifteen marshals of the creation; and subsequently, in Spain, sustained the reputation of a merciful if not talented commander. The text informs us of the rest. In 1823 he again commanded, in the Spanish invasion, under the Duke d'Angoulême—if with little honor, it was not his fault—the expedition was disgraceful.—*Translator.*

at the head of the army. On quitting the capital I leave behind, with confidence, my wife and my son, upon whom so many hopes repose. I owe this acknowledgment of security to all those acts by which you have never failed to manifest your attachment in the principal eras of my life. I shall depart with a mind freed from a weight of inquietude when I know these pledges to be under your faithful guardianship: to you I confide all I hold most dear in the world, next to France, and recommend them to your care.

"It may sometimes happen, from the nature of the maneuvers which I am now to execute, that the enemy may find an opportunity to approach your walls. If such an event should occur, bear in mind that it can be the affair only of a few days, and that I shall speedily arrive to your assistance. I recommend to you to be united among yourselves, and to resist every insinuation tending to introduce disunion. Endeavors will not be wanting to shake your fidelity to your duties; but I depend on your repelling all these perfidious instigations."

I listened to Bonaparte's words with the deepest attention; and, though he pronounced them with a strong voice, it was not unmoved—he felt or feigned emotion. But that emotion, whether real or assumed, was shared by a vast number of those present; and I confess, for my own part, that I was greatly overcome, especially when he uttered the words, "I confide to you my wife and my son." I fixed my eyes upon the child; the interest he inspired was altogether distinct from that excited by the grandeur which surrounded, or the misfortunes which threatened, him. I beheld in the boy, whose countenance, moreover, displayed much innocent loveliness, not the King of Rome, but the son of my earliest friend. During the whole day I could not escape from a feeling of sadness, on comparing what I had that morning witnessed with our first occupation in the Tuileries. How many ages in the fourteen years that separated those events!

CHAPTER XV.

CONGRESS OF CHATILLON—BONAPARTE'S VIEWS OF HISTORY AND OF PEACE—PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONGRESS—DUPLICITY OF NAPOLEON—CAULAINCOURT'S PROJECT OF PACIFICATION—REJECTED—VIEWS OF THE ALLIES—SINGULAR CONVERSATION WITH ALEXANDER—CAMPAIGN OF PARIS—BATTLE OF BRIENNE—VISIT TO THE FIELD—BATTLE OF CHAMP-AUBERT—ANECDOTE—THE BOURBONS—THE POPE—KING OF SPAIN—ALLIES MARCH UPON PARIS—BATTLE OF FERE CHAMPENOISE—ANECDOTE.

It will be deemed a circumstance worthy of remark, by those who take an interest in comparing dates, to find that Napoleon, the successor of Louis XVI. and nephew of that monarch by marriage with Maria Louisa, should have taken his farewell of the National Guard precisely on the anniversary of the too famous 21st January, after twenty-five years of terror and disgrace—of hope, of glory and reverse. On the morrow he set out to join the army; but, alas! his journey was not so long as it used to be, before reaching headquarters. Eastern France was already occupied by five hundred thousand men, and Napoleon had wherewith to oppose this host only, at most, one hundred thousand; but his genius, far from failing him, seemed to renovate its youthful vigor in this terrible conjuncture.

Meantime, the congress at Châtillon-sur-Seine had opened, where assembled the Duke of Vicenza as representative of France; Lords Aberdeen, Cathcart, and Stewart, British envoys; Count Razoumowsky, on the part of Russia; Count Stadion, on that of Austria; and Count de Humboldt, from Prussia. As I received the most perfect intelligence on whatever was transacted in this assembly, I believe the present portion of my "Memoirs" will deeply interest everyone who seeks for the truth on the negotiations of this period. In terms of his instructions the Duke de Vicenza demanded an armistice on the opening of the congress, according to the usual practice while negotiating treaties of peace. This Napoleon both desired and greatly wanted, to repair former losses and to prevent the fresh disasters of immediate warfare. But, instructed by past experience, the allies resolved to continue military operations, and answered the proposal of an armistice by requiring the immediate signature of the propositions of pacification.

These, however, were no longer the proposals of Frankfort. The allies now established, as a basis of the treaty, the limits of the ancient monarchy. They regarded their success as sufficient to authorize this; and who, in their situation, would not have acted in the same manner?

To judge accurately of Napoleon's conduct in reference to these pacific negotiations at Châtillon, we must take especially into account the organization which he had received from nature, and understand the ideas which that organization had superinduced upon his mind during his youthful years. If we examine with attention and impartiality that conduct throughout, we shall be convinced that he owed his fall only to himself. No agents at this time fostered his selfish ambition, his overmastering love of glory, and profound duplicity; though in other seasons there might have been those in his confidence who failed to convince him that often his designs were incompatible with the necessities of France. If, upon this occasion, he was the victim of his ambitious views, it must be attributed to himself alone. He has said, at St. Helena, in speaking of the conferences of Châtillon—"A stroke from Heaven could alone have saved us; for to treat, to conclude, was to give up like a fool to the enemy." Napoleon is beheld undisguised in these words. He was deeply read in the history of the great men of antiquity; and what he had chiefly sought to discover in his studies was the means by which these men had become great. He had not failed to remark that a vast military renown bears much farther the name of the possessor than the most successful labors of peace, extensive knowledge, or the noblest effort to contribute to the happiness of mankind. How often has he said to me, while launching forth into some of the historical disquisitions in which he loved to indulge—"Who, at this day, knows the names of that populace of kings who have passed from thrones upon which chance or birth had placed them? They lived and died in obscurity. Painfully are their names sought in worm-eaten archives; or a medal—a coin, found among rubbish, barely reveals to the learned the existence of a king of whom they had never heard. On the contrary, speak of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Henry IV., or Louis XIV., and we are instantly among acquaintance." From all this he had drawn, as it were, an historical corollary—never to sign a disadvantageous peace. How then conclude a shameful peace, which not only stripped France of what Napoleon had added to her dominion, but of that which she had confided to his genius, to his great military talents, and to his fortune? He entertained an intimate conviction, which never for a moment had I seen laid aside, that, were once the illusion produced by his triumphs to be

destroyed, the charm and the enthusiasm so many prodigies had awakened in a brave and generous people would disappear with its cause. "France," he would often say, "received me as her chief from the arms of victory: if conquest forsake me, France will return to the descendants of Henry IV." Many were the illusions, in every period of his career, with which Bonaparte imposed upon others as to his position, but never, save in rare instances, did he impose upon himself. Deprived of its military foundation, his greatness necessarily fell; and of this he was fully aware. To occupy the brilliant station in the pages of history to which he aspired, a tarnished crown was to him no crown. During the long space passed in his intimacy, even when his glory stood beyond dispute, ever did I find him fatigued and disgusted with the labors of civil administration. What, then, must have been his aversion to engage in arrangements for the humiliation of his beautiful France? Once, when Caulaincourt pressed him to make sacrifices, he exclaimed, "Courage may defend a crown—infamy, never!"

Such were the dispositions with which Napoleon set out for the army. Soon after his arrival the conferences at Châtillon commenced. The Duke of Vicenza, convinced that he must no longer count upon the natural limits of France granted by the Declaration of Frankfort, as the basis of negotiation, wrote for new powers. The Congress opened on the 5th of February; on the 6th there was no sitting; but on the 7th the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers declared themselves categorically. They drew up a protocol that, in consequence of the success which had attended their arms, France should be confined within her ancient limits, such as these were under the monarchy, before the Revolution; that France should renounce all influence beyond her immediate frontiers; and that, consequently, all titles implying protection in Italy, Germany or Switzerland were instantly to cease. This proposition, so different from the one sent to Frankfort to our envoy, M. de St. Aignan, appeared so extraordinary to M. de Caulaincourt that it obliged him to request a suspension of proceedings, the conditions being of a nature which did not authorize him to proceed immediately. The plenipotentiaries acceded to his wish, and adjourned the meeting till eight o'clock the same evening. In this night sitting the Duke of Vicenza declared his willingness to make the greatest sacrifices for peace, however remote the propositions of the allies, as explained that morning, had been from the terms offered at Frankfort; but requiring a definite statement of those sacrifices and of the compensations to be given in return. This was, indeed, fulfilling his recent instructions to prolong the discussions and to gain

time; but the duke has been unjustly accused of opposing the peace, and throwing unimportant and even trifling obstacles in the way. Such were the private instructions of the Emperor.

On the following day, some success obtained by the allies, and their capture of Troyes and Chalons, determined Napoleon to empower his plenipotentiary to state, "That he was ready to consent to the ancient limits of France, provided the allied powers immediately consented to an armistice." This would have exactly suited Napoleon; time would have been gained. The East and the North would have risen; reenforcements could have arrived from the south of France; and he should have been able to bring up his troops from Spain and the German fortresses: besides, fortunate chances might present themselves, and, to a certainty, intrigues might be set on foot. On the 9th of February this unexpected proposal was laid before the Congress by Caulaincourt; and M. de Razoumowsky, convinced that England would accede her object in the surrender of Antwerp and the evacuation of Belgium being thus attained, demanded, in the name of the Emperor Alexander, a suspension of the discussions. But the allies rejected this subterfuge of Napoleon; and they did right. He had given his ambassador to understand that the *first* word of the allies was not to be taken as an *ultimatum;* that he must reply by assuming the propositions of Frankfort and demanding an armistice; but that their answer even to this was not to be an ultimatum. "There are many other concessions," he added in his letter; "but, if the allies are satisfied, you may close; if not, the terms will afford room for discussion." In the same letter occurred the following remarkable expression, which describes the whole intention of the Emperor—"You may go, *verbally*, as far as you judge convenient; and, when you shall have obtained a positive ultimatum, refer to your government for final instructions concerning it." Is this clear?

In the sitting of the 10th of March the Duke of Vicenza inserted in the protocol that the last courier dispatched to him had been stopped and detained for a long time by several general officers in the Russian army, who had forced from him his papers, which had not been delivered to the duke till thirty-six hours afterwards at Chaumont. Caulaincourt justly complained of this infraction of the rights of nations, and of established usages, as the only cause of delay in concluding the negotiations. He then laid before Congress the instructions of his master, in which the Emperor acceded to the conditions of the allies at Frankfort, from which they had receded without comprehensible motives. He, however, was careful not to communicate his secret

orders—*to insist—to demand all, in order to obtain nothing.* He then inserted a long note in the protocol setting forth all the commonplaces about the balance of power, the partition of Poland, the inferiority to which France would be reduced, compared with Austria or Russia, by accepting the new basis proposed by the allies, namely, her ancient limits before the Revolution; and maintained, with truth, that without France the balance of power could not be preserved. He continued to state, in support of these views, that Belgium and the right bank of the Rhine, having been constitutionally united to France, and recognized by existing treaties, the Emperor neither could, nor would, consent to their dismemberment. To these propositions of Napoleon the allies replied that they contained nothing distinct or definite as respected the preliminaries presented by them on the 17th February, and which were to have been answered on the 28th, after the term of ten days fixed upon by Caulaincourt himself: they, therefore, proposed breaking up the Congress. To prevent this, the duke replied *verbally*, "1. That Napoleon was ready to renounce all influence beyond the limits of France. 2. To acknowledge the independence of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Holland; and to make such concessions to England as should be judged necessary, and for a reasonable equivalent."

Upon this declaration the sitting immediately broke up without reply. Nor was this to be wondered at. What did Bonaparte comprehend under the *limits* of France? Those unquestionably which he had been offered, but refused, at Frankfort, and which the allies now retrenched to the limits of the monarchy. And what was the "reasonable equivalent expected from England?" Is it surprising that this obscurity and vagueness inspired no confidence? In fact, three days after this sitting of the 10th of March, the allies declared that they could not enter upon the discussion of the verbal protocol of the French minister, and demanded from him within twenty-four hours an explicit declaration for or against the treaty proposed by them, that the limits of France should be those of the monarchy before the Revolution, or to propose a counter project. Always guided by his secret instructions, the Duke of Vicenza inserted in the protocol an ambiguous reply at the same meeting of the 13th March. The allies answered by repeating their demand. The former then requested a suspension of the meeting till eight the same evening, which, after some discussion, was granted. The meeting having resumed, M. de Caulaincourt, much to the surprise of all, said he would give in a counter project, but could not finish it before the evening of the 14th,

or morning of the 15th March. The allies were pressed, but, from personal consideration to the French envoy, said they would adjourn to the morning of the 15th. On that occasion, to the astonishment of all, in this counter project, so long delayed, the duke modified nothing of his verbal protocol. The Emperor was to retain the Rhine, renounce Holland, Italy, his supremacy over Switzerland, and to recognize the independence of Spain; but the crown of the kingdom of Italy was to be guaranteed to Prince Eugene Napoleon. The Princess Eliza was also to retain the sovereignty of Lucca and Piombino, and the Prince of Neufchatel his principality; the Grand Duke of Berg (son of Louis) was also to retain possession of his duchy; the King of Saxony to be reinstated in his kingdom; and the Ionian Isles were to belong to the kingdom of Italy. The greater part of these conditions were received with derision by the allies. It became evident that Napoleon had never intended to treat seriously of peace at Châtillon.

This singular programme of the 15th Caulaincourt had demanded should be ratified in five days, or sooner if possible. But the allies saw clearly that its object was only to involve them in a tedious discussion; and, fearing lest they should still become the victims of the crafty policy of Napoleon, inserted in the protocol, during the sitting of the 18th, their reasons for rejecting altogether the propositions of the French minister. For my own part, so convinced was I that Napoleon had no intention to conclude peace upon any principle of concession, that, on the 13th, when the Duke of Vicenza had written to Talleyrand that the signature of the treaty would unquestionably soon take place, I affirmed it would not. On the morning of the 14th, having visited Talleyrand, I expressed the same opinion; upon which he put into my hand Caulaincourt's letter, stating that "Napoleon had given him a carte blanche to save the capital and to avoid a battle, by which would be compromised the last resources of the nation." This appeared very positive; but the assurance did not alter my opinion for a moment. Having read the letter, I returned it with the remark, "He will not sign." M. de Talleyrand could not help saying that he thought me obstinate in my belief; but he judged of the Emperor from his present position, while I formed my opinion from Bonaparte's character. Napoleon, I was convinced, would sacrifice all rather than his glory, and valued less his crown than the preservation of its luster.

In fact, on the 19th, the plenipotentiaries of the allies, perceiving that all these diplomatic stratagems had evidently no other object than to gain time; and likewise struck with the inconsistency of Napo-

leon's refusing for a definitive peace what he had proposed to grant for a simple armistice, declared the negotiations with the French government terminated. The allied powers added, through their representatives, that, faithful to the principles they had announced, they would never lay down arms until these principles had been recognized and admitted by the French government. The issue of these grand debates was thus referred to the chances of war—chances but little favorable to the man whose genius then strove against Europe in arms. The successes of the allies during the negotiations had opened the road to Paris; while Napoleon, ever hoping that fortune would yet return to bless his standard, supplied the want of numbers against these armed masses by the most skillful maneuvers which, perhaps, his genius ever imagined. An excessive love of fame proved his ruin; he shrunk from the necessity of signing what he conceived to be his own shame; and he had his desire: he could say "All is lost, save glory." *His* glory will be immortal.

But, before entering upon my usual slight details of battles, and of the memorable operations in Champagne, I shall relate a singular conversation between Alexander and one of our generals, most faithfully reported to me, which throws light upon the views of the allies relative to the government of France before the fall of the empire. I have always been convinced—a conviction strengthened by all their subsequent acts—that, in entering France, the allies had no intention of re-establishing the Bourbons, or of imposing upon the French any government whatsoever. They entered to destroy, not to found: what they wished to destroy in the commencement of their success was the supremacy of Napoleon. In the early period of that bloody struggle they had not even thought of anyone to govern in France: it little mattered to them who was chief of that government, provided it was not Napoleon, nor any member of his family. This opinion I entertained in common with many of the best informed men in England, with whom I had more than once occasion to correspond.

These principles were so decidedly those of the allies in 1814 that they were manifested still more solemnly at a later period, when the Bourbons had already reigned more than a year in France. The Treaty of Vienna, concluded on the 25th March, 1815, bore that "The allied powers have no other object than to take from Bonaparte the possibility of renewing his attempts to seize the sovereign power in France." One month, day for day, following the signature of the Treaty of Vienna—and certainly circumstances were then very different from those of 1814—the Prince Regent of England declared to the

British Parliament that there was no intention to impose upon France any government in particular.

General Regnier had been taken prisoner at the battle of Leipsic, and was exchanged in the beginning of February, 1814. In passing through Troyes, the general, wishing to pay his respects to the Emperor Alexander, was received by that monarch with his customary condescension. On arriving in Paris the general came to the Duke de Rovigo's, with whom I happened to be dining that day, and in my presence related the conversation I now report. "Having inquired of Alexander," said the general, "whether he had any message for Napoleon, who, knowing I had seen his majesty, would not fail to put many questions, the Emperor replied that he had nothing particular to say to him. He added, 'I am Napoleon's friend, but personally have much to complain of; the allies, too, wish to have nothing more to do with him: as to other matters, we have no intention to impose any person upon France; only the allies are determined no longer to recognize Napoleon as Emperor of the French. As for myself,' added Alexander, 'I can no longer have any confidence in him—he has deceived me too often.'" Regnier made such observations as his attachment to Napoleon dictated, and asked—"But, if the resolution be persisted in, to remove him from power, who is to be appointed in his room?"—"Does it not belong to you," answered Alexander, "to appoint a successor? why not name some one else to govern the French nation? All depends upon yourselves. We have no desire, I repeat, to impose anyone upon you; but we will not have him." Subsequently there ensued a discussion on the claims of several generals, to all of which Regnier opposed well grounded difficulties. "Well then, general," said Alexander, "have you not Bernadotte? voluntarily elected Prince Royal of Sweden, might he not be chosen in like manner by the French also? He is your countryman; to the Swedes he was a stranger." Regnier, whose character was firm and composed, presented many reasons in opposition which I do not now remember, but which at the time appeared to me well founded. Alexander, upon this, with marked displeasure, put an end to the conversation by saying, "The fate of arms will then decide it."* I was by no means surprised by the first assurances of Alexander during this interview, being well aware that the allies had firmly resolved not to suffer Napoleon to remain master of France. As to the latter part of

* General Regnier served with distinction in Egypt and in all the European campaigns, especially in that of Saxony. He was an excellent officer, and much attached to his imperial master. He died soon after the above conversation, while on the way to rejoin Napoleon in Champagne.—*Translator.*

the conversation about Bernadotte, it tallied with what I have already stated of the interview at Abo on the 28th August, 1812. But the moment approaches when I shall have to revert to the subject.

The campaign in which the important question was to be decided, Whether Napoleon should continue master of France? required from him a system of tactics different from all the warlike operations in which he had yet been engaged. He was now reduced to the defensive; and, instead of acting upon a plan established previously, his dispositions were constantly to be modified and rendered subordinate to the movements of an overwhelming superiority of numbers. He had quitted Paris on the 25th January, at which date Alexander, Francis, and the King of Prussia were assembled at Langres. Napoleon rejoined his guard at Vitry, and two days after quitting his capital put to rout the Prussian army then advancing by the Lorrain road; chasing it from St. Dizier. Two days after took place the battle of Brienne, in which, with fifteen thousand men, he kept in check for twelve hours eighty thousand Russians. This battle was brought on through a movement made by the Emperor on his right, in order to interpose between Paris and the grand Austro-Russian army, which had passed the Seine and Yonne at Montereau, and pushed forward an advance upon Fontainebleau. What recollections and what thoughts must have agitated his mind on revisiting, as Emperor and King, and with an army lately so powerful, those scenes which, thirty-four years before, had witnessed the mimic combats of our boyhood! Then and there had he often said to me, "I will do these Frenchmen of thine all the mischief in my power." The desire, indeed, had been changed; but destiny had registered its fulfillment; for now had he brought into the bosom of *his* beautiful France the legions of armed Europe.

Napoleon was in the Isle of Elba when I yielded to a strong desire of visiting the battle-field of Brienne. The impressions of the scene are inseparable from the events which gave them rise. I was here in the midst of blackened traces of a murderous conflict, on the very spot where I had so often been the sole companion of the boy whose wayward destinies had thus led him like a hunted beast to the lair whence he had started. Where, now, were the numerous companions of the same season and the same scene?—how various their fortunes! Our college was now to be distinguished only in its site; the magnificent château of the Count de Brienne, to whom Bonaparte had so often paid his respects, bore traces of war and devastation. The death of the excellent proprietor upon a scaffold contributed not a little to inspire Napoleon with that horror of the Jacobins which remained with him,

undissembled and unmitigated, through life. In following a devious course, which, like my recollections, was guided by no plan, I found myself in the dark and silent avenue which conducted to the hermitage. Time, aided by revolutionary hands and the powder of the Cossacks, had now left scarcely a vestige of the beautiful paintings, representing the temptation of St. Anthony, which had formed the delight of our youthful enthusiasm. Everywhere appeared simultaneously to my imagination the boy Bonaparte and the unhappy Napoleon. I wandered along the banks of that rapid stream in whose waters I had so often bathed beside him who had since filled the earth with his name. I found again the place where we were wont to plunge from the bank into the ever cool wave, and could still recognize the willow he had planted over the spot where one of our companions had perished. Why the one rather than the other? thought I. Had fate chosen for her victim the young Corsican, what a difference in the destinies of France—of the world! On entering the village I felt as if awakened from a dream of sweet and bitter fancies. With the charm of early remembrances mingled an inexpressible revulsion of feeling, when I thought of the fall of the man who, unjustly prejudiced against me, had, by his proceedings, forced me to regard him no longer as a friend. Amid the ruins of the college of Brienne friendship had resumed all its first unimpaired tenderness.

In two days after the engagement which called forth these reflections—namely, on the 1st of February—from seventy to eighty thousand men of the French and allied armies drew up against each other. There the chiefs of both incurred the greatest personal hazard; for Napoleon had a horse killed under him, and at Blucher's side a Cossack was struck down by a shot. The operations of the Emperor's active warfare carried him, a few days after this great battle, to Troyes. There he remained but a brief space, and advanced towards Champ-Aubert, where ensued the battle which has immortalized that village. The Russians were beaten, and General Alsufieff, with two thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon, captured. This battle was fought on the 10th of February; and really there would be no exaggeration in saying that at this period the French army had to sustain a battle every day, and frequently on several points at one and the same time. Thus, on the 11th, the Prince of Wirtemberg entered Sens, my native city, after a most obstinate resistance; while General Bourmont vigorously repulsed the enemy before Nogent; and at Montmerail, the Emperor defeated the united corps of Generals Yorck and Sacken.

After the battle of Champ-Aubert the Emperor was so elated by

the success that at supper with Berthier, Marmont and Alsufieff he said—"Courage, gentlemen! another such victory and I am upon the Vistula." Observing that no one replied, and thinking he read in the expression of the marshals that they partook not in these hopes, he added—"I see clearly, gentlemen, that you are all tired of war; there is no longer any enthusiasm; the sacred fire seems extinct within you." Then, rising from table and going up to General Drouot, with the intention, by a marked compliment, to hint a censure upon the marshals —"Is it not true, general," asked he, clapping him on the shoulder, "there wants to success only a hundred men such as you?" Drouot replied, with as much spirit as appropriate modesty—"Say one hundred thousand, sire!" This trait of Napoleon, which so completely paints the man, I had, a short time afterwards, from the two principal witnesses of this moment of aberration.

Success, indeed, had returned, but only for a moment; for how could it be otherwise? The loss of twenty men was to us as great as of one hundred to the allies. Our recruits could be raised with difficulty, while the allied re-enforcements, stationed along the whole route from the center of Germany to the heart of France, arrived daily, and not only covered the losses inflicted by French valor, guided by the genius of Bonaparte, but unceasingly swelled the hostile ranks. The whole of February was a series of combats—a succession of reverses and defeats nearly balanced. The activity, the energies and the resources of the French chief seemed inexhaustible. On the 10th Marshal Blucher forced a corps of the army to retreat, and on the morrow was himself beaten at Vauchamp by the Duke de Ragusa. The 17th and 18th were favorable days; on the former the corps of Wittgenstein was completely defeated at Villeneuve, with great loss in men and material, and that of General Wrede at Nangis; and, on the latter, the Prince of Wirtemberg was obliged to evacuate Montereau after a severe conflict. It presented an afflicting spectacle thus to behold troops and leaders engaged against each other who, only two years before, had fought under the same standard. But Bonaparte would have it so by rendering his alliance an insupportable burden, and by constantly refusing to bend his ambition beneath the yoke of necessity.

Thus, wholly absorbed in war, Napoleon had little time to spare for the affairs of the interior. But already other subjects of disquietude had occurred, in the arrival, at St. Jean de Luz, of the Duke d'Angouleme, nephew of Louis XVIII., in whose name he issued a proclamation to the French soldiers; while, on the 21st of the same month, the

Count d'Artois made his entry into Vesoul. In the meantime hostilities continued on a vast line of operation, with an always increasing animosity. In vain did our soldiers cover themselves with glory in so many combats! Spite of their prodigies of valor, the masses thickened and bore down towards a center. Thus is the eagle finally strangled by the very crowd of his puny enemies, though every stroke of his beak sends a dead raven circling downwards through space. Gradually the war approached nearer Paris. Intelligence from the army, so eagerly expected, daily arrived earlier. While the cannon of the Invalids thundered forth the acclamations of victory, the distant roll of hostile artillery might be heard in the capital of France: so hurried were the changes of this war of extermination.

A little before the end of February the allies were in full retreat in different parts. Marmont had repulsed the attacks of Blucher; while Napoleon, occupied in pursuing the Austrians, had, by a skillful maneuver, succeeded in dividing his forces, and throwing forward a part of them to oppose the army of Silesia, which menaced his rear. At the same time Marshals Victor, Oudinot and Macdonald advanced upon the route of the Aube and the Seine. But the retreat of the allies was not a flight. Having experienced a reverse they retired beyond the Aube and waited for re-enforcements, which soon enabled them to resume the offensive. Many were those who, from these successes, looked for peace; they hoped that the Emperor of Austria might be detached from the coalition and would never consent that his daughter should be driven from the throne of France. They were speedily undeceived by the ambassadors of England, Austria, Russia and Prussia signing, at Chaumont, on the 1st of March, a league for twenty years, should that time be necessary, to force a peace by which France should guarantee the independence and tranquillity of Europe. Twenty years!—thirty days sufficed.

Into these thirty days were crowded so many events that a volume would be required to describe their history. Troyes, from which they had been lately driven, was recovered by the allies. And during these transactions the Swedish army, commanded by the Prince Royal, arrived on the frontiers of France. Bernadotte, I know from a private letter, kept saying to all who would listen that the allies were firmly resolved to deprive Napoleon and his family of power. He spoke of the re-establishment of the Bourbons, not as a condition which the allies would impose upon France, but as a measure likely enough—thus leaving room to return upon his words, according to circumstances and the conference at Abo. The Swedish contingent was no great affair for the

allies: they wished it to be said, in their grand protestation, that Europe was armed against Napoleon. But once more he astonished Europe, thus leagued against him, by crushing the forces of Blucher on the 7th of March: the contest, however, was obstinate, and cost the conqueror dear. Marshal Victor was grievously wounded, as were also Generals Grouchy and Ferrière. But a great moral reaction was taking place upon the inhabitants of Paris by the proximity of warfare, the sight of the wounded, and of women, from the palace to the cellar, occupied in preparing dressings. Hitherto, the glory of victory only had reached the capital. But the trophies of Champ-Aubert and Craonne had been accompanied by convoys of the wounded and the dying, who crowded the hospitals of Paris. Still the Emperor continued to dispute the ground foot by foot. But already had the Duke d'Angouleme entered Bourdeaux; it was known also what reception he had met with—more flattering, probably, than wished by those who had facilitated his return to France. The 21st of March (a day which fatality seemed to have marked out for great eras in the destiny of Napoleon) the second city in the empire—not Rome, but Lyons—was occupied by the Austrians under General Bubna. The same day Napoleon recovered Arcis on the Aube, and on the morrow had a horse killed under him; for now he exposed his person, as at the bridge of Arcola. Happy would it have been if, like Gustavus Adolphus and Turenne, he had fallen on the last of his fields!

While Napoleon thus made head against so many enemies assembled to overthrow his power, it may be said that he showed himself his own enemy, either through false calculation or negligence, relative to his noble prisoners, who, on his departure from Paris, were still detained—the Pope at Fontainebleau, the Spanish princes at Valencey. The Pope was first released; and I saw the Duke de Rovigo reiterate his directions that he should be received throughout France with the deference due to his years and character. Surely Napoleon thought not of the utility which he might have derived from the Pope's presence in Rome, which, in that case, Murat would not have dared to occupy with Neapolitan troops. Again with regard to the Spanish princes, is it possible to conceive that they were retained at Valencey till the 13th of March? I am quite aware that Ferdinand neither inspired nor merited any interest, by reason of his unworthy treatment of his father, and because the *strange character* which he would develop on the throne of Spain had been already divined. But the question was one merely of policy; and here the sound judgment of Napoleon forsook him. He ought to have finished with the gentry of Valencey by send-

ing them about their business, and brought his warlike troops instantly from the south when the grand army of Germany began to be driven back even to the Rhine and the confines of France. With these veteran legions and his own genius it lay within the compass of possibility for Napoleon once again to balance fortune. But no! he looked to the nation, and the nation was tired of him. His cause had long ceased to be that of the country.

The last days of March brought to Napoleon only a series of calamities. On the 23d the rear-guard of the French army suffered severe losses. Soon after Prince Schwartzenberg passed the Aube and marched upon Vitry and Chalons. Napoleon, reckoning upon the possibility of defending Paris, pounced with eager rapidity on the Austrian rear, and seeing the army execute a retrograde movement, mistook it for a retreat: but no such thing; the movement became an advance upon Paris, and at the same moment Blucher directed his march to meet Schwartzenberg. Thus Napoleon, who had intended to intercept their retreat, found himself cut off from Paris. All now depended upon the defense of the capital; or rather, by sacrificing Paris, the existence of the shade of the empire might perhaps be prolonged a few days.

On the 26th took place the conflict of Fère Champenoise, wherein valor could not long withstand numbers, and Marshals Marmont and Mortier were constrained to retire to Sezanne; and, on that day—I beg the reader to remark the date—Napoleon experienced a loss which, in his circumstances, was irreparable. During the combat of Fère Champenoise was captured by the allies a convoy of warlike stores, which consisted of an enormous quantity of arms, ammunition and equipments of all kinds, comprising almost the whole of the material that remained to us. This acquisition was deemed so important by the enemy that a bulletin and order of the day were printed announcing the success. A copy of this document fell into the hands of Marshal Macdonald, who rightly judged such intelligence should not be concealed from the Emperor, for he knew, as I have stated in the first volume of these "Memoirs," that Napoleon always desired to be immediately informed of bad news. At this epoch, indeed, Napoleon was so unfortunate that all information, not authenticated, was concealed as long as possible; but of the veracity of the bulletin the marshal entertained no doubt; he, therefore, repaired in person to the imperial headquarters, where he found the Emporor preparing to recapture Vitry, then occupied by the Prussians. To dissuade him from this now useless attempt the marshal put into his hand the fatal bulletin. This was on the morning of the 27th. Napoleon read, but could not credit the intelligence. "No,"

said he to the marshal, "you are deceived; it cannot be true." Then, having inspected the bulletin with much attention, "See here," resumed he eagerly, "examine for yourself; to-day is the 27th, and the bulletin is dated the 29th. You must at once perceive that to be impossible; the bulletin is false!" The marshal, who paid more attention to the contents than to the date, was struck with astonishment; but, having shown the paper to Drouot, "Alas! marshal," said the general, "the information is but too true; there is only a mistake of the press—the 9 is a 6 reversed!" On what trifles do sometimes depend the mightiest events. A figure reversed sufficed to maintain Napoleon's dreams of empire!

Henceforth it was easy to perceive that all must be at an end. On the 28th, the allies passed the Marne at Tripot, and the next day at Meaux, where the divisions of Wrede and Sacken remained in position, in spite of the vigorous attack by which Marshal Mortier repulsed General Yorck at Claye. The remainder of the 29th was devoted by the allies to completing their dispositions for attacking Paris on the morrow; and by the two Marshals, Marmont and Mortier, to sell dearly their entrance into the capital. They could not defend it with success; a capitulation saved the city. This was imputed as a crime to Marmont: such is the justice of men!

CHAPTER XVI.

STATE OF PARTIES—DEPARTURE OF MARIA LOUISA FOR BLOIS—JOSEPH—BATTLE OF PARIS—MARMONT'S RETURN WITHIN THE WALLS—NIGHT OF 30-31ST MARCH—CAPITULATION—ASPECT OF PARIS—ENTRY OF THE ALLIES—ENTHUSIASM—DISCUSSION ON THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT—VIEWS OF ALEXANDER—MODERATION OF THE ALLIES—PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT—DECREE OF THE SENATE—NAPOLEON DETHRONED.

The grandees of the empire, and the ablest subjects of Napoleon, were divided, at this period, into two great classes, wholly different from each other. The first class was composed of those men who had been the companions in arms, and, in many instances, the patrons, of Napoleon. Theirs was a privileged sept, whose members, though bowed beneath the same yoke which weighed upon all, and though serving with enthusiastic zeal the man who had lifted them from the crowd, did not, in their imagination, limit France to the imperial headquarters,

nor forget that there had existed a home—a country—a France, in fine, before they gave her a master. They looked to the preservation of these as a measure separable from the existence of the empire. The other class, constituted of those whom I am inclined to term children of the empire, knew not a thought anterior to the present order of things. They beheld only Napoleon and the empire. In ardent and adventurous youth they had been called from the school to the camp by the voice of him who seemed to have predestinated them to that glory, honor, and fortune which they courted above all things. Hence their devotedness to the person of a single man: their willingness to hazard all—compromise all—in order to prolong the political life of their Emperor. Fortunately, on the other hand, the constituents of the former class, those who had shed their blood on the fields fought prior even to the fame of General Bonaparte, or under his eye, and guided by his example, could not conceive that any single man, whatever might be his genius or his claims, ought to be preferred to France. These men dreaded nothing so much as the dangers of a civil war, and were ready to make every sacrifice for France. This distinction was not limited to the ranks of the army, but extended also to the high civil functionaries of the state. The reader will bear this in mind, for it will assist to explain the conduct of those of elevated rank during the events of the end of March, 1814.

It is impossible, without having witnessed their effects, to conceive the intensity of those passions which, at this period, agitated all minds in the capital, both for and against Napoleon, before the name of the Bourbons had yet been pronounced. In fact, these princes had no party. To the new generation they were almost totally unknown; forgotten by many; feared by those of the old conventionals by whom they were still remembered, they possessed in reality only the frail support of the drawing-rooms of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and of some remnant of the emigration. But as the emigration could put forth only unavailing wishes in favor of the ancient family of our kings, so it is very certain that this class contributed very little to the return of the Bourbons. One thing, however, is clearly demonstrated, that the follies of the emigrants, and their absurd pretensions, alone rendered possible, in the following year, the return of Bonaparte, and the second exile of Louis. In fact, at the end of March, 1814, before the surrender of Paris, there reigned in the public mind a longing for change; men knew well what they would not have, but had not yet resolved on what to choose.

The departure of the Empress from Paris was not decided upon till

after considerable discussion. On the 28th of March, the Council of Regency assembled in an extraordinary meeting, where Maria Louisa presided. Joseph strongly advocated her departure, grounding his opinion on a letter from the Emperor, which ordered that, if Paris should be threatened, the Empress Regent and Council should retire to Blois. The arch-chancellor (Cambacèrés) supported the same opinion, which was finally carried. It had been argued in opposition that, by remaining in Paris, the Empress was more likely to obtain favorable terms from the allies; or even, like her grandmother, Maria Theresa, by presenting herself with her son to the people, rouse the citizens to the defense of the capital. This latter resolution doubtless was the more advantageous to the interests of Napoleon; but, even if acted upon, could only have retarded for a few days an event which had now become inevitable. Still, it would have been productive of great difficulties; but Joseph had few resources in case of emergency; the arch-chancellor desired to be gone, doubtless recollecting the comfortable prediction uttered by Bonaparte in my hearing, "If the Bourbons return you will be hanged;" so the Empress and Council, with the ordinary guards, set out for Blois.

The Prince of Benevento (Tallyerand), in quality of member of the Council of Regency, likewise received orders to quit Paris on the 30th, but was prevented from passing the barrier. I had called at his house, and on his return was there with some other friends. At the time the prince was accused of contriving this agreeable restraint; I can as positively deny the fact; at all events, his conduct showed prudent foresight. From Talleyrand's I went to the Duke de Rovigo, in the friendly intent of persuading him to remain, and to profit by his situation to secure himself from inconvenience. But he unhesitatingly refused—with such exclusiveness had he attached himself to the fortunes of the Emperor. I found him seated before a large fire, burning all papers which might have compromised those who had served the police. These documents might have placed some obstacle in the way of certain arrangements on the 1st of April.

At the moment when the Empress departed, I observed many people looking out for a popular commotion and change of government; but all remained tranquil. No preparations were in progress for barricading the doors, unpaving the streets, or pouring missiles and boiling water from the roofs. A great number of the inhabitants, however, were thinking of defense—not to maintain the government of Napoleon—but from that irritation which belongs to our national character. The Parisians were indignant at the bare idea of beholding strangers

masters of Paris, an event unexampled since the reign of Charles VII. A thousand different reports were in the meantime flying about, chiefly concerning Joseph, who, remaining in his capacity of Lieutenant-general of the empire, was said to be preparing to seize the supreme power. He had no energy for such an act; and, besides, he was no more wanted in Paris than he had lately been in Madrid.

Meanwhile the crisis approached. Marmont and Mortier, as mentioned, had fallen back upon Paris on the 29th, in order to defend the approaches. Throughout the night the watch and ward of the barriers, confided to the national guard, excluded all communication so completely that not a single stranger penetrated within the city. The two Polignacs,* who had escaped from their confinement at Vincennes some time before, and were then at Alexander's headquarters, made vain attempts to get admittance. The allies, however, were informed of all that occurred in Paris; and I knew afterwards that the departure of Maria Louisa hastened their resolution to bring the struggle to a close, by redoubling their efforts to enter the capital of France. On the evening of the 29th, Marmont took up a position at St. Mandé, with his right resting upon the Marne, while his left extended to Mortier's right, whose troops were collected under the heights of Montmartre.

The whole inhabitants of Paris were roused at daybreak on the 30th by the sound of cannon; in a short time the plain of St. Denis appeared covered with the allied army, whose columns poured into it from all points. The heroism of our troops could not withstand such numerical superiority; nevertheless, they made the allies pay dearly for their entrance into the capital. The national guard, under the orders of Marshal Moncey, and the pupils of the polytechnic school, transformed into artillerymen, behaved in a manner worthy of our veteran soldiers. The efforts of Marmont during that day would suffice to render immortal the name of any commander. His troops were reduced to between seven and eight thousand infantry and eight hundred horse: with this handful of brave men he maintained his ground for the space of twelve hours, against an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom, we are assured, fourteen thousand were killed or wounded. He was to be found in the thickest of the fight; a dozen of men were bayoneted by his side, and his hat was shot through. But what could possibly be done against overwhelming numbers?

In this state of things the Duke of Ragusa informed Joseph of his

* The brothers who figured in the trial of Georges and Pichegru, the only survivor of whom figures still more disgracefully at present.—*Translator.*

situation, whose note, as follows, is important when connected with subsequent events:

"If Marshals the Dukes of Ragusa and Treviso can hold out no longer, they are authorized to negotiate with Prince Schwartzenberg and the Emperor of Russia, who are in their front. JOSEPH.

"*Montmartre, the 30th March*, 1814,
a quarter past midday.

"They will retire upon the Loire."

It was not till long after having received this formal authorization to treat that the French generals ceased their obstinate resistance against the allied army, since the suspension of hostilities did not take place till four in the afternoon. Joseph, as is well known, exactly at a quarter past twelve — that is, immediately after dispatching the authority in question — made the best of his way for the road to Versailles, thence to proceed to Rambouillet. This precipitate flight astonished nobody except some few who did not know him; but several officers of his staff were sufficiently displeased at being made partners therein, as they at first imagined he was going to take up a new position in order to defend the bridge at Neuilly. In these circumstances, to save Paris, which could not be defended two hours longer, had become the only desirable measure. And when Marmont signed the suspension, which ended in the capitulation of the ensuing morning, he merited a civic crown rather than reproaches. I have still before my mind's eye that general's appearance on the evening of the 30th March, when he retired to his house in Paris from the field of battle. We were some twenty people, among whom appeared Perregaux and Lafitte, who received him in the green drawing-room, which, with its inmates at that moment, is now present to my recollection. When the marshal entered he was scarcely to be recognized; his beard showed a full week's growth, the greatcoat which covered his uniform hung in tatters, and from head to foot he was blackened with powder.

Here a discussion ensued on the necessity of signing the capitulation. This appeared to be the universal sentiment: the marshal will yet recollect that there arose but one cry around him—"You must save France!" The prefect of the department of the Seine, who was present at this meeting, well aware of what ought to be the sole duty of the chief magistrate of the capital, decidedly expressed his intention to repair in the course of the night to the headquarters of the allies at the head of the municipal body. I applauded highly this prudent

resolution, and M. de Chabrol was fully alive to the immense responsibility that would be incurred if he did not exert every effort to save Paris from the horrors of pillage to which it would have been exposed by a protracted and vain resistance. Perregaux and Lafitte strongly expressed their opinion to the same effect; this opinion, too, they declared to be that of the public—of whose sentiments none could be better informed than these celebrated financiers—and that, in short, France was weary of the yoke of Bonaparte. This last proposition placed the question then to be discussed upon a much broader basis; now, not merely the capitulation of Paris but a change in the government was to be considered, and, for the first time, occurred the name of the Bourbons. I do not recollect who, of all present, upon hearing proposed the recall of the ancient dynasty, remarked upon the many difficulties opposed to a restoration without a return to the past; but I remember perfectly that M. Lafitte replied, in answer to this objection—"Gentlemen, we can have nothing to fear if we obtain a good constitution which shall guarantee the rights of all." This prudent remark conciliated the majority of the assembly of the green drawing-room, and influenced not a little the conduct of the marshal.

Meanwhile this memorable conference was likely to be disturbed by an unexpected incident—the arrival of an aid-de-camp from the Emperor. Napoleon, having learned the movement of the allies upon Paris, had in all haste posted from the banks of the Marne to the road for Paris, by Fontainebleau, and already, at Froidmanteau, had expedited this envoy to the marshal. The language of this officer clearly showed that things were viewed very differently at headquarters and in Paris. He expressed his indignation at the bare idea of capitulation, and announced, with incredible assurance, the speedy arrival of Napoleon in Paris, which he still hoped to save from occupation. At the same time we were given to understand that Napoleon reckoned upon every species of defense being resorted to by an insurgent population. This address, and these proposals, I answered in terms of our own resolution, representing all such outrageous means of opposition as folly. The majority of those present seconded these opinions, and their reception was finally unanimous. At a later period the marshal said to me, speaking of the transactions of which I have now given a faithful recital—"I am blamed, my dear friend; but you were in my house on the 30th of March, and you there witnessed what were the sentiments of the choice of the population of Paris. I acted as I did only because I beheld assembled around me those who were entirely disinterested—men who had nothing to expect from the return of the Bourbons."

The capitulation of Paris saved France. It has been said, indeed, that, had the capital held out another day, the allies would have been ruined; that they had fired their last cartridge; and that the approach of Napoleon with his army would have rendered the plain of St. Denis their Caudine forks. These stories, wherewith to amuse children, and the fine discovery of the want of ammunition, were never heard of till long after, while at the time it was evident to all that Paris could not have held out for two hours longer. A fearful conflict might doubtless have been maintained in the streets, but burning and sacking would have been the consequences; Napoleon would not the less have fallen, leaving as a farewell gift to France a mountain of ashes where had been her capital. On the contrary, what was the immediate result of the capitulation? Peace obtained, as if by enchantment. Europe was in arms against us; and within forty-eight hours not a musket was fired. Napoleon had everywhere exacted immense contributions; in 1814 not a halfpenny of contribution was levied. The capitulation of Paris, too, was unquestionably more honorable to France than had been any one of those formerly signed by her enemies, when our victorious troops entered their capitals, which had surrendered without resistance.* The night passed away in quietness; for, all being informed of the suspension of arms after the 30th, men began to breathe again. Still, the future was involved in vagueness and doubt, but each, representing it according to his own wishes, found a weight removed from his mind. One party entertained hopes of a regency which, under a different name, might preserve the power for Bonaparte. This, above all things, was to be avoided, if a durable peace were desired. Affairs, however, in the first instance, promised not unfavorably for these views. But their opponents, those who supported a new or a more ancient order of things, were encouraged by the certainty that the Emperor Alexander had determined against Bonaparte and all his family; for his remark to General Regnier had not remained a secret.

On the morning of the 31st, from daybreak, Paris presented quite a novel spectacle. Scarcely had the French troops, under Colonels Fabvier and Denys, marched from the city, when from all its richest and most respectable quarters resounded shouts of "Down with Bona-

* There occurs a singular fallacy in the reasoning which would thus claim honor to France. If the capitulation of Paris was honorable, it could be so only to the allies, whose moderation granted humane conditions to a town which, having incurred the penalties of warlike opposition, is acknowledged to have been incapable of holding out two hours. Again, Berlin, Moscow and Vienna, bravely defended as everyone knows them to have been in the field—the last even sustained a bombardment—can never be said to have surrendered without resistance.—*Translator.*

parte! No more conscription! No more consolidated imposts!" With these cries mingled that of "Long live the Bourbons!" But this last was not so frequently repeated as the others, and in general I observed that the populace heard and looked on with a sort of indifference. I walked forth early to examine the state of things. Numerous groups were formed: females were tearing their handkerchiefs and distributing the fragments as symbols of the recovered lily: but I confess these manifestations exercised but small influence over my mind. Some hours after, I met a cavalcade in the square of Louis XV., traversing the streets, distributing white cockades and shouting, "Long live the king! Long live Louis XVIII.!" At the head of this train were several of the ancient nobles, among whom I recognized Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, Count de Froissard, the Duke de Luxembourg, the Duke de Crussol, Seymour, etc. In a little time a pretty numerous crowd was thus collected, which rushed tumultuously towards the Place Vendome. What ensued there is well known; nor can the first excess of a joy, legitimate in itself, excuse the insults offered to the statue of a man whose misfortunes, merited or not, ought to have formed a protection against such outrages. These insults, moreover, affected also the army of France, which yet acknowledged Napoleon, and irritated the partisans whom he still numbered in Paris. It answered the purpose, however, of one party to make these unmanly proceedings pass for an expression of public sentiment, since Count Nesselrode had demanded proofs that the Bourbons were supported by the population of Paris before he would engage to second their cause with his master.

A meeting, less public indeed, but scarcely less tumultuous, had meanwhile assembled in the hotel of Count Morfontaine, who, in consequence, presided. Here, after the most violent and ridiculous motions, of which confusion rendered the discussion impossible, M. de Rochefoucauld, happily exercising his lungs so as to obtain a hearing where all spoke and no one listened, proposed instantly to send a deputation to the Emperor Alexander, who had his headquarters in the hotel Talleyrand. Here I was present when the deputation arrived, consisting of the proposer of the measure, M. de Ferrand, Choiseul, and Chateaubriand, who on that very day had become as it were the precursor of the Restoration by his admirable pamphlet—"Bonaparte and the Bourbons." He had indeed consented to join the deputation, but nothing could induce him to speak. These gentlemen were not introduced to Alexander, but had a conference with Nesselrode, who said, "I have just quitted the Emperor: I guarantee his intentions: return and say

Louis XVIII. will re-ascend the throne of France." This happy news, when announced, redoubled, if possible, the tumult in the hotel Morfontaine; nor is it to be conjectured when or how it might have ended had not M. Talon proposed that they should sally forth to spread their lights. I unite my grief to theirs who lament the stigma brought on our national glory; but have no community of sentiment with those who in all changes were ever found the suitors of fortune; who, in shouting "Long live Alexander! Long live the Bourbons! Down with Bonaparte!" meant only, "Long live our places! Our pensions forever! God bless our noble selves!"

I do not by this intend to blame the explosion of feeling which accompanied Alexander along the whole of the Boulevards, when he entered as a conqueror into Paris. The French beheld in him the hope of a happier futurity; they saw, indeed, an army of foreigners marching into their capital, but each soldier wearing on his arm a white scarf, in token of reconciliation and peace. Yet I would have had more of decent sobriety: there is a certain dignity never to be departed from and a national gravity which commands respect: above all, I would have had forbearance towards a fallen power. However this may be judged, the certain truth is, that the allies, as they marched victorious into Paris, were received with enthusiastic acclamations. Men may approve or blame, but cannot deny, this fact. I observed all with close attention and with deeper feelings than curiosity; for I remarked an expression of a sentiment whose existence might have been long foreseen. Greatness seemed to have unseated reason in the mind of Bonaparte. Whoever carefully follows the series of facts during the last four years of the empire will readily perceive that, from the period of his alliance with the daughter of the Cæsars, the administrative forms of the empire became daily more severe and oppressive. In the intoxication of conquest or the recklessness of reverse, one senatorial decree followed another with a rapidity which almost decimated the population, incessantly hurrying more levies beyond the frontiers; while to these most disproportionate requisitions was added an unfeeling irony. St. Jean d'Angely dared to maintain that the conscription favored population. I have already mentioned the attempt of the legislative body, in 1813, to emerge from its mute state and to give a lesson to him who had never taken one. What was the consequence? The gendarms received orders to prevent the return of the deputies to their House of Assembly. All these things were remembered and tended to exasperate the spirits of men on the 31st of March. The illusions also of an unexampled career were now daily suffering a rude dispersion; the

glory which had surrounded the imperial throne ceasing to dazzle, allowed the eye to perceive that it was based on a mere pageant. Master of France by the sword, Napoleon no longer enjoyed right or claim, when that sword was dimmed and sheathed, since not one popular institution had identified with the nation the new dynasty which he had aspired to found. The national admiration only, not attachment, had followed him even in his best days. We love not where we fear; and Napoleon had done nothing to merit the affections of France.

Having thus examined the aspect of Paris, and viewed the march along the Boulevards, I hastened from the procession of the sovereigns to the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, in order to be there before the Emperor Alexander, who arrived about a quarter past one. Immediately after began those political discussions upon which so many interests were depending, and which continued till three o'clock. In the existing state of things, only one of three arrangements was practicable: 1. To make peace with Napoleon under all possible securities; 2. To establish a regency; 3. To recall the Bourbons. As to Bernadotte, on one would have him; not that objections rested against his personal character, but because, no one hand, a cloud of rivals would have risen up around him, and civil war might have been the consequence; and, on the other, his being a native Frenchman armed against France was a circumstance of a nature strongly to inflame the national susceptibilities. Still, though Alexander remained firm in his intention not ostensibly to influence the government which France might select for herself, he always inclined towards his former design in favor of Bernadotte, as explained in the interview at Abo. As to Moreau, it is quite a gratuitous supposition that the czar ever intended to support him in any view he might have entertained of placing himself at the head of affairs in France. At all events, the cannon ball at Dresden had settled the question. The events which he had that morning witnessed in his progress through the capital had confirmed the Russian monarch in the determination he had formed since the campaign of Moscow, to overturn, should that ever be possible, the dynasty of Napoleon. But, though the crisis had now arrived, Alexander, like most of those opposed to Bonaparte, had resolved upon what was to be put down, without having any fixed ideas of the system to be established. I assisted at all the conferences. When Alexander entered the saloon, the majority therein assembled demanded the Bourbons. Meanwhile, he pronounced no decision; but, taking me apart to one of the front windows, gave me to understand what that decision would be by saying, "M. de Bourrienne, you have been Napo-

leon's friend; so have I, and a sincere one too; but peace is impossible with a man of such bad faith. *We must have done with him.*"

These last words opened my eyes; and, in the discussion that ensued upon the three forms above, and which Alexander himself had proposed, the Emperor plainly enacted a part in pretending to doubt the possibility of restoring the Bourbons, in order to call forth more decidedly the opinions of those around him. M. de Talleyrand assured his imperial majesty that in case of this last resolution being definitively adopted, all the constituted authorities would act with as much regularity as circumstances permitted, and that he conceived himself empowered to pledge himself for the consent of the senate. He then left the Abbés Louis and Pradt (who, with General Desolles, had pronounced warmly in favor of the Bourbons), to explain their sentiments, and, I think, even recommended Alexander to interrogate them, as men interested solely in the welfare of France and thoroughly informed of public sentiment. There were present, besides us French and Alexander, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwartzenberg, M. de Nesselrode, M. Pozzo di Borgo and the Prince de Lichtenstein. The Emperor kept standing or walking backwards and forwards with some appearance of agitation, then elevating his voice, said to us, "Gentlemen, you know it was not I who commenced this war; you know that Napoleon came to attack me. We are not here thirsting for conquest or animated by the desire of vengeance. Neither I nor my allies make a war of reprisal; and I should have been inconsolable had anything happened to your magnificent city, the miracle of art. We are not at war with France. We have but two opponents to combat—Napoleon and every enemy of French liberty. William, and you, Prince," added the Emperor, turning to the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian representative, "are not these also your sentiments?" Both assented; and Alexander repeated, in other terms, the same expressions of generosity, insisting particularly that he wished France to be perfectly free, and stating that, though their inclinations might be known, neither he nor his allies would exercise any influence as to the form of government. Upon this the Abbé de Pradt declared that we were all royalists, and that the whole of France thought with us. Paris, he went on to observe, had that morning proclaimed the same feelings in presence of their majesties, which sentiments would be expressed in a still more solemn manner when the people should no longer be chained down by fear. Besides, Paris was the head of France; and in all revolutionary movements the country had obeyed the impulse received from the metropolis.

Alexander again enumerated the three propositions, speaking of maintaining Bonaparte on the throne—of the establishment of a regency—of Bernadotte—and of the restoration of the Bourbons. Upon this, Talleyrand, who of all had shown himself throughout the most disposed to maintain Napoleon in power by placing restrictions on the exercise of his authority, replied in the following words, too remarkable for me to forget—"Sire, there are but two possible alternatives—either Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. Bonaparte, if you can; but you cannot, for you are not alone. Whom would they give us in his room?—a soldier! We will have no more soldiers. Did we wish one, we would retain him whom we have: he is the first soldier in the world. After him those who might be offered to us would not have ten men in their favor. I repeat, sire, whatever is not Louis XVIII. or Napoleon is an intrigue."

These words produced upon the Emperor all the effect which could have been expected. The question was thus simplified; and as Alexander had resolved on the exclusion of Napoleon, pressed by us all, save Talleyrand, who still left the question undecided between the empire and monarchy, he declared that he would not treat with Napoleon; and being reminded that this applied only to the person of the Emperor, added, "nor with any member of the Napoleon family." Thus, from the 31st of March, the Bourbons had in reality become sovereigns of France. A declaration was then drawn up, and signed by Alexander, "That the allies would not treat with Napoleon; that they would respect the integrity of the ancient territories of France, as these had existed under her lawful kings; that they would recognize and guarantee the constitution which the French nation should adopt; and invited the senate to name a Provisional Government to supply the immediate wants of administration and prepare a suitable constitution for the French people." This declaration was printed and placarded over all Paris within an hour. It produced a prodigious effect, and cut short all intrigue of a contrary tendency. In the evening I repaired again to the Russian headquarters; and about eleven o'clock at night Alexander said to me, "M. de Bourrienne, you must take upon you the office of postmaster-general." On instantly assuming my duties I found that not only had no preparations been made for a regular delivery next morning, but that the servants had been dismissed. However, by laboring throughout the night, I reorganized the service, and on the morning of the 1st of April the delivery took place as usual—a circumstance of great importance to the cause of the Restoration. So passed the eventful 31st of March.

The principal point obtained in the declaration above, the rest followed of course. Then fully appeared the error committed in sending away the Empress from Paris. Had there existed a government in the capital, the allies must first have treated with its members. The Provisional Government named by the senate, or rather that which had been prepared beforehand and authorized by the senate—a body too long trained in habits of obedience to make any change on the list—consisted of Talleyrand, as president; General Beurnonville, Count Francis de Jaucourt, the Duke Dalberg and the Abbé Montesquieu. This government named as ministry, Abbé Louis, finance; Malouet, admiralty; General Dupont, war; General Desolles, commandant of the national guard; Abbé Pradt, chancellor of the Legion of Honor—an appointment which excited derision, but the good abbé had done much for the Bourbons and deserved something; and me, as before mentioned, postmaster-general.

In all changes there is a crisis where fear and hope join issue; and those opposed to the acts of the 31st still cherished illusions founded on the personal absence of the Emperor of Austria. Francis, however, coincided with his allies in everything, and held back merely from a sense of decency towards his son-in-law. This I knew from the Emperor Alexander, who replied to my own question on the subject. While these things were transacting in Paris, the south of France had followed the example of Bourdeaux, and declared for the Bourbons. The situation of Napoleon was thus every moment becoming more critical. Before the surrender of the capital he had sent as his envoy to the Emperor Alexander, Caulaincourt, who arrived at the Russian headquarters on the night between the 30th and 31st of March. But a deputation of the municipal body and the two prefects of Paris were then receiving audience, and not till after this reception was Caulaincourt admitted. Alexander, personally attached to the Duke of Vicenza, received him as an individual with much complacency; but to the envoy of Napoleon the Emperor merely said—"It is useless to come now, seeing there is no longer any remedy. I cannot hear you at present: repair to Paris; I will see you there." These words left few illusions in Caulaincourt's mind as to the result of his mission. The conversation which took place in Paris remains a secret; only from some expressions let fall by the Emperor I gathered that the duke had been received rather as a private person than as the representative of a power which, after the declaration, could no longer be recognized. Nevertheless, the Provisional Government viewed Caulaincourt's residence in Paris with no favorable eye; and, on a representation to that

effect, the Emperor enjoined his removal, declaring that the allies could not receive the communications with which he might be charged from Napoleon. These communications were, in fact, unlimited powers to treat and to conclude upon any conditions. Caulaincourt had likewise been appointed commissary-general of Paris, while the allies remained in the capital; but these high functions had now been superseded, and he returned to Fontainebleau, where the Emperor then held his head-quarters.

The 1st of April having been devoted to the organization of the Provisional Government, and to certain preliminary acts, on the morning of the 2d the senate promulgated the following decree:—

"I. Napoleon Bonaparte has forfeited the throne; and the right of succession established in his family is abolished.

"II. The French people and the army are released from their oath of fidelity to Napoleon Bonaparte.

"III. The present decree shall be transmitted by message to the Provisional Government of France; dispatched afterwards to all the departments, and to the armies; and proclaimed immediately in all the quarters of the capital."

Authorized by this instrument the Provisional Government issued on the same day a proclamation to the French armies, without waiting the sanction of the legislative body, which was given on the morrow. This address and the decree were necessarily dispatched to the marshals, and, of course, first reached those nearest Paris. The copy sent to Marmont—who, on the capitulation of Paris, had marched his troops to Essonne, where he had since remained, except during a short visit to the Emperor at Fontainebleau—was accompanied by letters from General Desolles, Prince Schwartzenberg and myself. Mine was a note, running as follows:—

"A friend, dear friend, tells me that he will deliver into your own hand this pledge of my regard. He will influence your resolutions; a single word will suffice to decide you to sacrifice all for the happiness of your country. You—if a good Frenchman—if a loyal knight—will fear neither dangers nor obstacles in order to secure that happiness. We expect you—we desire you—will have you—and soon I hope that your friend, your friends, will hold you in their arms. I embrace as I love you. B."

THE ADIEU AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

The last sentence of the prince's letter expressed the common tenor of the two others. "I call upon you, in the name of your country, and of humanity, to embrace the invitation of the Provisional Government —to range yourself under the standard of the good French cause—to listen to propositions which must put an end to the effusion of the precious blood of the brave men under your command." To this letter Marmont replied in a strain which did honor to his ancient attachment.

"To Marshal Prince de Schwartzenberg.

"Monsieur le Marechal:—I have received the letter which your highness has done me the honor to address to me, as also all the inclosed papers. Public opinion has ever been the rule of my conduct. The army and the people are freed from their oaths of fidelity to the Emperor Napoleon by the decree of the senate. I am disposed to concur in an accommodation between the army and the people which may prevent a civil war and put a stop to the effusion of French blood. I am ready, in consequence, to quit, with my troops, the army of the Emperor Napoleon upon the following conditions, for the fulfillment of which I request your written guarantee:—

"Article I. I, Charles Prince de Schwartzenberg, marshal, commander-in-chief of the allied armies, guarantee to all the French troops who, in consequence of the decree of the senate, promulgated on the 2d April, shall quit the standard of Napoleon Bonaparte, that they shall be allowed to pass freely into Normandy, with arms, baggage and ammunition, and with all those observances and military honors which are mutually interchanged among the allied troops.

"Article II. That, if in consequence of this movement the chances of war shall place the person of Napoleon Bonaparte in the hands of the allied powers, his life and liberty shall be secured to him on a property within a limited territory, fixed upon by the allied powers and the French government. Marmont."

After this reply Marshal Marmont found himself united to the cause of France; and received on the 4th the following assurance from Prince Schwartzenberg that the proposed conditions would be respected:—

"Monsieur le Marechal:—I cannot sufficiently express to you the satisfaction which I experienced on learning the readiness with which you yield to the invitation of the Provisional Government to range yourself, conformably to the decree of the second of this month, under

the banners of the French cause. The distinguished services which you have rendered to your country are universally acknowledged ; but you will add even to these by restoring to their native land the remnant of its brave defenders who have escaped the ambition of a single man. I request you to believe that I especially appreciate the delicacy of the article for which you stipulate, and which I accept, relative to the person of Napoleon. Nothing could better characterize the noble generosity natural to Frenchmen, and which particularly belongs to the sentiments of your excellency. Accept the assurances of my high consideration.

"From my headquarters, this 4th April, 1814.

"SCHWARTZENBERG."

We shall ascertain hereafter the circumstances which induced Marshal Marmont to resume his pledge, and the generous confidence with which it was restored by the Austrian commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRANSACTIONS AT FONTAINEBLEAU — NAPOLEON'S JOURNEY FROM TROYES—ANECDOTES—ARRIVAL OF THE MARSHALS—THE ARMY—INTERVIEW OF NAPOLEON AND MACDONALD—ABDICATION—ANECDOTES—THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS—INTERVIEW WITH ALEXANDER—ANECDOTES—DEFECTION OF MARMONT'S TROOPS—TRICOLOR AND WHITE COCKADE—MARIA LOUISA AND ACTS OF THE REGENCY—SECOND INTERVIEW OF THE COMMISSIONERS WITH ALEXANDER AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA—RETURN TO FONTAINEBLEAU—DEFECTION OF NEY—AFFECTING ADIEUS OF BONAPARTE AND MACDONALD—FINAL ABDICATION—ENTRANCE OF THE BOURBONS INTO PARIS—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MARIA LOUISA AND HER FATHER.

I AM now to relate what passed at the imperial headquarters while we were thus engaged in Paris. The recital is from the reports of zealous and able friends then with the Emperor, whose information I expected with the utmost anxiety—well knowing that the only danger we had to fear was from one of those instantaneous determinations which might possibly spring up in the mind of Napoleon.

On the morning of the 30th of March, while the battle under the walls of Paris waxed fiercest, Bonaparte still remained at Troyes. He

quitted that city at six o'clock, accompanied only by Bertrand, Caulaincourt, two aides-de-camp and two officers of the household. He took little more than two hours for the first ten leagues—a distance which he and his feeble escort accomplished with the same horses and without alighting. About one o'clock they reached Sens, not one of his escort knowing whither the Emperor intended to direct his course. I have since conversed with several inhabitants of that place, who assured me that at this time his aspect presented an appearance of the most perfect calm. After remaining about half an hour he again set out; but in such disorder was everything that the means of transport were not to be procured, so that the Emperor and his suite were obliged to accept of a miserable conveyance, in which equipage they reached Froidmanteau, twelve miles from Paris, about one o'clock in the morning. Here Napoleon learned from General Belliard, then marching at the head of a column of artillery, the first news of the battle of Paris. I know from a person present that he received this information with calmness, probably assumed, in order not to discourage those about him. He walked above a quarter of an hour on the highway, conversing with Belliard, and afterwards dispatched Caulaincourt on the mission already noticed. Napoleon then retired to the postmaster's house, and, calling for his maps, began, according to a usual practice, to mark the positions of his own and the enemy's troops by pins tipped with wax of different colors. After this species of study, in which Napoleon engaged daily and sometimes several times a day, he again got into a carriage and set out for Fontainebleau, where he arrived at six in the morning. He refused to have the state apartments opened, but encamped, rather than lodged, in a favorite small suit of rooms, and, entering his cabinet, there remained shut up alone during the whole of the 31st. Towards evening a message was dispatched for the Duke of Ragusa, then at Essonne. The marshal immediately prepared to obey the Emperor's summons and reached Fontainebleau between two and three in the morning. I know nothing particular of this interview; only Napoleon retained Marmont to supper, and bestowed the highest eulogiums on his skillful defense of Paris. The marshal then returned to his troops at Essonne, and, six hours afterwards, the Emperor went thither also to inspect the lines. Here he met Colonels Fabvier and Denys, who had been left behind at Paris, to see the terms of capitulation fulfilled, and to surrender the city to the allies. These officers rejoined the Emperor and their commander, then walking together upon the banks of the river. They did not dissemble the effects already described, produced by the

entrance of the allies into the capital. The Emperor showed himself violently irritated, and set out immediately for Fontainebleau.

In the course of the 31st had arrived, successively, at Fontainebleau, Marshals Moncey, Lefebvre, Oudinot, and lastly, Berthier, from Troyes, where he had been left by the Emperor. The first, at the National Guard, had defended the barrier De Clichy; the second, notwithstanding his great age, had not spared his person in the last campaign; the Duke of Reggio, the third, had been named by Talleyrand a second Bayard. Maret was the only minister present; for Caulaincourt had gone to Paris on his mission, while all the others had been ordered to remain with the Empress at Blois, and Savary, much to his affliction, had received no authority to rejoin the Emperor. All was sad and gloomy at Fontainebleau: still the Emperor retained his power and deliberated, as I have been assured, whether he should retire beyond the Loire, or make a bold stroke upon Paris—a design more consonant with his character; and he had actually begun seriously to arrange his plans of attack when the news of what had occurred, and the unsuccessful mission of Caulaincourt, led him to perceive that his position was more desperate than he had previously supposed. All the information from the capital, however, served only to irritate him still more; and had the marshals, in these moments of resentment, been under the dominion of the same unreflecting zeal which animated the younger officers attached to the Emperor, it is certain that he would have given way to an act of useless vengeance; for I cannot too frequently repeat that the fall of Napoleon had now become inevitable.

In the meantime the vanguards of the columns left at Troyes arrived, on the 1st of April, at Fontainebleau, surpassing, in this instance, all former marches of any army, since these troops had traversed fifty leagues in less than three days.* On the 2d of April the Emperor informed the generals of the events in Paris, recommending concealment, lest the soldiery, upon whom he still depended, might be discouraged. On the same day he held a review in the court of the palace; and, the officers of his guard drawing up in a circle, he thus addressed them: "Soldiers! the enemy has stolen three marches upon us, and is master of Paris; we must chase him thence. Frenchmen unworthy of the name, and emigrants whom we pardoned, have mounted the white cockade and joined the foe. The cowards! they shall receive the reward of this new crime. Swear to conquer or to die, and to cause the tricolor to be respected which for twenty years has marshaled us onward in the path

* Or above fifty miles a day.

of glory and of honor." Not content with this harangue, which was inserted also in the order of the day, addressed to the army, I know, from a person worthy of credit, that, in order to persuade them to second his mad designs upon Paris, he endeavored to make them believe in his having sincerely sought peace; affirming to them that he had offered to the Emperor Alexander to purchase it at the greatest sacrifices, even by abandoning the conquests made during the Revolution, and to restrict himself within the ancient limits of France. "Alexander has refused," added Napoleon, "and, not satisfied with this refusal, has thrown himself into the arms of a handful of emigrants, whom, perhaps, I did wrong in pardoning for having served against France. It is through their perfidious insinuations that Alexander has permitted the reappearance of the white cockade in Paris. We will retain our own; and, in a few days, I shall march against Paris: I count upon you!"

When the boundless devotion of the guard to the Emperor is considered, it will not be matter of surprise that these words roused an electric movement of enthusiasm. From the ranks of the old companions in the toils of their chief rose, as from a single voice, the cry, "To Paris! to Paris!" But, during the night that followed, calmer counsels were adopted by the generals, and insinuated by degrees into the minds of the soldiers. The wrecks of the army assembled at Fontainebleau—the remains of a million of men, levied within fifteen months, comprising the corps of Marshals Oudinot, Ney, Macdonald, and General Gerard—did not exceed twenty-five thousand men. To these were to be added seven thousand, yet surviving of the guard, rendering the whole amount of Napoleon's disposable force somewhat less than thirty-two thousand men. With such resources it would have been an act of madness to attempt anything against the armies encamped in and around Paris. These details I received from Lefebvre, who, like Massena, served France without loving Napoleon. This officer often repeated to me, in his broad German accent, while relating the last acts at Fontainebleau, "That little —— would not be satisfied till he had got us all done for, to the very last man." He told me, also, that Napoleon remained utterly confounded on learning with what disdain Alexander had refused to hear Caulaincourt's proposals: but humiliation, from time to time, gave way to resentment, and then especially would he urge his determination to march upon Paris. Happily for France, not one of the marshals felt disposed to second his projects of profitless vengeance.

Throughout these trying circumstances Macdonald displayed a

truly noble conduct. Yet the manner in which the Emperor chose to inform him of the capture of Paris seemed little calculated to conciliate a high-minded soldier. The marshal had been two days without any intelligence from the Emperor, when he received, in the handwriting of Berthier, an intimation couched in these terms:—"The Emperor desires you to make a halt, wherever this order may reach you." Then, after Berthier's signature, were the following words, by way of postscript:—"You are doubtless aware that the enemy is master of Paris." In stating, thus negligently, an affair of such vital consequence, the Emperor's object plainly was to lessen its importance in Macdonald's estimation. The marshal, from whose lips I heard the whole recital—but in a style of animation which the pen unfortunately cannot reproduce—expressed his deep anxiety caused by so singular a postscript, while he was far from certain that Paris had not experienced, from hostile reprisal, the fate of Moscow. Six hours afterwards a new order reached him, at Montereau, to set forward in the direction of Paris, with all his remaining forces. On receipt of this, Macdonald, preceding his corps, set off with all speed, and joined the Emperor at Fontainebleau, on the 31st. On arriving, he found the generals in consternation at the determination expressed by the Emperor to march upon Paris: they came in a body to request the marshal to accompany them to the imperial presence. "Gentlemen," said he, "in the present conjuncture, such a step might displease his majesty: leave the matter to me; I am going to the palace." His own account of this visit, to which I beg the reader's attention, is as follows:—

"No sooner had I presented myself, than the Emperor came up to me. 'Eh, well! how go things?'—'Very ill, sire.'—'What! Very ill? How is your army disposed?'—'My army, sire, is completely discouraged; events in the capital have spread consternation through its ranks.'—'Think you it will join with me in a movement upon Paris?'—'Sire, trust not to that. Should I give such an order to my troops I run the hazard of being disobeyed.'* 'But what are we to do? I cannot remain as I am; I have still resources and supporters. Do they tell me the allies refuse to treat? Eh, well! it is quite the same to me; I shall march against Paris: I will punish the inconstancy of the Parisians and the knavery of the senate. Woe to the members of the government which they have plastered up, waiting the return of their Bourbons—for that is what they want! But to-morrow I place myself at the head of my guard and to-morrow we shall be in the Tuil-

* At this period the discouragement was so great that all the roads in France were literally covered with deserters from the army.

eries!'" While Napoleon gave way to these bursts, the marshal heard him in silence; then, seeing him somewhat calm, "Sire," said he, "you are then ignorant of what has occurred in Paris, the establishment of a Provisional Government, and "—— "I know it."—"Sire," rejoined the marshal, presenting a paper, "there is something which will tell you more than I can."—"What is it?"—"Examine, sire." It was a letter from Marshal Beurnonville, announcing the sentence of forfeiture pronounced by the senate, and the determination of the allies not to treat with Napoleon nor any of his family. "Marshal," said the Emperor, "may that letter be read aloud?"—"Certainly, sire." Macdonald handed the letter to Barrè, who read it. An eye-witness subsequently described to me the impression which this reading made upon Napoleon: his countenance became violently contracted—and, in critical situations, I had too often observed the same effect not to imagine what it must have been. Still commanding himself, as he could well do, when policy or self-love required, he affected a careless indifference and persisted in his intention of marching upon Paris. "March upon Paris, sire!" said Marshal Macdonald; "that is a design which must be renounced: not a single sword will be drawn from its scabbard to second you in such an attempt." The question of abdication came then more seriously under discussion. This plan had been proposed by Caulaincourt, who represented to Napoleon that, by personally abdicating, he might obtain from the allies a council of regency in favor of his son. I have always considered this overture as somewhat premature on the part of Caulaincourt. Be that as it may, perceiving the opinion of his marshals, finding his dethronement already pronounced and entertaining hopes of a regency from the measure, Napoleon drew up with his own hand and signed his act of abdication in the following terms:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to relinquish France, and life itself, for the good of the country, inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency under the Empress and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire.

"Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, this 4th April, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

After writing this act the Emperor presented it to the marshals. "There, gentlemen. Eh, well! are you satisfied?" It is to be re-

marked, however, that in this act the Emperor makes no mention of the decree of the senate nor of the adhesion of the legislative body. That would have been an acknowledgment of some right to the shadow of a national representation, and such was not the intention of Napoleon, even on descending from the throne: he desired that it should be perfectly understood that he obeyed the force and not the right of the nation; finally he manifested his wish that his very abdication might wear the impress of a depotism, inseparable from his nature. What a legacy did he leave us on abdicating—the laws of the Empire! What a codicil to France in this species of political testament! Besides, this abdication of Napoleon's was, unquestionably, very useless; but in case any great importance had been attached thereto, it would have become altogether a mockery if circumstances had changed. The meaning might seem unequivocal to all the world; not so to me, initiated as I was in all the cunning of which Bonaparte could not divest himself. Let it be well remarked that Napoleon does not say he *descends*, but that he is *ready to descend from the throne*. This exhibits one of his favorite subterfuges, by the aid of which he hoped to bring on new negotiations, relative to the forms and conditions of the regency for his son, provided the allied sovereigns should consent to that measure. This would have afforded the means of gaining time, for he had not yet lost all hope; but certainly he here strangely beguiled himself. He still cherished the flattering idea of the possibility of an arrangement which should leave the throne to Maria Louisa and his dynasty. He would not believe that the Emperor of Austria would concur in the ruin of his own daughter. Accordingly, he had no sooner signed and delivered the act of abdication than he wished to recall it, upon the report of some one who then entered, I think General Allix, and who had fallen in with an Austrian officer, whom Francis II. had sent to Prince Schwartzenberg. The general informed Napoleon that the officer in question had positively assured him that the transactions at Paris were contrary to the wishes of the Emperor of Austria. "I told you so, gentlemen," exclaimed Napoleon to those around him; "I told you so, decidedly! Francis II. cannot be my enemy so far as to dethrone his daughter. Vicenza, go and recover my act of abdication from the marshals. I wish to send a courier to the Emperor of Austria." Thus, in his shipwreck, Bonaparte grasped at any plank of safety, and hesitated not, on an idle rumor, to recall an act of such importance as his abdication. I make no question that the Austrian officer had spoken as reported; but, most assuredly, not the slightest misunderstanding existed among the allies. Meanwhile the marshals

were just getting into a carriage, and refused to give up the paper. "We are certain," said they, "that the Emperor of Austria concurs, and will take the whole upon ourselves."

While the conversation with Macdonald had continued, as above reported, the Emperor, who had at first advanced, returned and remained seated. When he had formed the resolution to abdicate, he suddenly rose, took a few turns, walking with long strides through the apartment, then wrote, and at length broke silence to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, it is fitting you should go to defend, before the allied powers, the interests of my son, of the army, and above all of France. I name as my commissioners the Duke of Vicenza, the Marshal Prince of Moskwa (Ney), and the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont). Are you agreed?" added the Emperor, after a pause. "It appears to me that all these interests are thus consigned to good hands." All present replied, "Yes, sire." Scarcely, however, had this response passed their lips when the Emperor, taking two or three strides, threw himself on a small yellow sofa placed near a window, and striking his thigh with a sort of convulsive action exclaimed, "No gentlemen, no! No regency! With my guard and Marmont's corps I shall be in Paris to-morrow."

From the marshal's information, and from what I afterwards learned of various officers present at this scene, it was easy to perceive, from the thoughts and resolutions which shot across the brain of Napoleon, how deeply his moral faculties had been unsettled by the perturbations which had assailed him during the last three months. Ney and Macdonald vainly attempted to combat a resolution equally fatal and impracticable. The Emperor rose with marked displeasure, rubbing his forehead—a habit when strongly agitated—and commanded them in a loud imperious tone to "Retire!" The marshals left the apartment, and Napoleon remained alone with Caulaincourt. The Emperor expressed much disapprobation at the reading of Beurnonville's letter.—"But, sire, it was read by your own order."—"Ah, that is true! but why was not that letter addressed directly to me by Macdonald?"—"Sire, it was at first addressed to Marshal Macdonald, but the aid-de-camp to whom it had been given in charge received orders to cause it to be read to Marmont, on passing through Essonne, because Beurnonville knew not exactly where the Duke of Tarentum might be found." This explanation did not occupy more than three minutes. The Emperor became more calm, appeared satisfied with it, and said to Caulaincourt, "Vicenza, recall Macdonald."

The duke ran after the marshal, whom he overtook at the extremity

of the gallery of the palace, and, after explaining what had taken place, brought him back to the imperial presence. Macdonald found the Emperor quite calm, and, as he entered, the latter addressed him with perfect tranquillity:—"Well, Duke of Tarentum, do you then think that the regency is the only thing possible?"—Yes, sire."—"Well, then, I charge you with the message to the Emperor Alexander: you will go with Ney, in place of Marmont: it is better that he should remain with his division: his presence is indispensable to his army: go you with Ney; I rely upon you; I hope you have entirely forgotten the circumstances which separated us so long?"—"Yes, sire; I have never once thought of them since 1809."*—"I rejoice to hear it; but, marshal—nay, I must make the acknowledgment—I was wrong."—"Sire!" The Emperor, while speaking thus, showed unusual emotion. He approached, took the marshal's hand, and pressing it affectionately added only one word—"Go."

The Emperor's three commissioners, namely, Macdonald, Ney and Caulaincourt, had sent to inform Marmont that, on passing through Essonne, they would dine with him and explain the occurrences at Fontainebleau. They even invited him to accompany them to the Emperor Alexander. This obliged him to describe his situation and engagements with Prince Schwartzenberg. It became absolutely necessary, also, that he should himself go to the prince's headquarters in order to arrange about the requisite passports for the commissioners before they could go into Paris. In their presence, at his headquarters in Petit-Bourg, Prince Schwartzenberg restored to Marmont his pledge of adherence to the Provisional Government. I know that afterwards the prince expressed high esteem for the honorable conduct of Marmont, and considered his desire to unite with his fellow-soldiers in favor of their fallen chief as alike natural and becoming. I believe the four commissioners were retained to supper by the prince, and on leaving table repaired to the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander, for whose answer they had been waiting.

The reader is already informed of my nomination to be director-general of the post-office. I found all things in great confusion, and an immense quantity of letters detained for nearly three years back. These I caused to be forwarded, inserting a notice to that effect in the *Moniteur* of the 4th April; and it may give some idea of the number to state that nearly three hundred thousand francs (£12,500) were thus recovered

* This alludes to certain animadversions made by Macdonald on the conduct of the First Consul towards Moreau. See the Appendix.—*Translator.*

by the postages. This system of strangulation, applied to communications even of the most private and confidential nature, displays a characteristic trait of the imperial government during the last years of its existence. The night following this advertisement I was awakened by a government express, requiring my instant attendance at the Hotel Talleyrand. I arrived a few minutes before the marshal's commissioners from the Emperor. During the conference which ensued we were left in the saloon, and a consternation appeared among some members of the Provisional Government which it would be difficult to describe. In fact, had a regency been established, only voluntary exile could have saved the members of the Provisional Government. The interview was prolonged, and I vainly endeavored, by arguments drawn from the pledge given by the allied sovereigns, especially Alexander, and from existing circumstances, to reassure my colleagues. Meanwhile, I had leisure to be informed that the commissioners had previously held a conference with Talleyrand, in which he said—"Gentlemen, what do you intend? Should you succeed in your designs you will compromise all—and they are not few—who have entered the chamber since the 1st of April: as for myself, think not of me—I wish to be compromised." The same evening, not three hours before, I had also been sent for, when Talleyrand said, in my hearing, to the Emperor of Russia—"Will you support Bonaparte? No; you cannot, and you will not. There is no middle course between Napoleon and Louis XVIII. Bernadotte, Eugene, a regency—each is an intrigue, with neither force nor circumstances to sustain its object: Louis XVIII. is a principle." These last words became a favorite expression.

The time appeared long to more than one of the members of the Provisional Government, General Desolles, as commandant of the national guard, being the only one of that body admitted. This arose from a wish to avoid appearing to influence the decision of the head of the coalition against the late chief of France. At length the conference broke up, and the reappearaece of the marshals excited a movement in the saloon which it would be impossible for me to describe. The expression of dissatisfaction which we conceived to be visible in their looks restored hope to those who for some hours had experienced the liveliest tribulation. I still think I see Macdonald, bearing his head high and giving way to a burst of energetic wrath, go up to Beurnonville, and, in reply to a question addressed by the latter, answer in these words—"Speak not to me, sir; I have nothing to say to you: your conduct has made me forget a friendship of thirty years." Then, turning to Dupont, the marshal continued in the same tone, "As for

you, sir, your behavior towards the Emperor is not generous. I grant he treated you with severity—perhaps he may even have been unjust to you in the affair of Baylen; but how long has it been the fashion to avenge a personal wrong at our country's expense!"

These altercations were so quick and warm, and the speakers elevated their voices to such a pitch, that Caulaincourt interposed by saying, "Do not forget, gentlemen, that you are now in the residence of the Emperor of Russia." At this moment M. de Talleyrand returned, having entered the Emperor's apartment on the egress of the marshals: and, approaching the animated group formed around Macdonald, said, "Gentlemen, if you wish to *dispute*—to discuss, descend to my apartments."—"That would be useless," retorted Macdonald; "my comrades and I acknowledge not your Provisional Government." The four commissioners, upon this, retired to Ney's residence, where they awaited the reply which the Emperor of Russia had promised to give after consulting with the King of Prussia. Such was this night scene, more intensely dramatic than any of those imagined by the fancy of poets. Here all was real; while on the catastrophe hung the political state of France and the lives of all who had already declared in favor of the Bourbons. The fact, too, teaches a high lesson, that all those men who then first stood forward, at the peril of life, in their cause, have successively fallen under a species of disgrace in the kingdom of the Bourbons.

On the departure of the marshals we were anxious to know from Desolles what had passed in the conference. Macdonald, we found, had defended a regency with much warmth. Among other expressions employed by him, I remember the following were repeated:—"I am not authorized in any manner to treat of conditions for the Emperor: we have full power for the regency, the army and France; but the Emperor has positively prohibited us from specifying anything for himself personally." Alexander merely replied, "That does not surprise me." The marshal then resumed; spoke of the respect due to the military glory of France; strongly avowed the resolution of himself and his companions never to abandon the family of a man who had so often led them to victory; and, finally, reminded Alexander that he had pledged himself not to impose any government upon France. General Desolles, who from the first had warmly declared in favor of the Bourbons, replied with equal animation to the arguments of the supporters of a regency; he represented to Alexander that all those would find themselves compromised who had consented to act under the supposed protection of his pledge, repeated all the topics

previously urged, and ended by expressing his conviction that a regency would only be Bonaparte in disguise. The general did not, however, conceal from us that Alexander, powerfully moved by the forcible and persuasive eloquence of Marshal Macdonald, appeared very much embarrassed, and had finally replied to the marshals—"Gentlemen, I am not alone; in circumstances of such grave import it is befitting I should consult the King of Prussia, for I have promised to do nothing before conferring with him. Within some hours you shall know my determination."

The majority of the members of the Provisional Government attributed this evasive answer to the opposing eloquence of Desolles. So thought not I, though rendering justice to his conduct. It is easy to persuade princes to take that course which is agreeable to themselves. Such were then the personal dispositions of Alexander that I had no doubt of the final result; and beheld, in this desire of consulting the Prussian monarch, only a polite way of avoiding a point-blank refusal to the marshals.

I had also been perfectly instructed by his familiars that Frederick William had vowed a hatred to Bonaparte which past events but too well justified, and knew, besides, that this monarch possessed a firmness of character able to resist all those considerations which might be brought into play with him as with Alexander. Besides, had the King of Prussia entertained no legitimate hostility towards Napoleon, policy would at this season have rendered him an enemy, since great popularity was thus to be gained among his own subjects, almost all of whom were then imbued with principles of liberty, and even of carbonarism, preached and propagated by M. de Stein and his disciples. But the king had no need to be instigated by political considerations so remote; he obeyed the impulse of his own feelings in rejecting the proposition of the marshals without any hesitation and with much energy. Thus seconded to "the top of his bent," Alexander advertised the commissioners of the decision of his ally; and thus was set to rest the question of a regency, which, during some hours, had banished repose from the Provisional Government.

Meanwhile, on the day when his commissioners reached Paris at the proper time, Napoleon, doubtful whether they would be permitted to pass the enemy's advanced posts, and resolved on marching to Paris in case of opposition, sent an aid-de-camp to Marmont with an order instantly to repair to Fontainebleau. His impatience was such that not only would he not wait the return of the first, but dispatched a second and then a third messenger. This rapid succession of expresses

alarmed the generals commanding under Marmont, who had also with him given in their adhesion, and probably were ignorant of his having been freed from that engagement. They supposed that the Emperor had sent for the marshal in order to punish his defection severely, and, apprehensive of Napoleon's vengeance, resolved to march for Versailles. One of Marmont's aides-de-camp, after vainly opposing the removal of the troops, set off in all haste to inform the marshal of what was taking place. When Marmont received this sad news he was at breakfast in Ney's, with Macdonald and Caulaincourt, all four waiting Alexander's reply to their commission. The marshal threw himself into a carriage and drove off instantly. Meanwhile, on arriving at Versailles, and not seeing the marshal at their head, the troops, believing themselves betrayed, had broken out into open insurrection. Such was the state of things when Marmont arrived at full speed from Paris. He was met at some distance by his generals, who besought him not to approach the rebellious soldiery. "I will go," said he, "into the midst of them: in a moment I shall either be cut in pieces, or they shall acknowledge me as their chief." Having sent forward an aid-de-camp to draw up the regiments, he advanced alone on horseback and addressed the soldiers:—"How! is there treason here? Can you disown me? Am I no longer your comrade?—Have I not been twenty times wounded among you? Have I not shared in all your fatigues—your privations—and am I not ready to do so again?" Here the speaker was interrupted by loud shouts—"The Marshal! the Marshal forever!" and all returned to their duty. This was most important; for the insurrectionary movement, which throughout the day had filled the Provisional Government with the greatest alarm, might have spread to the other corps-d'armee, and the cause of France have again suffered. The firmness of Marmont saved all. I alone, knowing how the marshal was beloved by the soldiery, augured favorably of the result. Still we were in a most anxious state of alarm, and express after express kept hurrying to and fro between Paris and Versailles. The first messenger from the Provisional Government informed Marmont of Alexander's definitive refusal to treat for a regency. In return our fears as to the troops were speedily allayed. Fifteen years have elapsed and yet I can still fancy myself present when the marshal arrived at M. de Talleyrand's on returning from Versailles. We had just finished dinner. I see Marmont alone, in the middle of the room, seated before a small table upon which something had been served in haste. He was the hero of the day: each of us went up to talk with him and pay our compliments.

Happy would it have proved for France had the government listened also to a proposition made by him the same evening, namely, that no change should be made in the military ensigns. It was, in fact, determined not to abandon the tricolor which for the space of twenty years had led our soldiers to battle and victory. But some intrigue overset the whole, and a provisional decree drawn up that night was sent to the office, but never appeared in the *Moniteur*. I know not who meddled thus far: but of this I am certain, that Marmont complained of the non-insertion to Alexander, who promised to write to the Provisional Government to have the omission rectified, but in vain. Finally, Marmont himself was led into the snare. Marshal Jourdan, then stationed at Rouen with his corps, received a letter stating that Marmont had mounted the white cockade, and, thinking he could not do better than follow such an example, displaced the tricolor and announced the change to the Provisional Government. Thus fortified, the members awaited the remonstrances of the Duke of Ragusa with unflinching assurance.—"Why, marshal, the insertion of the article was impossible. There, see; the corps of Marshal Jourdan have hoisted the white—you would not give two different standards to the army!" Marmont, of course, could not gainsay a positive fact. The subterfuge was a fatal one.

Meanwhile, while these events were passing, Napoleon had become furious at what he termed Marmont's defection, as I afterwards learned from several officers who were at Fontainebleau. His injustice was excusable, as he had not been informed of the marshal's resuming his pledge in order the more effectually to second the Emperor's own commissioners.* Under the influence of this error, indignant at the conduct of the senate in pronouncing his forfeiture, and full of hope in the success of the commission, Napoleon issued to his army, on the morning of the 5th of April, a proclamation touching on all these points, but evidently drawn up under the greatest irritation of mind. Of this can there be a more certain proof than the terms in which he characterizes his senate? "The senate has taken the liberty to dispose of the government of France; it has forgotten that to the Emperor it owes the power now abused; it has forgotten that the Emperor saved one portion of its members from the storms of the Revolution, and *drew from obscurity and protected the other against the hatred of the nation.*" What a satire did these last words imply upon

* It must, however, be recollected that a defection of the troops arose from the marshal having disobeyed Napoleon's injunctions not to leave his division.—*Translator.*

his own government! his bitterest enemies never uttered anything more severe than he has here brought against himself.

In those latter days of the empire there were, in fact, so to speak, three governments, of which the two last were but phantoms—the Provisional Government in Paris; Napoleon at Fontainebleau; and the ambulatory and dubious Regency of Maria Louisa. These epithets are descriptive alike of the locality and the acts of the regency. At first it had been proposed to conduct the Empress to Orleans, then to Tours, and at last she had stopped at Blois. I have one piece, a circular to the prefects of departments, addressed by Montalivet, minister of the interior and member of the regency, without name of printer or printing office, and with place Blois and date 2d April inserted in writing; so unsettled being the destiny of the Empress that it was uncertain whence or when the acts of her government might be promulgated. The moment, too, was well chosen to call for men and money, when the people beheld with joy an end of conscriptions and contributions! When Maria Louisa was informed of the events in Paris she sent for the Duke de Cadore (Champagny), and, giving a letter for the Emperor of Austria, said to him, "Duke of Cadore, go to my father, who should be at Dijon; I rely upon you to defend the interests of France, those of the Emperor, and especially of my son." Unquestionably the Empress could not have made a better choice; and those high interests would have been defended by the duke, *si defendi possent*—had they been defensible. After the departure of her envoy, the Empress, on the 4th, addressed a proclamation "To the French people," in which she said, "You will be faithful to your oaths. You will listen to the voice of a princess who *was confided* to your loyalty; who places all her glory in being a princess of France, united to the destinies of the sovereign whom you had freely chosen. My son was less secure of your hearts in the days of our prosperity. His rights and person are under your safeguard." This address, so full of feeling, produced no effect; and, though informed daily of what passed at Blois, we experienced not the slightest alarm at Paris from that quarter. To the words marked in italics attaches a circumstance which merits to be recorded. When the piece had been printed and shown to Maria Louisa, she drew her pen through "was confided," and inserted *confides herself*. Unfortunate woman! she did everything to rally the cause, and inspired with interest even those who, from dread necessity, labored against the imperial dynasty.

Her envoy, in the meantime, with some difficulty, and by avoiding

MARSHAL NEY, PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA.

the routes of the Cossacks, had attained his destination. Understanding the Emperor Francis was expected at Chanseaux, he waited his arrival and had an immediate audience; and though personally known to and respected by Francis, at whose court he had resided three years as ambassador, he could obtain nothing beyond fine protestations after a conference of some hours. The Emperor constantly intrenched himself behind the pledges given to his allies. Hoping the night would bring milder resolves, the duke begged permission to take leave next morning, and presented himself accordingly at the imperial levee. After new efforts, the Emperor said to him—"I love my daughter very dearly; I love also my son-in-law: I wear them in my heart, and would shed my blood for them."—"Ah, sire," interrupted Champagny, "no such sacrifice is required."—"Yes, duke, I would give my blood—I would give my life for them; but I repeat to you, I have promised to my allies not to treat without them, and to approve all they may do. Besides, my minister, Metternich, is gone to their headquarters, and I shall ratify whatever he may have signed." In fact, Champagny told me he regarded the absence of Metternich as fatal to his cause: to this I could not agree, though it is not too much to say that politics, apart, Metternich was very much attached to Bonaparte. The Emperor had constantly expressed great regard for the Austrian minister, and particularly during his embassy to Paris had loaded him with attentions. As a proof of what is now stated, when complimented on the marriage of Maria Louisa, Metternich replied, "One may well receive felicitations in having aided in an act which has received the approbation of eighty millions of men." Such a remark, openly proceeding from the confidential minister of the Austrian cabinet, was calculated most agreeably to please the imperial ear. Nevertheless, in their personal relations, Metternich never concealed the truth from Napoleon. I remember an instance in part of a reply made to him after some hesitation at Dresden. "As for you," said the Emperor, "you will not make war upon me; that is impossible: no, you cannot declare against me—I will not believe it."—"Sire," replied Metternich, "at present we are not altogether allies; but a little while and it is very possible we may be enemies." This was the last information Napoleon ever received from Metternich. It was clear to one not willfully blind. On rejoining the Empress at Orleans, Champagny found her almost alone; all the grand dignitaries of the empire had deserted their charge, successively returned to Paris, and given in their adhesion to the Provisional Government.

Thus failed the commission of the Empress. To revert to that of

the Emperor. When Marmont had quitted his companions, as above related, Macdonald, Ney and Caulaincourt returned in all haste to the Emperor Alexander, in order to obtain his final determination before the movement among Marmont's troops should be known. Alexander had gone on foot to the King of Prussia's residence at six o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and the two monarchs, having returned to the hotel Talleyrand, were there together when the marshals entered. The commissioners were then informed that a regency was impossible. "Such, gentlemen," added Alexander, "is the conclusion I have come to, jointly with my allies. Three days ago Paris declared itself; adhesions have poured in from all quarters. If the army have formed other wishes we ought at least to have been informed sooner."—"Sire," objected Macdonald, "that was impossible, seeing not one of the marshals was in Paris. Who could have foretold the turn which affairs have taken? Could we foresee that a misunderstanding—a panic terror would have caused the movement among the troops of the Duke of Ragusa, who has this hour left us to recall them to their duty?" These words having wrought no change in the determination of the sovereigns, it became necessary to prepare for a full and unconditional abdication on the part of Napoleon. Before entering upon this grave question the marshals demanded an armistice of forty-eight hours as indispensable for the arrangements. This was granted without hesitation. Alexander had even the politeness to offer his pencil to Macdonald; and, pointing to the map of the environs of Paris, said, "Hold, marshal, mark yourself the limits of the two armies."—"No, sire, we are unfortunate and vanquished; it belongs to you to trace the line of demarkation." The Emperor then fixed the boundaries of the Seine, the right bank being occupied by the allies, the left by the French. Discussion arising with respect to Paris, which it would have been unseemly thus to divide in two, the capital was excluded from this delimitation. By some underhand contrivance, on the map sent to the headquarters of Schwartzenberg, Fontainebleau, the headquarters of the Emperor, was included within the line, and the Austrians kept so close by this disposition that Marshal Macdonald was forced to complain to Alexander, who removed all difficulties.

While discussing these preliminaries, comformably to instructions received, Macdonald having again observed that Napoleon stipulated for nothing personally, "Assure him," replied Alexander, "that as concerns himself, he shall have a provision worthy of the rank he has occupied; tell him, in all sincerity, that should he wish to retire to my dominions he shall be well received, though he carried desolation into

the midst of them—that I shall ever remember the friendship which united us. He shall have the island of Elba, or *something else.*"

Having taken leave of the Emperor, the commissioners prepared to return to Fontainebleau. The same day, the 5th of April, I saw Alexander—who appeared as if relieved of a weight by thus definitively settling the question of a regency—and learned that he intended to quit Paris for some days, delegating his powers to M. Posso di Borgo, as commissioner to the Provisional Government. On the 5th, also, Napoleon, for the last time, reviewed his troops in the court of Fontainebleau; he remarked a degree of coldness in the officers, and even among the men, who, two days before, had manifested such enthusiasm. This change so affected him that he remained only a few minutes on parade; and, retiring afterwards to his apartments, saw his army no more till the day of his departure.

An hour after midnight, on the morning of the 6th, Marshals Ney and Macdonald, with Caulaincourt, arrived at Fontainebleau, to render an account of their mission. Ney first announced to Bonaparte that the sovereigns required a simple abdication without any condition beyond the assurance of personal safety. Then followed the other commissioners to the same purpose, but after a more gentle fashion, for Ney was little versed in the courtesies of speech. When Macdonald had ceased speaking, Napoleon replied with some emotion, "I know, marshal, all you have done for me—with what warmth you have pleaded the cause of my son. They desire my simple, unconditional abdication! Well, I again empower you to act on my behalf. Go and defend my interest, and those of my family." After a moment of silence, "Marshal, where shall I go?" Macdonald then reported Alexander's offers to the Emperor. "The island of Elba, or *something else!*" quickly interrupted Napoleon, "What is that *something else?*"—"Sire, I know not."—"Ah! doubtless it is the island of Corsica, which he has declined naming to avoid the *quodlibet*. Marshal, I refer everything to you."

Thus passed over the interview; not, indeed, without some outbreakings at first, but far more smoothly than expected. The marshals returned to Paris, after receiving new powers from Napoleon. On arriving, however, in the capital, Ney gave in his adhesion, so that Macdonald returned alone to Fontainebleau, where Caulaincourt had remained. The Emperor expressed surprise and disappointment when informed of Ney's absence; but the friends of that renowned soldier concur in admitting his want of moral courage when not on the field of battle. I was not, therefore, surprised at his coming over to us, before some others of his comrades. As to Macdonald, he showed himself one

of those generous spirits whom wrongs render only the more faithful. Napoleon had now proof of this. Macdonald, returning thus alone to Fontainebleau, found the Emperor, on entering his chamber, seated in a small arm-chair before the fireplace. Napoleon had no other clothing save a dressing-gown of white dimity; his naked feet were thrust into slippers; his elbows rested on his knees, and his head was supported with both hands. He remained motionless and seemed buried in profound thought. Two persons only were with him—the Duke of Bassano at a little distance, and Caulaincourt near the fireplace. The Emperor's reflections appeared so completely to have absorbed him, that he did not perceive Macdonald's entrance, and the Duke of Vicenza was obliged to advertise him of the marshal's presence. "Sire, the Duke of Tarentum has brought for your signature the treaty which is to be ratified to-morrow." Then, as if rousing from a sort of lethargic slumber, he turned towards the place where Macdonald stood, and merely said—"Ah! Marshal, is it you?" So altered was Napoleon's countenance, that the marshal, struck with the change, could not help exclaiming, under the first impression—"Sire! surely your majesty has been indisposed?"—"Yes; I have passed a very bad night." In fact, during the night which preceded the return of Macdonald, Napoleon, it has been asserted, made an attempt on his own life by poison. But, as I know nothing for certain on this subject, and wish to speak of what I can guarantee, I shall abstain from hazarding any conjectures on a matter of such grave importance, and so decidedly contradicted by Napoleon himself. The only person who can remove the doubts on this subject is Constant, who, I have been assured, never quitted Napoleon during that night.*

The Emperor remained seated for an instant; then rising, he took the treaty from the marshal's hand, signed without observation and, restoring it with the signature affixed, said, "I am not rich enough to recompense these your last services."—"You know, sire, interest never guided me."—"I am aware of that; I see now how much I have been deceived respecting you. I can perceive, too, the designs of

* Constant was favorite valet de chambre to the Emperor. He is about to publish private memoirs of his imperial master. Meanwhile I can state, upon almost the highest authority, that the accusation is false; that the workings of Napoleon's mind occasioned frequently, during the night, a species of mental aberration and convulsive throwings of the body; but of attempted suicide let his memory be assoilzied.—*Translator.*

Since the first edition was published, Constant's work has been sent me. His narrative has not yet reached the point in question; but from the tenor of the volumes that have appeared, he will be found a witness in favor of the opinion above expressed.—*Translator.*

those who prejudiced me against you."—"Sire, I have already assured you that, since 1809, I have been yours in life and death."—"It is true; but since I have no longer the power to recompense you as I would wish, let me request that a token of remembrance, very inadequate indeed, may at least remind you that never shall I forget what you have done for me." Then turning to Caulaincourt, Napoleon said, "Vicenza, desire my saber to be brought—the one presented to me by Mourad Bey in Egypt and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor." Constant having brought the saber, the Emperor received it from Caulaincourt, and, presenting it to the marshal, said, "Accept, my worthy friend, a gift which I believe will gratify you." The marshal, taking the sword from the Emperor's hand, replied, "Sire, if ever I have a son, this will be his noblest heritage, and while I live it shall be preserved."—"Give me your hand and embrace me," was Napoleon's answer; and with equal emotion they threw themselves into each other's arms and parted—not without tears.

Thus terminated the last interview between the Emperor and his faithful soldier. These details I obtained from the marshal some days after the ratification of the treaty. The saber I recognized at once, only, since I had last seen it, the following words had been engraven on the blade:—"Saber worn by the Emperor on the day of the battle of Mount Tabor." This seems to me to furnish one proof more of the genuine character of Napoleon and of his desire to antedate the duration of the empire, which he thus referred to a period when he was only general of the Republic. Not till five days after these incidents, on the 11th April, 1814, when the clauses of the treaty had been guaranteed, did Napoleon sign his final act of abdication as follows:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy; and that there is no personal sacrifice, even life itself, which he is not ready to make for the interest of France." *

* The transactions above recited took place in a small but very elegant suite of apartments running parallel with the gallery of Francis I. When the translator first visited this most delightful of the royal residences of France, the yellow sofa in the window and the small arm-chair were still in their places: and, on a small folding work-table, belonging to the Empress, upon which the first abdication was written, still remained the writing implements used in renouncing so much of worldly grandeur. The ink had never been replenished and was then dried up into a little dust, as is now the hand which then signed away thrones. At a little distance, in sight of the windows, is Bona-

Then only, when Bonaparte had written with his own hand and signed the act now quoted, did Marshal Macdonald send in his adhesion, expressed with equal nobleness and simplicity—"Disengaged from my oaths by the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, I declare that I adhere to the acts of the Senate and of the Provisional Government."

Thus terminated the legal reign of Napoleon. It is worthy of remark that this act of abdication appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 12th of April, the day precisely on which *Monsieur* (the Count d'Artois) made his entry into Paris as lieutenant-general of the kingdom for Louis XVIII.; the day, too, in which was achieved, under the walls of Toulouse, the last grand deed in arms of the imperial army, when the French troops, commanded by Soult, made Wellington pay dearly for his entrance into the south of France.

The fall and abdication of Napoleon awakened in my mind two very opposite sentiments. While sincerely felicitating myself and my country on beholding the termination of an oppressive government, I could not be insensible to the sufferings of Bonaparte, and never more than in these circumstances did I distinguish between the *man* and the *emperor*. Ah! had that man been so inclined—had he placed limits to his ambition—if his furious passion for European dominion had not dragged him into an abyss unfathomable—if he had consecrated to the happiness of France that superabundance of genius which he devoted to the enslaving of nations—if he had not cast beneath his feet the rights of Frenchmen, and constantly substituted his own arbitrary will for those rights—if, at least, after usurping power over the national liberties, he had vowed himself to the strengthening of internal order, he would unquestionably, in his own name, have preserved a throne which so many victories and such mighty enterprises had clothed with splendor! If thus his name might have echoed with less of imposing sound to distant posterity, with how many benedictions would that name have been saluted by contemporary generations! But the evil spirit of ambition within him overcame reason, and he accomplished his destiny. How profound the subjects for meditation in the fate of a man so accomplished and so strong! What a lesson is read in that fate to kings who hereafter dare, from his example, to believe in the possibility of contemning the rights of their people!

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parte's favorite walk along the singular and beautiful rill, which, gushing into light, clear and blue as the skies overhead, gives name to the "Château of the Blue Fountain." A member of the "old guard," whose scars showed he wore no idle decoration in the cross of the legion of honor, wept as he pointed out these things to my notice.—*Translator.*

The Count d'Artois, as already noticed, had entered the French territory on the 21st February, and seeing the favorable turn affairs were taking, repaired on the 16th March to Nanci, where he awaited the issue of events. The determination of the allied sovereigns encouraged the Provisional Government to request his presence in the capital, as a source of new vigor to the cause. The Abbé Montesquieu wrote; M. Rochefoucauld carried the letter; and on the 11th of April the prince reached the country house of Madame Charles de Damas, where he remained for the night. The news of his arrival spread like lightning, and everyone prepared to solemnize his entrance into the ancient capital of his race. The national guard formed a double line from the barrier of Bondy to Notre Dame, for to the Cathedral, according to an ancient usage, little observed for twenty years, the procession was first to advance. In the meantime, the Provisional Government, with Talleyrand as president, went out to meet *Monsieur* beyond the Barrier. In answer to a harangue by the former, the latter made the reply which, promising much, promptly became current in Paris—"Nothing is changed in France—there is only one Frenchman more." The prince then mounted on horseback and the *cortége* moved forward. I witnessed the whole from a particular station, more anxious to observe the aspect of the men and of the times than to be an actor. Near me stood an old knight of St. Louis, weeping for joy. The distant approach of the cavalcade was announced by the national air of "Henri IV.," long unheard in our streets. The open countenance of *Monsieur*, whom I had never seen before, delighted me, and seemed to inspire the confidence which it expressed. He was in the uniform of the national guard; and his staff appeared most brilliant, considering that no preparation had been made. I must, however, confess that the enthusiasm was confined to the cavalcade itself, or appeared elsewhere only among the upper classes. The people seemed to look on with more of curiosity and wonder than any other sentiment. I must here add, in the same spirit of truth, my expression of painful surprise on seeing a troop of Cossacks bringing up the rear: this was to be deemed the more inexplicable that General Sacken had informed me of Alexander's intention of permitting no foreign troops to appear. Admirable order, too, reigned throughout Paris, though seasons of change are commonly times of disturbance. This was owing to the excellent services of the national guard, and also chiefly to the strict discipline maintained, especially by General Sacken, in the allied army. Certainly, therefore, the *one Frenchman more* should, on that day, have been surrounded only by Frenchmen.

Two days previously had been witnessed a spectacle which, though

infinitely less French, has been much talked of, namely, the religious ceremony according to the Greek Church, which the allied sovereigns and troops attended in the square of Louis XV. Almost in the center of this place was erected an altar, of a square form and lofty proportions. Along the boulevard were posted, on opposite sides, the national guard and the allied army. All the avenues leading to the square were guarded so closely that no one, even on foot, could penetrate within the space. As I had a window in one of the public buildings overlooking the square at my disposal, I took my station there at eight in the morning, though my taste for pompous ceremonies was most assuredly not more vivacious than in times past. Here, after standing four hours, I had the pleasure, at midday, of seeing some half-dozen Greek priests with long beards enter the inclosure and solemnly advance to the altar. These were, of course, in full panoply, and looked quite as richly dight as high priests of the opera. After this first ceremony, another *entre'acte* of three quarters of an hour had to be endured, when at length the infantry, followed by the cavalry, debouched, and in a few minutes the whole square appeared covered with uniforms. Last of all, the allied sovereigns made their entrance, followed by a brilliant staff. They alighted and advanced to the altar on foot. What struck me most was the profound silence among such an assemblage of men during the time of divine service; one would have imagined, from the motionless stillness of the symmetrical multitude, that he had under his eye an ably painted panorama rather than a mass of living men. For my own part, that which pleased me most in this ceremony, imposing as it might be, was to see it concluded. I may just mention, *en passant*, that I cannot think foreign uniforms at all equal to our own; we find in them something fantastic, and sometimes even grotesque. Besides, how is it possible for a soldier to have a military air when laced like a woman, and cut in two like a wasp?

After an interval of only two days from the arrival of a Bourbon, Paris witnessed another public entry—that of Francis II. This monarch was much disliked by the Parisians; in truth, he was the object of an almost general reprobation. Even among those who, from her connection with Bonaparte, ardently wished the dethronement of the daughter, there were many who could not be reconciled to the conduct of the father towards the dynasty with which, in 1809, he had sought an alliance as his only safeguard. Misfortune has ever sacred claims in France, and Maria Louisa, now abandoned, had more friends than in the season of her greatest splendor. So judged the people

instinctively. Each knew what it was to be a parent, and had the happiness not to know what it is to be a king. The entry of Francis, on the 15th, though surrounded with all the splendor of military procession, was a cold affair. The three sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia met at the barrier on horseback, followed by the same tooops as on their first entrance, and traversed Paris, but without the same acclamations. This new exhibition of the allied forces in the capital was in bad taste. A French prince resided in the Tuileries; and what fifteen days before had seemed an act of deliverance now appeared a display of arrogant pride.

Francis had not seen his daughter since she had left Vienna to unite hers with the fate of the master of the half of Europe. She, on her part, had, in her misfortunes, still looked to her father. Of this I have been assured by those who were well informed. While sending away Champagny on the mission noticed above, she said, to encourage him, "Even should it be the intention of the allied sovereigns to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon, my father will not suffer it: twenty times did he repeat, when placing me on the throne of France, that there he would always support me; and my father is a man of honor." I know also that the Empress never ceased to regret having left Paris by the advice of the regency. On this point any blame could rest only upon Joseph and the blind obedience with which Napoleon had habituated his councilors to defer to his pleasure. But the destinies of Maria Louisa were accomplished. Deprived of all hope, she was preparing to quit Rambouillet—whither she had come from Orleans—and to return to Austria with her son, without having obtained permission to see Napoleon once more, as she had often entreated. Napoleon himself seems to have appreciated the painfulness attaching to such a farewell, otherwise he would have expressly stipulated a last interview as one of the conditions in the treaty of abdication. I learned, at the time, that the motive which prevented compliance with the wish of Maria Louisa, was an apprehension lest she should form some sudden resolution of accompanying Napoleon to the island of Elba; and the Emperor of Austria wished to get back his daughter.

At this moment it was not one of the least remarkable occurrences of these last times—so frightful in extraordinary events for the sovereigns of Europe—that the dethroned family and the princes returned from exile to succeed them were all concentrated within a circuit of forty miles from the capital of France. A Bourbon was in the Tuileries—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—his wife and son at Rambouillet—the repudiated Empress only three leagues distant—the Emperors of Russia

and Austria, with the King of Prussia, in Paris itself. All this appeared the more marvelous that, only two years before, it would have been pronounced impossible within any recorded time.

When Francis set out to visit his daughter at Rambouillet, it appeared also not a little extraordinary that Alexander should be of the party. The two Emperors, however, were not quite together; Francis preceded by a short interval, and consequently arrived first. The following particulars I give on good authority:—Maria Louisa received her father with respect, and, at the same time, with affection; she showed herself happy in meeting him again, but the tears that streamed from her eyes were not all tears of joy. After the first effusion of filial tenderness, she complained of the condition to which she was reduced. Her father, much moved, had yet no consolation to bestow, for her sorrows were irremediable. Meanwhile time elapsed; Alexander must be at hand, and the Emperor was forced to announce the expected visitor. The first resolution of the ex-Empress was a refusal, in which she long persisted, saying to her father, "Will he make me also a prisoner before your eyes? If he enter here by force, I shall retire to my chamber; thither, I suppose, he will not dare to follow me in your presence." Already the sound of Alexander's equipages echoed through the courts of Rambouillet; as time pressed, Francis became more urgent in his entreaties; his daughter at last yielded; and the Emperor of Austria went himself to his imperial ally, and conducted him into the saloon, where deference to her father had detained Maria Louisa. That deference, however, could not carry her the length of vouchsafing a cordial reception to the man whom she regarded as the author of all her misfortunes. She received with great coldness the personal offers and protestations of the Emperor of all the Russias, giving for answer that she had only one wish to form—the liberty of returning to the bosom of her family. Accordingly, a few days after this painful visit, Maria Louisa, with her son, departed for Vienna; nor was her resignation without dignity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLUCHER—BERTHIER, CLARKE, AND THE AUTHOR, WITH THE KING OF PRUSSIA—BERNADOTTE—HIS VIEWS EXPLAINED—WRECKS OF THE EMPIRE: ITALY, EUGENE; DANTZIC, RAPP—HAMBURG—FONTAINEBLEAU—THE ALLIED COMMISSIONERS—NAPOLEON'S RECEPTION—DELAYS—COMPLAINTS—FAREWELL TO HIS SOLDIERS—DEPARTURE—HIS OPINION OF WELLINGTON AND THE ENGLISH—IMPERIAL TREASURY—ANECDOTES OF THE DISPOSITION AND ADVENTURES OF NAPOLEON DURING THE JOURNEY—INN OF CALADE—PAULINE—THE EMBARKATION.

Of the illustrious personages at that period in Paris, I had an interview with Blucher, on the 2d of April; to the King of Prussia I was introduced some days after; and Bernadotte I saw frequently. "Sir," said Blucher, on entering my cabinet at the post-office, "I deemed it one of my first duties in Paris to offer my thanks for your attentions at Hamburg. I can assure you, had I known sooner of your being in Paris, the capitulation might have been obtained without bloodshed." I requested the marshal to explain. "Mon Dieu! had I been informed of your being here, I would have sent to beg you to come and see me; I would have given you a letter to the King of Prussia, who, I am sure, would have afforded you the means of procuring from the allies a suspension of arms before the environs of Paris had become the theater of war." I represented the susceptibilities of national character, and the disgrace of delivering up the capital without a struggle. "But, bon Dieu! we would have proved to you that resistance could avail nothing; you had to do with masses."—"In my opinion, general, you are right; but, to the French, honor is everything."—"I grant you," said Blucher; "but have you not had enough of honor? You call us, too," added he, smiling, "notwithstanding our forbearance, northern barbarians!"—"Why, then, general," replied I in the same tone, "the present is an excellent opportunity to prove that the designation is a calumny." For this time nothing belied these good intentions; but things were changed in the following year, when I found Blucher—my Hamburg prisoner—in headquarters at St. Cloud, installed in the very cabinet where I had so often worked with Napoleon, and wherein so many and vast schemes had been meditated! What a lesson on the frailty of human greatness!

At the private audience to which soon afterwards I had the honor of being admitted by his Prussian Majesty, Berthier and Clarke were also presented. We had been some minutes in the saloon, when Frederick William entered from his closet. I remarked on his countenance some embarrassment and a certain air of severity, which made me think he had just been studying his part—as grand personages are wont on similar occasions. Berthier was placed nearest; whom the King addressed with nobleness and some emotion—"Marshal, I should have preferred receiving you as a peaceful traveler in Berlin to accepting this visit here; but war has its successes as well as reverses. Your troops are brave and ably commanded; but you could not oppose numbers. Europe is armed against the Emperor: patience has its limits. Marshal, you have passed no little time making war in Germany; I have pleasure in saying to you that I shall never forget your conduct, your justice and moderation, in those seasons of misfortune." Berthier was not undeserving of this eulogium; for, though devoid of high talent, with a weak character and some follies, he was not a bad man. After receiving the salutations of Berthier, the King of Prussia turned towards Clarke, with symptoms of marked displeasure. "As for you, general, I cannot say the same of your conduct as of the marshal's. The inhabitants of Berlin will long remember your government. You abused victory strangely, and carried to extreme measures of rigor and vexation. If I have an advice to give you, it is, never to show your face in Prussia." It pained me much to hear the King thus address, before two witnesses, a man with whom, indeed, I had never sought to establish intimate relations, but with whom I had been in habits of intercourse on public affairs, and who, though weak by nature, and a flatterer through his weakness, was, as a private individual, an excellent person. Now for my portrait, thought I; for the King, who spoke these words in a strong and angry voice, turning away abruptly from Clarke, did not seem even to hear the few unintelligible words attempted in reply, and then accosted me:—"Ah, M. de Bourrienne! [in a tone quite *piano*, as the Italians say] I am very glad to see you; and profit by this opportunity to repeat all I wrote from Konigsberg. It is with pleasure I say to you, before these two gentlemen, that if all the French agents had thought and acted as you did, we should not probably have been here." I expressed my sense of so obliging a compliment by a profound reverence, and the King, having again saluted us, retired. Clarke was so overwhelmed by this reception from a crowned head that Berthier and myself, each taking an arm, were obliged absolutely to support him down the grand stair.

Bernadotte had come to Paris a few days after the arrival of the Count d'Artois. His situation was a disagreeable one, since, through the force of circumstances, the conference at Abo had become fruitless; and because certain writers did not spare to represent him as a traitor to his country. Opposite the hotel which he had retained at Paris for the habitation of the princess, his wife, cries might be heard—"Down with the traitor! down with the perjurer!" These threats, however, the effects of a spirit of petty revenge, evaporated in words; but, added to other things, tended to disgust Bernadotte with Paris, notwithstanding the constant friendship manifested by Alexander; and he set out for Sweden in a few days. During the period of his brief sojourn I saw the Prince Royal daily, and, in testimony of his friendship, received one of the few orders of the Polar Star placed at his disposal by the Swedish government. At first he feebly denied all views on the supreme power in France; but subsequently, our confidential intercourse resuming its wonted character, he confirmed me positively in all I have stated relative to the interview and promises of Alexander at Abo. I inquired also of Bernadotte what he thought of the designs attributed to Moreau, and whether he would have had him as competitor in aspiring to the dangerous honor of governing France. He assured me to the contrary; at least, that in all his conversations the Emperor of Russia had never mentioned Moreau save as one of whose military talents he was desirous to avail himself in the impending struggle. Bernadotte, too, expressed his surprise at the recall of the Bourbons, assuring me that he could never have supposed the French nation would yield so soon and so readily to receive them back. I, on my part, felt equal surprise that, with his experience, Bernadotte should have been simple enough to believe that the people go for something in the changes of governments.

Bernadotte returned also in 1815; but as I shall not again have occasion to speak of him, I may just state one fact, the authenticity of which I guarantee. When the Duke of Cadore, as minister for foreign affairs, announced to Napoleon the election of the Prince to the second grade of royalty in Sweden, the Emperor remarked—"Ah, hah! so they have fixed upon him? It is well – quite right: they could not have made a better choice: I shall not stand in the way of his good fortune. He must not go away empty-handed—let him have two millions." An unforeseen circumstance, however, quicky interrupted this good understanding. The Crown Prince deemed his new title incompatible with that of Ponte Corvo; and Napoleon, who aspired to have all the kings of Europe dignitaries of his crown,

took this, in my opinion, well-founded scruple in high dudgeon, and, calling M. de Champagny—"What is all this about?" said he, with irritation; "what does Bernadotte want? What is this fuss about his being a Swede—constantly a Swede? How many are there of these Swedes? I wish to have done with him and to hear nothing more of them. M. de Champagny, you will write to that effect." Two days afterwards the Emperor asked the minister if he had written? "Yes, sire."—"But have you written fully, as I desired?"—"I believe so, sire."—"Well, let us see the dispatch." This was a demand which he almost never made. "This is not the thing," said he, sharply; "it is too soft: I said to you that I desired to end the affair, and to be no more troubled with these two or three millions of Swedes." There can be little doubt that this intimation had some weight in determining Bernadotte's conduct from the campaign of Moscow to the battle of Paris.

If we cast a parting glance on the wrecks of the empire abroad at the period, when its end had been accomplished in France, we find Italy still occupied by an army of nearly thirty thousand men, commanded by Eugene. Could Bonaparte have transported these brave and devoted followers across the Alps, immediately after the fall of Paris, he might still have effected a powerful diversion on the side of Austria. But, on the 7th of April, Eugene, being certainly informed of the irreparable disasters in France, signed, with Marshal Bellegrade, the Austrian commander, a convention, which, ratified on the 10th, permitted the French troops to retire within the limits of old France. Before taking leave of an army which he had miraculously saved, still numbering twenty-one thousand infantry, and more than five thousand cavalry, Eugene addressed his soldiers in a farewell proclamation, dated from Mantua, where had been his headquarters since the month of February. (Mantua! how many recollections—glorious at once and painful—must that name have recalled. The fall of that town before the science of Bonaparte had been the first feat of arms which the youthful Beauharnais had witnessed; and now, in the same place, he was to bid adieu forever to the army of France, when, nearest to their imperial leader, he had become the second among its chiefs!) "Soldiers! lengthened misfortunes have weighed upon our country. France, seeking a remedy for her woes, *has returned beneath her ancient shield.* The feeling of all her sufferings is already appeased in the hope of a repose necessary after so much agitation. Soldiers! you are about to revisit your homes; it would have proved indeed gratifying to me to have conducted you thither. But, in separating from you, there remain

for me other duties to fulfill towards the people of Italy." Upon this, the generals and officers under his command earnestly entreated Eugene, whom they all sincerely loved and esteemed, to lead them in person to the king. But the prince, either overrating his duties to the Italians, or cherishing some hopes that the son-in-law of Bavaria might secure an independent sovereignty beyond the Alps, resolved to wait the decision of the allies in the kingdom where he had presided as viceroy. In fact, he attempted some correspondence with the senate of Milan, whose members he believed well disposed in his favor, to induce that body to solicit from the allies his continuance in the government of Italy. But the little inclination entertained for the family of Napoleon was far from being increased by the agent employed. Prina had incurred the hatred and contempt of the Milanese, who heard him only to testify their displeasure. In truth, the army had not made three marches from the headquarters at Mantua when a revolt broke out at Milan. The minister of finance, Prina, was assassinated, and nothing could have saved the viceroy from the same danger had he been in the capital; so highly exasperated were the Italians, always ready to show courage when there is no longer danger, and whose whole patriotism evaporates in being Austrians under a French yoke, and Frenchmen under the dominion of Austria. In this general effervescence, his friends considered the viceroy as fortunate in having been able, almost incognito, to join his father-in-law at Munich. At the same time, General Grenier, second in command, conducted the French army across the Alps; and thus, after nine years' existence, fell the kingdom of the Iron Crown.*

In Germany we still retained two important points, Dantzic and Hamburg. In the former, my friend Rapp commanded. After sustaining a year's siege, he found himself constrained to open the gates and deliver up a city which he had defended to the last extremity, and yielded only when his post had become a heap of ashes. Rapp had stipulated that the garrison should be sent into France, and the Duke of Wirtemberg, who commanded the siege, had granted this condition; but the Emperor of Russia refusing the ratification, Rapp, now destitute of all means of defense, was made prisoner, and with his men marched off to Kiow. Of the siege of Hamburg I have already

* In the midst of our greatest disasters, the senate of Milan had dispatched a deputation to felicitate *Napoleon the Great* on having triumphed over all his enemies. By the way, the members of deputation heard of the siege of Paris. Nathless these worthies pursued their journey, arrived in the French capital, and offered felicitations to—whom? —the allies, *on the fall of the tyrant!—Author.*

spoken. Early in April the Russian general, Beningsen, commanding before the place, informed of the Emperor's fall, hastened to notify the state of things to Davoust, in order to spare the farther effusion of blood. The latter affected to discredit a report which cut short all his prospects of greatness, and even fired at the white flag hoisted in the allied lines as a signal that the Bourbons reigned. But, finally, having harangued his troops, told them of Napoleon's forfeiture, and caused them to mount the white cockade, he sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government. The officers and men collected their *honorably* gathered wealth, converting it into diamonds and other commodities of small bulk and great value. In May, General Gerard arrived, with orders to take the command, and, towards the end of the same month, the inhabitants beheld, with inexpressible joy, the French troops march out of their city, though bearers of much of their property, and leaving to them the remembrance of a government which will be handed down with execration from one generation to another. Once beyond the walls, the various nations composing the garrison corps separated, according to the convention with Soult—French, Dutch, Italians and Poles pursuing their respective routes, never, probably, to be reunited under the same banner—vain emblem of conquests and of glory that had forever passed away!

Meanwhile the fallen chief, who had been the soul of the mighty system whose last fragments were thus dissevered, remained still at Fontainebleau. But the period of departure was at hand. The 17th of April had been fixed as the day upon which he should set out on his journey for the Island of Elba. Napoleon, having agreed to the arrangements in this respect, demanded to be accompanied to the place of embarkation by a commissioner from each of the allied powers. Count Schuwaloff was sent on the part of Alexander; Colonel Sir Neil Campbell represented England; General Kohler was chosen by Austria; and Count Waldbourg-Fruches appeared for Prussia. These four commissioners arrived, for the first time, at Fontainebleau on the 16th, and next day had separately an audience of the Emperor, who retained always with him Generals Drouot and Bertrand.

Although in this audience the Emperor received with great coldness the commissioners, whose presence he had himself requested, considerable difference might be remarked in their respective receptions. Colonel Campbell experienced the most gracious treatment; and, as he still bore the traces of wounds, Napoleon asked in what actions he had fought and upon what occasions he had been decorated with the orders which he wore. Having afterwards inquired

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concerning the place of his birth, and the colonel replying that he was a Scotsman, the Emperor congratulated him on being the countryman of Ossian, his favorite author, whose poems he praised highly, though (I know something of the matter) acquainted with them only through the medium of poor enough translations. In this first audience he said to the colonel, "I have cordially hated the English; I have made war against you by all possible means; but I esteem your nation. I am convinced there is more generosity in your government than in any other. I should like to make the passage from Toulon to Elba on board an English frigate." The Austrian and Russian commissioners were received with indifference, but without any marked displeasure. Not so the Prussian envoy. The two former Napoleon had retained about five minutes; the latter he dismissed in a harsh manner. "Are there Prussians in my escort?"—"No, sire."—"Why, then, give yourself the trouble of accompanying me?"—"Sire, it is no trouble but an honor."—"These are words of course. You can have no business here."—"Sire, it is impossible for me to omit discharging the honorable mission wherewith I have been intrusted by the king, my master." At these words Napoleon turned his back upon Baron Fruchés.

The commissioners supposed that Napoleon would start no difficulties, and depart without delay. But it was not so. Having required to see a copy of the route they were to follow, he objected to the arrangement, either through caprice or from a desire to prolong the time. It was singular that the course marked out was exactly that which he had himself proposed to take, from Toulon to Paris, on returning from Egypt; while the road he now pretended to prefer was the same for which, as the reader will recollect, he changed his original intention, and so caused Josephine to miss us. Again, by a singularity not less remarkable, the route through Burgundy, as now traced by the allies, was that by which, in the following year, Napoleon marched to Paris from his exile. But, to leave these curious, perhaps trivial, coincidences, the commissioners, unwilling to oppose Napoleon, whom they had orders to treat with every deference, yet without powers to agree to the change required, postponed the departure, wrote to their respective principals, and, on the night between the 18th and 19th, received authority to travel by such route as the Emperor might prefer, when the departure was definitively fixed for the 20th of April.

On that day, by six in the morning, the carriages were in readiness, and the imperial guard drawn up in the grand court of the palace of Fontainebleau, called the court of the "*White Horse.*" The whole popu-

lation of the city and adjacent villages had assembled round the palace. Napoleon sent for General Kohler. "I have reflected," said the Emperor to the envoy, "upon what remains for me to do, and have come to the resolution not to depart. The allies are not faithful to their engagements; I can, therefore, recall my abdication, which was merely conditional. More than a thousand addresses were presented to me last night, conjuring me to resume the reins of government. I renounced all my rights to the crown only in order to spare France the horrors of a civil war, never having any other object in view than the glory and happiness of the conntry; but, aware now of the discontent inspired by the measures of the new government; seeing in what manner they have fulfilled the promises made to me—I can explain to my guard the reasons which have induced me to revoke my abdication, and we shall see if they can seduce from me the hearts of my veteran soldiers. It is true the number of troops upon whom I can reckon will not exceed thirty thousand men; but it will be an easy matter for me to raise them to one hundred and thirty thousand. Know, also, that I can, quite as easily, without compromising my honor, say to my guard that, considering only the repose and happiness of France, *I renounce all my rights*, and expect my soldiers, like myself, to support the will of the nation." These words, which I report from the general's own mouth, threw Kohler into great embarrassment. I remember also to have told him at the time that, had Bonaparte, at the commencement of the campaign of Paris, renounced all his rights and descended to the rank of a citizen, the immense masses of the allies must have sunk under the efforts of France. Kohler stated, also, that the Emperor complained of Maria Louisa not having been permitted to accompany him to Elba; but finally added, "Well! I shall remain faithful to my promise: but if new causes of complaint are given, I shall consider myself freed from all engagements."

Time, meanwhile, wore away. At eleven o'clock one of the Emperor's aides-de-camps, whose name I have forgotten,* entered to say that the grand seneschal had desired to announce that all was ready for the departure. "Am I, then, reduced," said Napoleon, "to regulate my actions by the grand seneschal's watch? I shall set out when I choose: perhaps I shall not go at all: leave me." As all those points of imperial etiquette, which he so much loved, were retained, when it pleased him at length to leave his cabinet in order to enter the saloon where the commissioners awaited his approach, the doors were

* On the authority of the French editor, it was M. de Busy.—*Translator.*

thrown open and "The Emperor" announced. No sooner had the words been pronounced than he instantly drew back. However, his disappearance was but for a brief space; he entered the saloon, crossed the vestibule with hurried step, descended the stair, and, at midday precisely, stood at the head of his guards, as when reviewing them in the court of the Tuileries during the brilliant times of the Consulate and Empire. Then ensued a spectacle which was really touching—the parting of Napoleon and his soldiers. I enter not into details which are known to all. His address to his old companions in arms, which he delivered with a firm and sonorous voice, as in the days of his triumphs, belongs to history.

The following is Napoleon's last address in the court of Fontainebleau :—

"Soldiers of my old guard, I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and of glory. In these last times, as in those of our prosperity, you have not ceased to be models of bravery and fidelity. With men such as you, our cause was not lost—the contest had been interminable; but it must have become a civil warfare, and France would have been only the more unfortunate. I have sacrificed all my own interests to those of the country. I depart. Do you, my friends, continue to serve France. Her happiness was my sole thought; it will ever be the object of my prayers. Lament not my fate. If I have consented to survive myself, it is that I may once again be the instrument of your glory. I will give to history the great things which we have performed together. Adieu, my children! I long to press you all to my heart!" Having here desired the eagles to be advanced, Napoleon folded them in his arms and added, "I cannot embrace you all, but I do so in the person of your general. Soldiers, farewell! be always good and brave!"

After pronouncing, as the final adieu to his soldiers—"Farewell, my children! my best wishes shall ever accompany you; remember me!" Napoleon entered his carriage with Bertrand. The cavalcade drove off in the following order :—General Drouot, in a close carriage with four seats; the imperial carriage; the commissioners of Austria, Russia, England and Prussia, each in a separate vehicle, and successively as mentioned; last came two carriages with the imperial household. Six other carriages, with the rest of the suite, followed by a different road, it having been proved by a report to me, as postmaster-general, that the horses otherwise necessary could not be collected upon one road.

During the whole of the first day nothing was heard along the whole of the route but shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and Napoleon, with ill-disguised irony, blamed the impertinence of the people towards their legitimate sovereigns. The guard accompanied him as far as Briare. From this place he wished to set out during the night; but, notwithstanding my precautions, horses were wanting, and the journey was not resumed before midday of the 21st. A little before setting out he had another conversation with General Kohler, during which he said to him, among other things, "Well! yesterday you heard my address to my soldiers; it pleased you, I understand; and you witnessed the effect it produced. Such is the manner in which they must be spoken to and treated; if Louis does not follow the same example, he will never make anything of the French soldiers."

While things continued to manifest the public opinion favorable to him, Napoleon conversed freely with the commissioners: but always treated the Prussian envoy with least cordiality. All these particulars I know from subsequent conversations, and from daily reports transmitted to me at the time. He made no secret to Colonel Campbell of the motives whence this coldness proceeded, namely, that Prussia had shown the first example of desertion in the Russian campaign. At Braire, the colonel having been invited to breakfast, the Emperor conversed with him on the Spanish war, and spoke in high praise of the English nation and the military talents of the Duke of Wellington. Yet, on the 21st, Napoleon must necessarily have been informed of the battle of Toulouse. In this conversation Napoleon broke out into reproaches against the senate, and expressed a desire that the funds which had been taken from him should be disbursed to the army.

In reference to this, I may introduce here some details on the imperial treasury. Napoleon, as I have mentioned, had amassed in the vaults of the left wing of the Tuileries a sum exceeding three hundred millions of francs. Of this more than forty millions (£1,670,000) were in gold. A great portion of this enormous sum disappeared during the campaign of France: great surprise was occasioned by the sudden circulation, in January, 1814, of a vast quantity of five-franc pieces, quite new, though with the date 1806. The Emperor had lent from the imperial treasury sixty millions to the annuity fund, and forty millions to the consolidated duty fund; he had, besides, purchased a large share in the Bank of France. On the 31st of March there were found in the treasury only twenty-eight millions, of which ten were reclaimed. In the confusion, too, the Provisional Government resumed what had been lent; so that, in fact, the administration, though debtor to the imperial

treasury, constituted itself its creditor, and so balanced accounts. It was of these transactions that Napoleon complained, and justly; for whatever opinion might be entertained of the system which thus, by forced means, hoarded up the greater proportion of the circulating medium of continental Europe; or by whatever means the money might have been acquired; it was now personal property, and in good faith not liable to the law of reprisal—a savage code at the best. Even the sums taken by the Empress to Blois were charged against the treasury as fraudulent abductions. Those who acted thus, in opposition to the faith of treaties, saw not at the time that they were providing the only just pretext for future disturbance.

On the 21st, Napoleon slept at Nevers, where he was still received with acclamation by the people, who, as in various other cities, mingled in their applause imprecations against the commissioners of the allies. He set out again at six next morning, but, beyond this, ceased the cheering welcome; for, being no longer attended by the guard, which Cossacks had now replaced, Napoleon had the mortification of hearing *The Allies forever!* substituted for *The Emperor!* At Lyons, however, which he entered in the night, and where he merely changed horses, the favorite cheer arose from a few scattered groups around the post-house.

Augereau, from first to last a republican, though made Duke of Castiglione by Napoleon, had constantly been among the discontented. On the dethronement of the Emperor he was one of a very considerable body who became royalists, not from love to the Bourbons, but from hatred of Bonaparte. He commanded at this time in the south, and was among the first to send in his adhesion to the Provisional Government. Outrageous in all things, as uneducated men always are, Augereau had allowed to be published, under his name, a proclamation than which nothing could be more violent or insulting, even to grossness against the Emperor. Whether Napoleon was or was not informed of this proclamation, it is impossible to say; but so far is certain, that on the 24th, upon meeting Augereau at a short distance from Valence, he feigned to be ignorant of all, if not really so, and stopping his carriage, hastily alighted. Augereau did the same, and they embraced in presence of the commissioners, from one of whom I had these details. It was remarked that Napoleon took off his hat, while Augereau affectedly remained covered. "Where are you going?" asked the Emperor: "to court?"—"No; at present I am on my way for Lyons."—"You have conducted yourself very badly towards me." Finding Napoleon used the familiar second person

singular, Augereau assumed the same liberty, and they conversed as when both generals in Italy:—"Of what have you to complain?" replied the latter; "has not your insatiable ambition brought us to the condition in which we are? have you not sacrificed everything to it—even the welfare of France? I care no more [the term used had greater energy still] for the Bourbons than for you: I regard my country alone." Such was Augereau's discourse, as he himself reported it to me. Upon this, Napoleon suddenly turned away from the marshal, took off his hat to him and returned to the carriage. The commissioners, and all those composing Napoleon's suite, were indignant at seeing Augereau remain in the road with his hands behind his back, keep a traveling cap on his head, and merely acknowledge the Emperor's courtesy by a disdainful wave of the hand. It should have been in the Tuileries (and there who more obsequious)! where this ought to have been the bearing of these haughty republicans: on the road to Elba such behavior was low-bred insolence.

At Valence, Napoleon beheld, for the first time, French soldiers with the white cockade in their caps: they belonged to Augereau's corps. At Orgon the air resounded with cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Here the gayety, real or assumed, which Napoleon had shown throughout the whole of his journey, began to forsake him. Few cries of any kind had been heard for several stages, when, at the last post-house from Avignon, while fresh horses were getting ready, a person in a peasant's dress, but whose fine shoes and silk stockings strangely contrasted with such rude habiliments, and still more remarkable by his gold-branched spectacles, came up to the carriage. He had crossed the fields in all haste; and, getting upon the shoulders of another individual, leaned in at the window, as if endeavoring to recognize some one. He was reminded of his improper behavior by the Emperor's valet, and requested to retire; but paying no attention to this intimation, an attendant seated outside significantly showed a pistol, when he took the hint and moved off, apparently before his strange curiosity had been gratified.

Had Napoleon arrived at Avignon three hours later than he did, unquestionably it would have been all over with him; but the rioters were not astir at five in the morning, and the escort did not even change horses in the city. About an hour afterwards the Emperor, tired of the carriage, alighted, and with Colonel Campbell and General Bertrand, walked up the nearest hill. His body servant, also on foot, was a few paces in advance, when he met a post-office courier who said—"These are the Emperor's carriages coming up there?"—"No, they

are the equipages of the allies."—"I tell you they are the Emperor's. You must know I am an old soldier, and not so easily deceived. I served in the campaign of Egypt, and wish to save the life of my general. I have just passed through Orgon; the Emperor is there hung in effigy; and, should he be recognized, he is a dead man. The miscreants have put up a gallows, and suspended a figure dressed in a French uniform smeared with blood, and bearing this inscription on the breast: 'Thus shalt thou be one day.' I know not how it may fare with me for giving this information: but I care not—profit by it." The faithful courier then set off at a gallop. The valet took General Drouot aside and repeated what he had just learned. Drouot informed Bertrand, who communicated the statement to the Emperor in presence of the commissioners. These gentlemen, justly alarmed, held a sort of consultation on the highway, and it was decided that the Emperor should set out before. The valet-de-chambre being asked what clothes he had in the carriage, produced a long blue cloak and round hat. It was proposed to place a white cockade in the latter, but to this Napoleon would not consent. Thus disguised, he set out as a courier with Amaudru, one of the lancers who escorted the carriage, and once more eluded the good people of Orgon. When the commissioners arrived they found the whole population of the surrounding country assembled and shouting, "Down with the Corsican! Down with the brigand!" The mayor of Orgon, whom I had seen almost on his knees before General Bonaparte, on our return from Egypt, addressed Pelard, one of Napoleon's valets-de-chambre—"Do you, sir, follow that rascal?"—"No, I follow no rascal; I am attached at present to the commissioners of the allied powers."—"Ah! you do well; he is a great scoundrel. I would hang him with my own hand. If you knew, sir, how we were cheated by that thief. It was I who received him on his return from Egypt. We wished, forsooth, to take out the horses and draw his carriage: I would now avenge myself for the honors which I rendered him on that occasion." The crowd augmented visibly, vociferating with that fury by which the inhabitants of the south manifest either their joy or hatred. Some of the most infuriated wished to force the imperial coachman to call out "*Vive le Roi!*" Upon his courageous refusal more than one saber was raised, when, fortunately, the horses being harnessed, in an instant the postilions started at a gallop.

The commissioners would not stay to breakfast at Orgon, but, paying for what had been ordered, they carried away something to eat by the way. The equipages did not overtake the Emperor before reach-

ing Calade, several stages in advance, where he had arrived with his attendant about a quarter of an hour previously. He was then standing by the fire in the kitchen of the inn, chatting with the innkeeper's wife. At that moment she was asking him if the tyrant would pass soon. "Ah! master," she went on, "it is all nonsense talking; we have not done with him yet. I am always for what I said before—we shall never get rid of him till he be at the bottom of a well with stones above: I shall never be satisfied till I have him so pickled in our yard. You see, sir, the Directory sent him to Egypt, thinking to have done with him; but no! he came back again; and back he will come now, you may be certain sure of it, unless——" So far the good woman had her say, when, having finished skimming her pot, on looking up she perceived that the only person who had not his hat in hand was precisely the one to whom she had been thus speaking. She stood in amazement; but her compunction for having spoken in such terms of the Emperor to the Emperor himself banished all her wrath, which was speedily replaced by an equal ebullition of kindness. There was no sort of attention or respect which she did not lavish upon everybody, from Napoleon down to Amaudru. An express was instantly dispatched to Aix for white ribbons to make cockades; she had all the carriages drawn within the court-yard, and every entrance to the inn barricaded, and even disclosed to the Emperor that it would not be prudent to pass through Aix, where twenty thousand people waited to stone him.

In the midst of all these disquieting transactions dinner was served, and the Emperor placed himself at table. So admirably did he maintain superiority over the agitation which must necessarily have been internally experienced, that all present at this strange entertainment who have spoken to me on the subject declared that never had Napoleon played the agreeable with greater success. The rich stores of memory and imagination which he displayed charmed everyone; and, as if throwing in the remark carelessly at the close, he said—"I really begin to think the new government entertains a design upon my life: come, let us see how we can foil the attempt?" Then, as if he had sought to exercise his ever active fancy, in which a thousand schemes were constantly crossing and succeeding each other, he fell upon contriving how they should avoid the threatened assassination at Aix. Again, for a moment, he would return to Lyons. Once on the borders of the Rhone, he would descend that river, take ship, and embark for Italy. These dreams occupied him but for a moment; stern necessity broke in upon his illusions, as some suppose it does upon our agency, and he prepared to continue his journey.

Meanwhile, many sinister countenances were seen assembling about their present lodging, when the commissioners began seriously to consider what was to be done at Aix. While they deliberated about sending a messenger to the mayor of that city, a man from the crowd without, who would not give his name, requested to speak with the commissioners, and offered himself to be the bearer of their letter. This proposal was accepted, and a note written to the mayor, in which the commissioners stated that, if the gates of the town were not shut within an hour, they would pass, with two regiments of Hulans, and six pieces of artillery, and fire upon all that should molest their passage. This menace produced its proper effect, and their unknown messenger returned with the assurance that the magistracy of Aix would be responsible for all consequences within their own jurisdiction. But urgent danger still threatened at Calade; the numbers outside the inn had greatly augmented during the seven or eight hours which the retinue had remained, and showed sufficiently to what excess they were ready to proceed if the entrances had not been carefully secured. The majority had five-franc pieces in their hands, bearing the head of the Emperor, whom, by this resemblance, they hoped to discover. At this moment Napoleon, who had not slept for two nights, was in a small apartment off the kitchen, and dozing on the shoulder of one of his valets. He was roused by the announcement that all were ready to start; but it had been previously understood that he should assume the cloak and bonnet of General Kohler's courier, and mount the box of the Austrian commissioner's carriage. The rightful owner of the habiliments happening to be almost twice the size of their temporary wearer, the Emperor, buried rather than concealed in his disguise, passed safely through two lines of *curious* observers, who looked in vain for the original of their five-franc pieces.

In a moment of despondency, at Calade, Napoleon said to those around him, "I renounce, now and forever, the world of politics. I will no longer take any part in whatever may happen. At Porto Ferrajo I can live peaceably; there I shall be happier than I have ever been. No! were this day the crown of Europe to be offered me, I would not accept. I will employ myself in study—with the sciences and mathematics. You have sufficient evidence what the people are—I have done well never to esteem mankind. My treatment of them has been better than they deserved. Yet France!—the French!—what ingratitude! I am disgusted with ambition; I have no longer a wish to reign!"

Napoleon having gained his own carriage, in the manner just men-

tioned, the retinue drove off and passed round the walls of Aix—the gates being closed — without entering the city. The Emperor thus avoided the danger which had threatened, but did not escape altogether from the insults of the multitude. A part of the populace had got upon the walls and trees, whence a glimpse of the carriages could be descried, and his ears were again wounded with the cries, "Down with the tyrant! Down with Nic!" These ignoble vociferations were heard for the first quarter of a league from the town. Rendered gloomy by these indications of hatred, Bonaparte remarked, in a tone of mingled grief and contempt, "The men of this part of France are always the same—braggarts and desperadoes. These provincials committed frightful massacres at the commencement of the Revolution. It is now eighteen years ago since I first came among them, with a few thousand men, to deliver two royalists whom they had threatened to hang. What was their crime? Why, having worn a white cockade. I saved them; but not without difficulty were they rescued out of the hands of these infuriated monsters; and to-day, you observe, they are ready to begin anew the same excesses against any one among them who should refuse to wear the white badge!"* About three miles from Aix were found a relay of horses and an escort of gendarmerie as far as the Castle of Luc.

At a little distance from Luc, in a country house belonging to M. Charles, member of the legislative body, the Princess Pauline Borghese then resided. Informed of her brother's misfortunes, which she had hardly conceived it possible for him to survive, she resolved on accompanying him to Elba. Her presence was a source of great comfort amid the Emperor's tribulations; and she attended him to Frejus, in order there to embark in his company. At Frejus the Emperor found Colonel Campbell, who had quitted the escort on the road and had arranged for preparing in the harbor the English frigate *Undaunted*, intended from the first to convey the Emperor. Notwithstanding the desire expressed by himself to that effect, Napoleon showed much reluctance to embark in the *Undaunted*.† At length, however, on the 28th of April, he set sail for Elba in that frigate, which now no longer bore Cæsar and his fortunes.

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*In a very valuable collection of autograph letters lately to be seen in Paris was one from Lucien to Bonaparte, stating that he was then in prison at Aix, as a royalits. This probably has reference to the incident in the text, for the dates nearly agree.—*Translator.*

†The *Undaunted*, of forty-six guns, was then commanded by Captain Usher. Probably Bonaparte's reluctance to embark, if not sheer waywardness, arose from the name, which, as translated into French, would be *L'Indomptable*, one of the leading ships in the French fleet at the battle of Trafalgar.—*Ibid.*

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL OF LOUIS XVIII.—RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS, AND STATE OF ADMINISTRATION—WRETCHED SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT—INCAPACITY OF MINISTERS—ANEDCOTES—SYMPTOMS OF AN APPROACHING CRISIS—ANECDOTES—MIDNIGHT COUNCIL—BOURRIENNE MADE PREFECT OF POLICE BY THE KING—LANDING OF BONAPARTE—AUTHENTIC DETAILS OF HIS PLANS IN ELBA—FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVIII.—ANECDOTES OF THE JOURNEY TO LILLE—DEPARTURE FOR GHENT AND HAMBURG—ENTRANCE OF BONAPARTE INTO PARIS—ANECDOTES—ASPECT OF PARIS DURING THE HUNDRED DAYS—MADAME DE STAEL—OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE—WATERLOO—WELLINGTON—BLUCHER—FOUCHE—GOVERNMENT OF THE BOURBONS—RAPP'S INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON—CONCLUSION.

THE force of time is the most irresistible of all forces. We have seen it elevate and we have seen it overthrow the sovereign of the moiety of Europe. Turn we now to his successors.

During the winter of 1813–14 some royalist proclamations made their appearance in Paris; and as they contained the germs of the charter, were carefully intercepted by the police. My family and myself devoted several hours each day to multiplying copies of these documents. But for some time the royalists could only cherish hopes. At length, as we have seen, Bourdeaux received within its walls a son of France; and, on the 25th March, 1814, sent two of its citizens to invite within the same protection Louis XVIII. I know the King had resolved to accept this homage, and was preparing for his departure, on board a frigate, when the events of the 31st changed these dispositions. Leaving his retreat, he was received in London by the Prince Regent, on the 28th April, with all the ceremonial due to his rank.* From the period of the Emperor of Russia's final declaration, an active correspondence had been maintained with the Provisional Government, and, on the 24th of April, Louis landed at Calais from the *Royal Sovereign*, British man-of-war. For descriptions of the rejoicings on this occasion I refer to the journalists, who had only to change the word

* Upon this occasion the sovereigns of France and England exchanged the orders of the *Holy Ghost* and of the *Garter*; George IV. being the first, and I believe the only, Protestant prince ever decorated with the former insignia.

imperial into *royal*, in describing the enthusiasm of which, *according to order*, they had long been the faithful echo. The King slept at Amiens; next day, at Compeigne, the Provisional Government, the ministers and marshals tendered the assurance of their respective homage and fidelity. Berthier spoke for the marshals and the army; he extended to twenty-five instead of ten years the evils under which he said France had groaned; but from *him* this was in keeping—other language would have been unbecoming from the mouth of one whom the Emperor had unceasingly loaded with favors. At Compeigne, too, the Emperor Alexander met Louis XVIII., and the two monarchs dined together.

For my part, I did not go to Compeigne, the orders which I had constantly to give not permitting me to be absent, but was at St. Ouen on the 2d May, when the King arrived. Here, when his majesty entered the saloon through which he was to pass to dinner, M. Hue recognized me, and apprised the King, who, advancing some steps towards me, said, "Ah! M. de Bourrienne, I am most happy to see you. I know the services you have rendered me, both in Hamburg and in Paris. I have pleasure in expressing my gratitude." We shall see. At St. Ouen, Louis XVIII. promulgated the declaration which ushered in the charter. Here, too, the Senate presented a draught of the "Constitution;" and to maintain, *in extremis*, its title of *Conservative*, that body stipulated for the *conservation* of all its endowments and pensions.

On the 3d of May Louis XVIII. made his entree into Paris, the Duchess d'Angoulême being in the same carriage. There was not the same enthusiasm as when Monsieur entered. The people looked on in amazement. This coldness became still more apparent a few days after, when he established the red corps, which Louis XVI. had abolished before the Revolution. It was, moreover, deemed by all a most strange proceeding to remit the direction of affairs to M. de Blacas, who could know absolutely nothing of France. This gentleman, too, affected an omnipotence quite ministerial. On the morning of the 11th May, I had gone to the Tuileries to present my portfolio to the king, in virtue of my privilege of being immediately under the sovereign. M. de Blacas would needs receive my portfolio. I resisted, and pleaded my right of immediate access to his Majesty: he told me it was by order of the King. Of course my papers were then resigned to him. I soon fell a victim to the vengeance of a courtier. Two days after this affair I had, as usual, repaired early to my cabinet in the post-office, and mechanically unfolded the *Moniteur*, which lay upon my desk. What did I read there? that Count Ferrand had been appointed to the office of postmaster-general in my stead. Not an intimation!

not a single line in writing! no decree! no ordonnance! In very truth, I fell a-rubbing my eyes, thinking it must surely be a dream. *Sic vos non vobis* afterwards recurred to me when, on account of services and devotion to the cause of the Bourbons, I was especially excepted from the deed of amnesty by Bonaparte. On recollecting what had happened between Blacas and myself, I had no doubt whence the blow proceeded. The day following that on which I had been thus extruded from office appeared in the *Moniteur* the first ministry of Louis, thus organized: Talleyrand, foreign affairs; Abbé Montesquieu, home department; Abbé Louis, finance; General Dupont, war; M. Malouet, admiralty; M. de Vitrolles, secretary of state; M. de Blacas, master of the household, with a seat in the council; and finally M. de Beugnot, for the police. Of these eight, six had been recruited from the imbecility of France. This was soon proved; from one end of the kingdom to the other nothing was heard but complaints against the measures of government. From every region crowds upon crowds of courtiers were to be seen at the Tuileries, mendicants for rewards, in virtue, it is to be presumed, of the vows they had secretly put up for the royal cause in the antechambers of the imperial court! The Legion of Honor was absolutely put to the hammer; whoever could but contrive to show that he had worn an epaulette, metamorphosed himself at once into colonel; and the smallest sprig of the smallest gentility became sir count, or my lord marquis, at least. The abuse of an institution which had wrought prodigies was one of the greatest evils of the first restoration. To prevent misconception, let me state here a personal instance: I happened to be at Sens when Monsieur restored the monument erected over the ashes of his august parents. The day after this ceremony the prefect of the Yonne transmitted to me, in name of the prince, an officer's cross of the Legion of Honor, for the trouble I had taken. I immediately called upon Monsieur, thanked him, but begged to return the cross, as I had been a member only four months, and had done nothing deserving such promotion, rapid beyond precedent. I supposed there must be some mistake. Monsieur received me with his usual condescension, found my reasons excellent, and resumed the cross. "Who refuses, muses," said the proverb; truly so it was with me, for, after seeing all the world promoted over my head, I had not my cross of officer till 1823; remaining a private nearly ten years. At the epoch in question I received two crosses, either by way of compensation or through another *mistake*.

Ridicule, meanwhile, had assailed the restoring the usages of the ancient régime under every shape. The satirist had here a wide field;

for example, my successor, M. de Ferrand, was in the habit of saying, "Why, the charter may be a good sort of thing, but what possible dignity can it have when it was not registered by the parliament of Paris?" Really, I can yet scarcely think myself awake when reflecting on the miraculous incapacity of the people who managed our affairs after Talleyrand's removal to the congress at Vienna, whither he repaired in September. Everybody then would be and thought himself a statesman; and heaven knows what pranks the scholars played in absence of the master! The emigrants, as has been so aptly said, neither had forgotten nor had learned anything, and showed themselves with all the old pretensions and absurd vaunting. The greater part of these vain and silly personages might have served as counterparts of the character in one of Voltaire's novels, who goes about constantly exclaiming, in answer to everything, "*A man such as I!*" These gentry were so full of their own pretended merit that they were thereby blinded to the extent of seeing nothing else. Not only had they disregarded the wishes and the necessities of France, which, in overturning the empire, hoped to have recovered liberty from the ruins, but they neglected every information. *Men such as they* not know all things! Did a man of experience of both past and present parties offer any advice on what was going forward elsewhere—"Pooh, pooh! he is an intriguer—an alarmist; he wishes to make himself of consequence. *Men such as we* know everything; yet he pretends to see farther into a mill stone than *we*. Leave him alone!"

From the month of December I had sure indications of an approaching catastrophe. Hortense, I knew, had been so busily intriguing at Plombières that Eugene, who intended to join his sister at the waters, hearing of, and not caring to be involved in these intrigues, had formed a different resolution, after his horses, carriages, and an aid-de-camp had already arrived. Friends too, on both sides of the question, participated or enjoyed these apprehensions, while each added to my information. Proposals even were made directly to me of "titles, riches, honors, if I would range myself among the friends, of an old friend." One of my intimations referred to a man afterwards unfortunately but too conspicuous. "Yesterday," said my friend, one, too, entirely attached to the royal cause, "I met Charles de Labedoyère: you know how intimate we are. I remarked a strange agitation on his part. I asked him to dine with me, but he declined because we should not be alone, but begged me to dine with him to-day. We conversed long on the present posture of affairs, and you may be sure, as usual, did not agree. There is, however, a compact between us; we

dispute—say a hundred ridiculous things, and still remain the same good friends as before. But what gives me real uneasiness is that, on parting this evening, Charles wrung my hand saying, 'Courage, my friend—farewell! to-morrow I am off for Grenoble. Within a month you will hear of Charles de Labedoyère!'"

My conviction of an approaching crisis had become so strong that, in the month of January, I resolved to solicit an interview with M. de Blacas, certainly not with the intention of compromising anyone, but to place the results of my information at the minister's disposal. Let me then be permitted a brief excursion into the region of absurdity; the reader will barely be able to conceive the union of such fatuity and self-conceit: M. de Blacas received me not. What was I in comparison with a *man such as he?* I enjoyed, however, the signal honor of seeing his secretary; and, if the circumstance merits remembrance, he was a churchman, by name Abbé Fleuriel. What a study for a comic poet! Abbé Fleuriel was the Adonis, the beau-ideal of self-satisfied impertinence! How vast a share it had of the dignity which befits the great secretary of a great minister; and how pretty, too, when it said, with the most careless grace, "My Lord the Count is not at home!" But three mouths such as his would have been required to add full volume to the words, "My Lord the Count," such a swell did he seem inclined to give them. My Lord the Count *was* at home; I knew it. But will it be credited?—the Abbé—the secretary, requested to be informed of my business with the minister! I turned my back upon the coxcomb, without deigning to reply, and left the place amazed to find the affairs of France confided to such hands. Devoted, however, to the cause of the Bourbons, and things appearing serious, I wrote on the same day to M. de Blacas. No answer; two days after, when, although with regret, I wrote that I had something most important to communicate. No answer. Unable to comprehend the cause of this inexplicable silence, I returned to the Pavilion of Flora, and besought the charming Abbé Fleuriel to explain, if so be he might, the cause of his master's impertinent silence. "Sir," replied the sable penman, "I received both your letters; I laid them before my Lord the Count; I do not know why he has not replied to them. I can do nothing in the matter: but my Lord the Count is so engaged! my Lord the Count has so many affairs! my Lord the Count cannot attend to all!"—"My Lord the Count will repent of it, perhaps," said I. "Good-morning, sir." I may just conclude this affair by stating that after the second restoration I again encountered the Abbé at the Tuileries. He expressed regret that I had not been admitted by M. de Blacas; but, unwilling to

alter his tone, he had the assurance to repeat—"But really, if you had known how he was engaged!"—"Mr. Abbé," said I, "there can be no doubt of the count's engagements. We may judge of them from his works."

I had thus experience, in my own person, of the truth of what had been reported to me of M. de Blacas. This minister had succeeded Count d'Avuray, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the king, concentrating the whole power in his cabinet, and so monopolizing the royal favor that even the most esteemed servants of Louis had first to apply to M. de Blacas. As for him, upon anyone giving salutary advice, he would say, with imperturbable self-sufficiency, "Who? that man? pshaw! he is an intriguer—a Bonapartist—a visionary—an alarmist—a grumbler. I do not wish to hear him mentioned." And the man of good advice was fairly bowed out. As an instance, take the following, which occurred a few days after my own misadventure: General Balathier desired to speak with the King on the events which he also foresaw. His majesty contented himself with saying, "Let him see Blacas." Balathier was accordingly received by the favorite minister, who, having listened to his communications, answered, "Eh! bon Dieu! Sir, these are old women's tales. Singular enough! So you conceive yourself better informed than we who are at the head of affairs?"—"Certainly, my lord," replied Balathier, with perfect military frankness: "certainly I am, on this point, much better informed than you, surrounded by flatterers who say only what may please you."—"Sir, I tell you again that I know completely all you would instruct me in." What miserable vanity!

Seeing that nothing could be done with M. de Blacas, I wrote to M. de Talleyrand, then at Vienna; and, as he corresponded directly with the King, I make no doubt that my communications reached his majesty through this channel. But time had been lost while events hurried on; and, before Louis XVIII. had clearly learned his danger, it was too late to take effectual precautions.

The circumstances of the return of Bonaparte are known to all, and may be read in various publications; I shall, therefore, forbear any recital of that inconceivable enterprise. As for myself, so soon as I was informed of the rapidity of his advance upon Lyons and the enthusiasm with which he was received by the army and the people, I prepared to set out for Belgium, there to await the close of this new drama. My arrangements were completed on the evening of the 13th of March, and I was on the point of commencing my journey when an especial message from the Tuileries conveyed the King's pleasure that I should

RETURN FROM ELBA.

repair thither immediately. This order occasioned no inconsiderable alarm, but I did not hesitate to obey. Being introduced, the King addressed me with great kindness, but in a tone very expressive of his meaning—"M. de Bourrienne, can we count upon you? I expect all from your zeal and fidelity."—"Your majesty shall have no cause to complain that I betrayed your confidence."—"'Tis well; I am about to re-establish the prefecture of police, and appoint you prefect. Go, M. de Bourrienne, do for the best; I confide in you." It was singular enough that, on the 13th, while the King in Paris thus placed me in office, Bonaparte, at Lyons, signed a decree excluding Talleyrand, Marmont, myself, and ten others, from the general amnesty.

In the first moment I had listened only to my zeal for the royal cause, and accepted; but reflection on the responsibility and small chance of now being serviceable in my office, I confess, filled me with alarm. My apprehensions were not diminished on witnessing the proceedings of the council, which was held that night in the Tuileries in the apartments of M. de Blacas. The ignorance of our real position then manifested by the ministers surpasses all belief. These great men of the state, with all the means of power and knowledge in their hands—the telegraph, the post-office, money, the police and its innumerable agencies—absolutely knew nothing of Napoleon's march, and asked me to give them information. I could, of course, only report what I had collected on 'Change or picked up here and there during the last four-and-twenty hours. I did not conceal that all their precautions would be vain. This brought on the discussion how to dispose of the King? where was he to go? One proposed Bourdeaux; another, La Vendée; a third, Normandy. At length, one high in authority gave his voice for Melun. "If it come to blows," said I, "that is the most likely place for the engagement." I was answered that the appearance of the King in his carriage with eight horses would rouse a marvelous enthusiasm among the soldiers! "Do not think of resistance," said I; "not a soldier will draw a trigger. Defection among the troops is inevitable; they amuse themselves, and get drunk in their barracks with the money which, to purchase their fidelity, you have distributed among them within the last few days; but do you know what they say? I will tell you—'He is a good enough sort of person, Louis XVIII.; but, huzza! *the little corporal forever!*'"

On the first news of Bonaparte's landing, the King had sent an express for Marmont, then at Châtillon, whither he had gone to receive his mother's last sigh. The marshal had counseled Louis to remain in Paris, and to shut himself up with his household—about five thousand

devoted and honorable men—in the Tuileries, which were capable of sustaining a siege. This design he supported by stating that the effect produced by the rapid advance of Napoleon from the Gulf of Juan would be more than counterbalanced on the public mind by the spectacle of an aged monarch defending himself in his palace. I was of a different opinion, and proposed Lille as the nearest and most secure, consequently, in the state of things, the best asylum. It was past midnight before the council broke up without coming to any determination, though, when the time came, Lille was selected for the King's retreat.

On being introduced into the royal cabinet, after the few words already noted, Louis asked what I thought of the situation of affairs? "Sire, I think Bonaparte will be here in five or six days."—"How, sir?"—"Yes, sire; in five or six days."—"But measures are taken, orders given, and the marshals are faithful to me."—"Sire, I suspect no one's fidelity; but I can assure your majesty, since Bonaparte has disembarked, that he will be here before eight days. I know him, and your majesty does not know him so well as I; but sire, I dare to assure your majesty that he will not be here six months: he will commit excesses which will be his ruin."—"M. de Bourrienne, I augur more favorably of events; but if misfortune decree that I must again leave France, and your second prediction be accomplished, you may rely upon me." During this conversation the King appeared calm and resigned, showing that philosophy which springs from a peaceful conscience, tempered by adversity.

On the morrow I repaired again to the palace, and received an order to arrest five-and-twenty persons according to a list given. I attempted to show the nullity and mischievous tendency of this step, but in vain; some abatement was made in favor of twenty-three, who were to remain under surveillance, but the two first were absolutely to be arrested—namely, Fouché and Davoust. The King more than once repeated—"I desire that you cause Fouché to be arrested."—"Sire, I beseech your majesty to consider the effect."—"It is my especial pleasure that you arrest Fouché; but I am sure you will fail, for André could not succeed." I dared not disobey an order so express; not a moment was to be lost. Arrangements made, my agents presented themselves at the hotel of the Duke of Otranto. On exhibiting their credentials—"How!" exclaimed Fouché, on glancing it over, "this warrent is null—it is good for nothing; it purports to come from the prefect of police, and there is no such functionary." In my opinion Fouché was right; for my nomination having taken place during the

night, the appointment had not yet been officially announced. On his refusal to follow these my underlings, a party moved off to the head-quarters of the National Guard to obtain assistance. Desolles, the commandant, repaired in his turn to the Tuileries, to get fresh powers from the King. During these comings and goings Fouché retained all his coolness; conversed with my agents, and, feigning to enter a closet, which opened upon a dark passage, left my unfortunate myrmidons bewildered in the midst of darkness, slipped away, gained the street, got into a hackney coach and drove off. So ends the famous history of Fouché's arrest. As to Davoust, he was my personal enemy; I therefore only placed him under surveillance.

These orders were given on the 15th; the same day I called upon M. de Blacas; and after some conversation on the best manner of securing the King's safety, asked him what previous information he had obtained of Bonaparte's departure from Elba. "The only thing which we knew positively," replied the minister, "was by an intercepted letter, written from the island of Elba, on the 6th of February, addressed to Mr. ——, resident in Grenoble; but I can show it you." He then took from the drawer of his writing-table the original letter, which I read. The writer thanked his correspondent for information which had been sent to the *inmate* of Elba. Afterwards, the letter went on to state, that all was prepared for the departure; that the first favorable opportunity would be seized for that purpose, but before finally determining, certain inquiries must be answered. Then followed questions upon a great many details—what regiments had been sent into the south—the place of their cantonment; whether the officers had been appointed, as agreed at Paris; if Labedoyère was at his post—concluding with a hope that the correspondent would leave nothing to desire in his replies on these important points. The communication was long, and struck me as containing every requisite information respecting the intended landing on the coast of Provence; on returning it, therefore, I could not help saying to M. de Blacas—"That letter, methinks, gave sufficient warning; what was done?"—"I immediately caused the letter to be copied, sent the copy to M. de André, that he might give the order to arrest the individual to whom it had been addressed." And this was all that had been done to counteract a conspiracy of this nature—that all, too, occupied three days, and consequently failed even in its limited object of securing the Grenoble correspondent! In truth, as much might have been expected when the police had got hold of the affair. My movement of surprise did not escape notice—"What would you have done?"

I entered into a detail of measures more congenial to the firm and prompt government to which I had been accustomed. "You may be right, sir," said M. de Blacas, "but how could it be helped? I am but *new* here."—"*Green* anywhere," I thought, should have been the word. The evil, however, was for the present irremediable; though I had no fear for the future: the momentary resurrection of the empire had, indeed, become inevitable, but only for a moment. My friends will bear witness that I constantly maintained Bonaparte would not remain six months in France. In recalling him men did not wish the individual whom they thus recalled; they acted not from love to his person; nor was it from faithfulness to the remembrance of the empire that a portion of France embraced its cause anew: it had become the general desire, at whatever price, to shake off those inane counselors who conceived they might treat France as a country conquered by and for the emigrants; Frenchmen desired to rescue themselves from a government which seemed resolved on treading under foot all that is dear to France. In this state of things some hailed Bonaparte as a liberator, but the greater part regarded him merely as an instrument; to this latter class belonged, especially, the old republicans, united with whom were those of the new generation who had hitherto beheld liberty only in promises, and were blinded enough to believe that this idol of France would be restored by Napoleon.

But let us pass in brief review the circumstances and designs which had wrought this consummation, so far as respected the return of Napoleon. During the commencement of 1815 events in Italy, from the state of the rest of Europe, had not attracted much attention. These events, however, considered relatively to the gigantic plans long meditated by Napoleon, and now about to be attempted, were of vast importance. All was yet so complicated, and, in the congress, advanced so slowly, that a local occurrence might exercise an extensive influence over the general affairs of the Continent. In the month of February, when all arrangements were now completed for the departure from Elba, Murat requested permission from the court of Vienna to conduct, through its provinces of Upper Italy, an army destined for France. On the 26th of the same month, Napoleon left his island prison. These two facts have necessarily a close connection with each other. Unquestionably, however extravagant, Murat never could have conceived it possible to obtain, by force, from the King of France, recognition of his claim to the throne of Naples. His occupying that kingdom had never been regarded save as an usurpa-

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tion at the court of the Tuileries; and I know that the French plenipotentiaries at Vienna had special instructions to insist in congress on the restoration of the Two Sicilies to their ancient sovereign, as a consequence of the restoration of the crown of France. I likewise know that this demand was strongly resisted on the part of Austria, whose government has never viewed, without extreme jealousy, three European thrones occupied by the single house of Bourbon. Murat, therefore, was well aware of the part he might play in France, by there supporting the conspirators and the views of his brother-in-law. Thus he daringly advanced to the banks of the Po, leaving his country and his capital exposed; and incurring by this movement the hostile resentment of both Austria and France. It is incredible that he would have acted thus, unless previously assured of a powerful diversion and the assistance of Napoleon in his favor. There is a possibility, indeed, that Murat contemplated securing himself in Italy, while the whole powers of Europe should be engaged anew with Napoleon; but both suppositions lead to the same conclusion—that he was a party to the enterprise of Bonaparte. Murat, however, thus acting rather like an adventurer than a monarch, having failed in an attack against the bridge of Occhio-Bello, was constrained to retreat, and his ill-advised expedition ended by ruining the grand cause in which it was intended to coöperate.

The plans and intentions of Napoleon, again, as conceived in the island of Elba, were as follow, and I guarantee the authenticity of the details now given:—Almost immediately after his arrival in Paris, he was to issue directions to his most devoted marshals to defend, to the last extremity, the entrances of the French territory and the approaches to the capital by maneuvering within the triple line of fortresses which girdle the northeast frontier. Davoust was set apart for the defense of Paris, while there was a stone to defend; he was to arm the populace of the suburbs, and to have, besides, twenty thousand of the National Guard at his disposal. Napoleon, not knowing well the situation of the allies, did not believe they could unite and march against him so speedily as they did in the sequel. He hoped to anticipate and counteract their dispositions by causing Murat to march upon Milan, and by arming Italy. The Po once passed, and Murat approaching the capital of Italy, Napoleon, with the corps of Suchet, Brune, Grouchy, and Massena, increased by troops sent post to Lyons, was to cross the Alps and revolutionize Piedmont. Having recruited his army from among the insurgents, he was to join the Neapolitans at Milan; there proclaim the independence of Italy, united under a single

chief; and afterwards march at the head of one hundred thousand men upon Vienna, through the Julian Alps—a route by which victory had already guided him in 1797. This was not all. Numerous emissaries, dispersed over Poland and Hungary, were there to foment troubles, awaken thoughts of liberty and independence, in order to spread disquiet through Austria and Russia; and we were to have beheld Europe freed, out of revenge for not having allowed herself to be enslaved by Napoleon. It would have been a solemn but singular spectacle; nor is the thought without grandeur that such a man, in such a place, cherished these meditations.

As the means of success in these bold maneuvers and mighty combinations, Napoleon had calculated upon assuming the initiative in military operations. For my part never had I beheld his genius more fully developed than in this vast conception—which was not matured in one day. This design, in fact, comprised the essence of all he had ever aspired to accomplish—embraced all the great enterprises which he had meditated, from the first of his fields to his latest hour on the imperial throne. The final object alone was changed—from empire to liberty; but success would, in all likelihood, have restored the original plan of selfish ambition. According to this scheme his line of operation extended over a basis of five hundred leagues, from Ostend, by the Alps and Italy, to Vienna. He would thus have secured immense resources of every kind; would not only have prevented the Emperor of Austria from marching troops against France, but have probably constrained him to terminate a war of which the hereditary estates supported the whole burden. Such were the alluring prospects unfolded before the imagination of Napoleon when he set foot upon the deck of the vessel that bore him from the rocks of Elba to the shores of France. But the reckless precipitation of Murat roused Europe to an attitude of preparation, and the brilliant illusion faded like a dream.

Upon the attempted execution of this great enterprise, it is unnecessary to enter; how troops, sent against their ancient leader, served only to swell his triumphant escort, is known to all the world; how his eagles flew from tower to tower, has been repeated to satiety. These were the visible effects of the secret resolutions now for the first time explained. I may mention one thing not generally known, though it may be readily conceived—that after hearing of the decree promulgated at Lyons, I little cared that he should catch me at Paris. On the other hand, the duties of office detained me, and I had resolved not to quit my post before the royal family should be in safety. I need not say with what distressful feelings, during the 19th and 20th, I witnessed

their departure; or how sad a spectacle is the palace of a king at the moment when he is constrained to leave it. After assuring myself that all was tranquil, and that no danger existed so far as the princes were concerned, I set out alone at four in the morning, taking the route for Lille; so fully was I persuaded that the King had followed the northern road. Nothing extraordinary marked my progress before reaching Fins. Here I found a great number of carriages stopped for want of the means of conveyance. I had entered more than once the public room and asked the postmaster for horses. "Wait your turn," very gruffly said the man in authority; then added, "Do you come from Paris?"—"I just passed through; I come from Sens."—"Anything new in Paris?"—"Nothing, so far as I know."—"An express has just passed; he will be there this evening."—"Who?"—"Pooh! You not know? Bonaparte."—"No! Indeed?" I could not exactly tell what to make of his conversation, when the postmaster quitted the room rather mysteriously. Thus left to my own by no means pleasing cogitations, I had stuck myself up as if eagerly perusing a large proclamation in Russian and French, fixed against the wall. It was one I had procured, while postmaster-general, from the Czar, protecting all post-horses from military requisition. "Sir," said the postmaster, who now entered, "you see there an order which saved me from beggary."—"You would not then surely do any injury to him who signed it?"—"God forbid!—I knew you from the first—you served me in a just matter, which had brought me to Paris when you were our head—I have this moment been out on your account; your chaise is at the corner of the garden with the only pair of horses remaining; my son is to act as postilion, and will not spare the spur."* The postmaster was true to his word, for I observed the private signal of haste transmitted from one postilion to another, and by an hour after midnight of the 21st found myself before the gates of Lille. They were shut; but a wretched lodging was obtained in the suburbs, which I entered with a sense of happiness, surpassed only by the felicity of quitting it next morning.

On the 23d the King, who, after all, had adopted my opinion, arrived at Lille. As a consolation for my own mishap I found his majesty had scarcely fared better at the gate. I placed myself among those who waited his alighting at the hotel. No sooner did he perceive

*The reader will bear in mind that a postmaster in France is not, as with us, "a man of letters" merely, but has charge of all the relays over a certain district; and that in France, as over the whole of the Continent, all posting is in the hands of government.—*Translator.*

me than, extending his hand, the King said, "Follow me, M. de Bourrienne." I had the honor of sitting down to table with his majesty, but the breakfast was a melancholy one. The events of the time formed the subject of conversation, and all viewed them in a somber light. Berthier, also present, partook largely in the general depression. I alone seemed to have any confidence, and ventured, as in the Tuileries, to predict "that most likely within three months the King would be on his return to his kingdom." Berthier continued biting his nails as usual; and his majesty, giving me plainly to understand, by his manner, that he put down my observation among the flatteries to which he was accustomed, replied—"Monsieur Bourrienne, when I am king, you shall be my prefect of police." We shall see. The kindly answer gratified, without deceiving me. It soon appeared that Lille was no place for the King: the Napoleon fever had seized the troops in the garrison; even the guard showed evident symptoms of having caught the infection. Nor, it must be confessed, ought there to have been matter of surprise in the fact that the soldiers of the old army showed discontent, sacrificed as they were to constantly recurring arrivals of the ancient servants of a monarchy of which they recked not; nor that they hailed the return of him whom they had so often followed to victory and honor.

Yielding to the entreaties of his faithful friends, Louis, therefore, left Lille on the third day after his entrance; but the resolution was taken with regret, and not till Marshal Mortier, who commanded under the Duke of Orleans, and whose conduct under difficult circumstances merited the highest praise, had stated that he could no longer answer for his soldiers. The King removed to Ghent. In the preceding September he had named me charge-d'affaires at Hamburg. On the point of departing beyond the soil of France the King conceived that my presence in the north of Germany would prove useful to his cause. I therefore set out immediately, and without reluctance, for a place where I had many friends. Though thus removed from the immediate theater of events, I continued to be informed of all important transactions.

Bonaparte entered Paris on the 20th of March, at eight o'clock at night. Nothing could be more dismal than this entry. The darkness was increased by a thick fog. The streets were deserted, and on every countenance might be read an expression of vague alarm. The white standard, torn down in the morning from the Tuileries, had been replaced by the tricolored flag; but the former ensign still floated above most of the public buildings of Paris. Even throughout the day numbers of the military continued to display the white cockade. Not one appeared to greet Napoleon on his passage till he had arrived at the

approach to the Tuileries, where, in the vestibule and in the pavilion of Flora, his intimate confidants had assembled, and conducted him to his apartments. In the square of the Carrousel were to be heard some shouts of "The Emperor!" but these were drowned in "Down with the calotte" vociferated by the rabble.

Two hours after my departure—that is, at six in the morning of the 20th—Madame Bourrienne also left Paris for an asylum about twenty miles distant. At nine on the same morning an individual devoted to Bonaparte, with whom, however, I never had any intimate correspondence, sent an emissary to my house, requesting to see Madame de Bourrienne. My sister-in-law replied to the envoy and was strictly questioned respecting my absence. This envoy stated at the same time that, above all things, I ought to avoid following the King; and, if I returned quietly to Burgundy, the great personage whom I do not name, but whom the reader will perhaps divine, would answer for my pardon with the Emperor. Twelve hours after—when Bonaparte arrived—a lady also called upon my wife; my sister-in-law again went to meet her in the garden, without a light, that they might not be observed, and through a piercing cold, for the temperature seemed in unison with the transactions. She was accompanied by another lady, who, on the night preceding had been at Fontainebleau to see Bonaparte and had been charged with a message for me to remain at my post as prefect of police and to fear nothing, as pardon and complete oblivion were certain. On the morrow General Berton came to assure Madame de Bourrienne of the same amicable relations and to induce me, whom they supposed concealed in Paris, to appear. Though sensible of these instances of friendship, I never for a moment regretted having left Paris. At this epoch, too, I obtained information which, afterwards followed up, enabled me to discover the real motive of Bonaparte's hatred, namely, that he suspected me of a correspondence with London. This I found had arisen from a General Van Driesen having mentioned my name in a letter to the King, at Hartwell, as the person who, at Hamburg, had dictated to him a draft of a royal proclamation, which I certainly did, because, then a royalist at heart, I found he was likely to ruin the cause by injudicious publications. This had come to the Emperor's ears—for he had agents about the King at Hartwell whose station placed them above suspicion and who thus knew the most secret matters transacted there. The report, however, had been greatly exaggerated, and I do not know, certainly, that he had now discovered his mistake; but am persuaded, had I remained in Paris, that Napoleon would have given no serious evidence of his dis-

pleasure. He was irritated, however, by my absence or supposed concealment, and six emissaries were sent to my house to examine and seal my papers. Their harsh investigations gave great trouble to Madame de B. and my family. They even searched the pockets and ripped up the lining of my old clothes for papers. I was not the man, however, to be so caught: before my departure I had taken precautions which set my mind at rest; and they had their labor for their pains.

But not only upon men able to bear the evils of flight and exile did persecution fall; women, whom a system of tricks, unworthy of the Emperor, had formerly condemned to expatriation, had now to fear new severity. The beautiful Madame de Chevreuse, who had been banished for having had the courage (then a rare quality, even among the nobler sex) to say that she was not made to be the Queen of Spain's jailer, died of a broken heart, in the arms of the Duchess de Luynes, her mother-in-law. The illustrious exile of Coppet, on the Emperor's return, was in a state of health little capable of bearing up against any sudden and violent emotion. This had been brought on by her flight from Coppet to Russia, immediately after the birth of a son, the issue of a private marriage with M. Rocca. Under these circumstances she saw no other means of safety but in renewed exile. This, indeed, was not a long one; but Madame de Stael never recovered from the effects occasioned by its inquietude and fatigues. The authoress of "Corinne" naturally recalls to my mind her most faithful friend, Madame Recamier, who was herself not secure against the severity of Napoleon. She did not, indeed, fly from Paris in 1815, though she had returned in 1814 only through the force of events, and without her exile having been revoked. That exile was pronounced in a singular way. Madame Recamier paid frequent visits to Madame de Stael at Coppet: irritated more and more by such intercourse, Napoleon ordered Fouché to intimate, on the last of these occasions, that Madame Recamier was perfectly mistress of her motions in going to Switzerland, but not so in returning to Paris. "Ah! sir," replied she, to the minister, "a great man may be pardoned the weakness of loving women, never that of fearing them:" and Madame Recamier departed for Coppet.*

* A beautiful retreat on the Lake of Geneva: next to Paris, the favorite residence of Madame de Stael—if one like her, who *lived* only in a crowd, could have a favorite abode amid the silent magnificence of Nature. It is very possible to conceive, from a former portion of these "Memoirs," how Bonaparte came to dislike Madame de Stael; but, save from his own weakness, it is incomprehensible how he came to fear her. Madame de Stael's vague notions of liberty are calculated to prove not less injurious to real freedom, than her crude sentimentality to real virtue.—*Translator.*

To return to the epoch denominated the Hundred Days. It is worthy of remark that Bonaparte, on attaining the consulate, passed exactly an hundred days in the Luxembourg before his installation in the Tuileries. If I did not see Paris at this latter era, my correspondence sufficiently proved to me, and the information has since been confirmed by even the partisans of Bonaparte, that never since the excesses of the Revolution had the capital been so mournful and gloomy as during these three months of agony. None had confidence in the duration of this second reign. It quickly became the general opinion that Fouché, in supporting the cause of the usurper, was secretly betraying it. Throughout the whole mass of society fears of the future agitated men's minds, and discontent was at its height. The sight of the federates traversing the suburbs and Boulevards, shouting "Long live the Republic!" and "Death to the Royalists!"—their sanguinary songs—the revolutionary airs performed in the theaters—all threw a sort of stupor over the mind and an impatient anxiety as to the issue of these disquieting events.

One circumstance which, at the commencement of the Hundred Days, tended most directly to open men's eyes, still dazzled by the reflected light of Napoleon's past glory, was the non-fulfillment of the vaunting promises that the Empress and his son were to rejoin him immediately.

This clearly showed that he could not count upon a single ally; and it would have been blindness, indeed, notwithstanding the prodigious activity which reigned in the military preparations, to suppose that he could triumph over the whole of Europe, then evidently arming afresh against him. When the first news of Bonaparte's disembarkation was received at Vienna the congress had made but slender advances towards the final arrangement of affairs. The members of that high assembly considered themselves as laboring in the reconstruction of an enduring and desirable order of things, and proceeded with that wise caution and maturity of examination indispensable to the accomlishment of this object, especially after an agitation by which all interests had been more or less displaced. The plenipotentiaries, on hearing of the landing in the Gulf of Juan, signed a protocol of their conferences. This was supposed, but erroneously, to have been drawn up by M. de Talleyrand. There had been another, which, chiefly through his instrumentality, operating by means of M. de Labrador, minister of Spain, had been rejected as too undecided. This first protocol, or declaration of the 5th May, being set aside, that of the 22d was adopted, which consisted in adhering to the Treaty of Paris. The reader will

be gratified by the following letters on these details, addressed to me by M. de Talleyrand, the first politician of the age :—

"*Vienna*, 19*th April*, 1815.

"Every account that reaches me from the interior of France proves that Bonaparte is there in the greatest difficulty. All confirms that the immense majority of the nation is against him; that, in truth, he has no one on his side save the army; and that, even of the troops, the new levies are far from being devoted partisans. The southern provinces have not submitted to his authority. There the Duke d'Angoulême continues to maintain his position. His troops increase daily. He has advanced with them upon Lyons, and by my last news that city is declared in a state of siege. On the other hand, troops are advancing to the frontiers with the utmost celerity. Throughout, military operations are commencing with the greatest energy and activity. The Russian troops, which were upon the Vistula, have arrived in Bohemia four days sooner than was expected, and will reach the Rhine at the same time with the Austrian levies. Towards the middle of May, it is hoped, active operations will be begun, and the immensity of means assembled must completely remove all fear as to the issue of events. The King, of whom I had news yesterday, is still at Ghent, and well; full of courage and hope. The Duke d'Artois is at Brussels. The army of the Duke of Wellington, nearly eighty thousand strong, is concentrated near Mons. Great unanimity prevails between the Duke of Wellington and General Gneizenen, commanding the Russian troops. Murat conceiving that, while the allied powers were engaged against Bonaparte, he should find few obstacles in Italy, advanced to the Po, but has failed in his attack at Occhio-Bello, and retreated. Since then the Austrian troops, who are receiving daily re-enforcements, have obtained some advantages over him on the side of Modena."

Another letter of 5th May, after blaming my long silence, and praising an article which I had written for the journals, continues thus :—"Since my last, you must have learned that the Duke d'Angoulême has found it impossible to maintain his position in the south, as we had hoped. France, then, for the moment is wholly under the yoke of Bonaparte. Hostilities will not commence for some time, it being the design to attack upon many points at once, and with great masses. The most perfect unanimity prevails as to military measures among the allied powers. The war against Murat continues with a

success that bids fair to render it of brief duration. He has successively demanded two armistices, which have been refused."

The following letter refers to the proceedings of the congress, and is otherwise very important:

"M. DE BOURRIENNE:—Bonaparte, subsequently to his arrival in Paris, having first denied the authenticity of the declaration of the 13th March, and afterwards endeavored to weaken its effect by different publications, some persons here thought that it would be useful to publish a second. The congress desired this question to be examined by a commission, whose report was presented on the 12th current (May). That report, while it confirms the dispositions manifested by the powers in the declaration of the 13th March, refutes the sophisms of Bonaparte, exposes his impostures, and concludes that his position with regard to Europe being neither changed by the first success of his enterprise, nor by the offer which he made to ratify the Treaty of Paris, a second declaration is in no respect necessary. In the process-verbal hereupon published by the plenipotentiaries it will be remarked that Europe is not represented as making war for the King and at his solicitation; but that she declares war on her own account because her interest requires and her safety demands it. This is the exact truth; and it is also the proceeding most suitable in reference to the King and most favorable to his cause. Were they to believe in France that the war is carried on solely for the interest of the King, his subjects would behold in him the author of the disasters which it will occasion. Such an opinion could only have one effect—to alienate their feelings from his majesty and incline them to embrace the party of Bonaparte. On the other hand, from the manner in which the war is now represented, it is Bonaparte alone to whom these evils can be attributed; a fact of which it is most important to convince all, especially in France. Receive, etc. THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND."

Within less than a month after the reception of the above, these wise arrangements had decided the fate of the contest. During the interval I was kept informed of the military events as they took place; but these are known to all the world. I shall make one or more extracts from a portion of my correspondence on less generally known topics. "I have just learned," says one of my correspondents, the Marquis de Bonnay, "that Berthier has fallen from a window in the fourth story of the Castle of Bamberg. There can be no doubt that he threw himself down. You will ask me why? You will quote to me

what he asseverated to you at Brussels; namely, his invariable attachment to the cause of the King. But know we what he did afterwards? The German gazettes announced his being under surveillance; they related to us how he had attempted to enter France in disguise: are we sure that he had not compromised himself by some correspondence which had been seized?"

"I have the certainty," writes the marquis again, "that Fouché sent, as his secret agent, to Vienna, M. de M——, who made the following propositions, to which the adjoined answers were returned:—'Do not make war, and we will rid you of the *man*.'—'Well, begin by getting quit of him.'—'Will you have the King of Rome or a regency?'—'Neither.'—'Will you have the Duke of Orleans?'—'No.'—'Well, if it must be Louis XVIII.—content; but no nobles, no priesthood, and, above all, no Blacas.'—'Begin by getting rid of the *man* and his whole generation.' I am much delighted to hear you say that the Duke of Orleans was sounded at Paris, and rejected all advances made to him. May God preserve him in these good dispositions! I know not if you be aware that, last year, in passing through Paris for Sicily, his first visit was to Madame Genlis. He remained with her till late at night, and then afterwards told one, who informed me, that in recalling the past they had shed many tears together.*

"Turkey has joined the universal crusade. Bonaparte must needs be greatly touched by the love which Europe bears towards his person!—Thus far had I proceeded in my letter, when the arrival of an express informed me of the successful attack of the 16th, which appears, in fact, to have commenced on the 15th. I cannot conceive how the Duke of Wellington had allowed himself to be taken unawares. He set out from Brussels on the morning of the 16th June, to make a reconnoissance, and, if he had taken the right road, must have found them at it, not six leagues from his hotel. The Prince of Orange deserves much praise for having sustained the shock, and repulsed, *with great loss*, says the dispatch, Bonaparte and his eighty thousand men. You will dispense with my tears for the Duke of Brunswick, who was good for anything only on the field of battle.

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* The reader need not be reminded that the Duke is now King of France. The closing portion of the extract refers to the circumstances of the young Duke, his sister and her governess, Madame Genlis, having fled to Switzerland at the commencement of the Revolution. Here the Duke nobly devoted several hours of each morning to giving instructions in mathematics, as a means of support for himself and the two ladies.—*Translator.*

After to-morrow I expect details. An officer who had left Paris on the 4th of June, and had trusted to his memory, not wishing to take with him any papers, gave to the Duke of Wellington all the details desirable on the force and distribution of the French army. A calculation, founded on inferences from this information, makes the troops of the line two hundred and seventy-seven thousand, and the national guard from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand. The infantry good and in fine order; the cavalry bad and naked; the light artillery better than could be expected; and, the best card in Bonaparte's hand, five hundred pieces of cannon. The fortified places in bad condition and imperfectly provisioned, except Lille; Valenciennes and Condé held by the national guard and by old soldiers who have renewed their service. Ah, sir! it is a great stroke to have overset the first enterprise of that man. A letter from M. de Stael, of date 2d May, states that Bonaparte cannot stand, and that France is divided between two parties: one for the republic, of which Benjamin Constant is the soul; the other for Monsieur the Duke of Orleans. This latter is the hope of all those who are too deeply engaged in late transactions ever to expect employment under the King."

My prediction was at length accomplished. The battle of Waterloo had thus opened the gates of France to Louis XVIII. The moment that information arrived of his having quitted Ghent to enter his kingdom, I also set out from Hamburg, making all possible haste, in the hope of reaching Paris in time to receive the King. On the 7th July I alighted at St. Denis, and, spite of intrigue, found an immense multitude eager to offer the homage of their congratulations. St. Denis, in fact, was so filled, that with the greatest difficulty I found a small apartment in a garret, by way of lodging. Having assumed my uniform of captain of the national guard, I immediately repaired to the palace: the saloon was filled, and, in the crowd come to felicitate their sovereign, I found my own family, who, not knowing I had quitted Hamburg, were agreeably surprised. The Parisians were eager to salute their King, but stratagem was used to keep them at a distance. Paris was declared in a state of siege, and for four days Fouché contrived to remain master of the capital. At this time two things were attempted to be imposed upon Louis—the tricolor and Fouché: against the former he stood firm; but the nomination of that fatal man appeared inevitable.

On the 7th July the King was informed that Fouché alone could facilitate his entrance into Paris; that he alone had the keys; that he

alone could direct public opinion. The value of these assertions could easily be estimated when it was found that the presence of the King became the first and sole bond of concord and unanimity. Every day might be seen groups of the better classes assembled under the windows of the King's apartments, giving themselves up to rejoicing and rendering to the royal family each day a holyday. The very appearance of joy and security displeased Fouché. His vile stipendiaries insinuated themselves amid these groups, threw corrosive liquids upon the ladies' dresses, committed indecencies, and mingled the seditious cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with the loyal acclamations of "*Vive le Roi!*" By the aid of these miserable maneuvers Fouché triumphed and contrived to have it believed that he was the only man capable of preventing those disorders of which he was, in fact, the sole author. Fouché likewise obtained support from a very high quarter: Wellington was the influence which restored Fouché. Of the extent of that influence I felt well aware, though I did not at first believe it capable of supporting such an anomaly as Fouché, minister of the Bourbon. But I soon discovered my mistake. On the 8th of July, 1815, the principle of a privy council, composed of the Bourbon princes and others afterward to be named, to surround the throne of Louis, was determined; and subsequently his new treasury appointed as follows:—The Prince de Talleyrand, foreign affairs; Baron Louis,* finance; the Duke of Otranto (Fouché), police; Baron Pasquier, chancellor; Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, war; Count de Jacourt, marine; Duke de Richelieu, master of the household; Marshal Macdonald, to the satisfaction of all, succeeded to the Abbé de Pradt as chancellor of the Legion of Honor. And my office, so frequently promised and under circumstances so singular, was given to another—M. de Cazes was made prefect of police. This I owed to the appointment of Fouché; for how could I possibly serve under a minister for whose arrest I had once issued a formal warrant?

Two days after these arrangements I called upon Blucher, established, as I have already said, in the palace of St. Cloud, in order to thank him for preserving my house from pillage. After the usual compliments, "Who would have predicted," said Blucher, "that, after having been your prisoner, I should become the protector of your property? You treated me well at Hamburg; I can now return the favor at St. Cloud. God knows what may be the result of all this; one thing

*In the first list the name is Abbé Louis; the individual in both cases is the same.—*Translator.*

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

is certain, that this time the allies will enforce conditions which shall remove all fears of danger for a long while to come. The Emperor Alexander is unwilling to make the French pay too dear for the evils they have inflicted upon us. He attributes them to Napoleon; but Napoleon cannot pay the expenses of the war—and pay someone must. It might pass for once; but we will not be brought back a second time at our own expense. Of one thing I can, however, assure you, you will lose none of your territory. The Emperor Alexander has several times repeated to the King, my master, in my presence, 'I honor the nation; and I am resolved that the French shall retain their ancient limits.'" Taking advantage of this communicative disposition, I made some remarks to Blucher on the excesses committed by his troops. "What would you have me do? I cannot have an eye everywhere; but I assure you, for the future, on your recommendation, I shall caused to be punished severely all disorders that fall under my notice." Spite of these fine promises, however, his troops continued to give themselves up to the most revolting excesses. The Prussian troops have, consequently, left in the environs of Paris a remembrance as odious as that which is retained of Davoust's corps in Germany. Of this a singular instance fell under my own observation. In the spring of 1816 I was going to Chevreuse, and stopped to feed my horse at a village inn. I sat myself down on a seat near the door, beside the proprietor of the tavern. A large dog began a-growling, when his master, a respectable-looking old man, called out, "Will you be quiet, Blucher!"—"What a name," said I, "to give a dog!"—"Ah! sir, it is the name of a rascally ——, who did us much mischief last year. You see my house; there are the four walls, and that is all. The scoundrelly Prussians left me nothing. We were told they *comed* * for our good—but let them return! I am old, but have sons; we will track them at every turning of the woods, as we would so many wild boars." Still the dog kept growling—my host every now and then interrupted his discourse to call louder, "Quiet now, Blucher!" I looked in upon his house; it was, as he had said, denuded of everything; and tears filled the old man's eyes as he related his misfortunes.

Before his flight to Ghent the King had shown himself so condescending as to promise his signature to the marriage-contract of one of my daughters. The day appointed was precisely the fatal 19th of March; the signing, as may well be supposed, did not take place. In

* The verb in the original is inflected, as in the patois or cockney French of the environs of Paris.—*Translator.*

the month of July I renewed my request, and as my future son-in-law was only a lieutenant in the navy, the severe etiquette of the court required that the signature should be affixed at a petty levee; and it was even talked as if the new monarchy would be compromised by doing otherwise! The King, however, resolved to sign at a grand levee. The reader may laugh, but I frankly confess this little triumph afforded me no small pleasure.

Soon after this domestic incident the King named me counselor of state; and in August, having resolved on convoking a new Chamber of Deputies, appointed me to preside in the electoral college of my native department of the Yonne. Upon this nomination I called upon M. de Talleyrand to receive my instructions. The prince stated that, conformably to the intentions of the King, I must see the minister of police. "Absolutely," was my reply, "I cannot see Fouché; you know our relative positions."—"Go," said M. de Talleyrand, "go to him—you may be sure Fouché will say nothing on past occurrences."

My repugnance to this step is not to be described; but I could not, of course, disobey the King's injunctions. I found Fouché, at nine in the morning, walking in his garden in the most complete dishabille. He was alone, and received me as an old and intimate friend whom he had not seen for a long while! This ought not to be matter of surprise—so well could he bend his hatred to the exigency of his position; he never once alluded to his arrest, and the reader may be assured such was not the subject upon which I wished to turn the conversation. I asked for instructions on the elections at Yonne. "On my word!" said Fouché; "I have none to give; get yourself elected if you can. Endeavor only to keep General Desfournaux at a distance; all else is to me the same thing."—"What is your objection, then, to Desfournaux?"—"The ministry dislike him."* I was preparing to take leave—"You are in a great hurry," said Fonché; "stay a moment." He then turned the conversation upon the Bourbons in a way which I dare not mention: asked me how I could so easily resolve to support their cause? I replied, "That I wished to see France rescued from military despotism, and only aided in a restoration which I had long foreseen and ardently wished. I have the conviction," added I, "that Louis XVIII. will finally recognize the necessity of a constitutional government—the only one possible in France."—"Thus, you think the French unanimous in favor of the Restoration?"—"I believe the

* This remark is curious. The representatives of thirty millions, free by a charter, were chosen only after instructions received from the minister of police!—*Translator.*

majority to be favorable."—"You know not, then, that a moral opposition to the government of the Bourbon dynasty manifested itself in all the departments from the very first months of their return? The old partisans of the republic and the agents of Bonaparte went about diffusing their opinions that the Bourbons would return with superstition and the emigration. I can show you a hundred reports to that effect. You know that whatever was attempted by the government for a whole year tended but too well to exhibit its real disposition. Has there ever been an opposition more direct against the interests and glory of a nation? and that relapse, so decided towards the past, did it not at the time impress everyone with fearful apprehensions for the future? The royalists of 1815 have shown themselves exactly as they were in 1789. In all the important acts of 1814 a total oblivion was put upon the events that had intervened, and upon the march of the age. The egregious folly has been committed of wishing to force a people, enlightened by ages, to forget its knowledge and to create for itself other truths. It was attempted by main force to cause a retrogression, and to put all to the hazard, that the present might decide upon all the past in favor of these antiquated notions. This inexplicable conduct gave occasion to say that we had placed a counter revolution upon the throne. Again the same measures are in agitation; but I am here, and will oppose with my whole might. We must terminate the grand contest of the Revolution, which is not yet ended, after twenty-five years of overturnings and of lessons lost upon inexperience: the nobility and the clergy go for nothing everywhere, save in La Vendée. Not a sixth part of the French would place themselves under the ancient régime, and I pledge myself that not a fifth of the nation is frankly devoted to the legitimate authority. You pretend to be ignorant that, in 1814, the French declared themselves loudly for a foreign prince—for the Duke of Orleans—and for a regency: very well, there is not one foreign prince whom the constitutional party would not have preferred receiving at the hand of the Alliance, because, in such a case, the constitutionalists could have demanded, as the condition of submission, that the rights of the people should be upheld. I can assure you that, among the constitutional party, there would have been but one exclusion insisted upon—that of the family of our old kings. After this, surely, you would not rank one man of that party among the supporters of the Bourbons!"

Thunderstruck on hearing such language from the mouth of a minister of the crown, I answered Fouché—"I am, doubtless, far from approving of the system followed in 1814, and none blamed it more

loudly than myself; but you will permit me to say that I cannot, with you, see those evils with which superstition and the emigration are about to deluge France. Unquestionably there will still be faults; there will be men incrusted with antiquated ideas, but time will, by degrees, remove these. On the contrary, I think there may be remarked a progressive feeling of attachment in favor of the dynasty of the Bourbons: the number of their partisans augments daily. Patience; there must be laggards in the march of civilization, as in the train of a victorious army. Illumination of the mind, like the light of day, must dawn gradually. There are no improvements which I do not desire, but I would not have them precipitate; and am therefore convinced that the Bourbons alone can, by little and little, establish true public liberty. You, I willingly grant, must be the better informed of the various tendencies of the public mind; but the agents who transmit to you these reports look with their own eyes upon the things of which they speak; and you know men too well not to be aware that they view matters through the prism of personal opinion. If all these reports on the state of France be correct, our situation would be deplorable; for from complaints the people will pass to menaces; from menaces to violence; attempts will be made to overthrow what at present exists; and there will infallibly result a civil war. From such a consummation God preserve us!"

Fouché listened to me very attentively, mused for a moment, passing his long fingers across his pale forehead, and then replied—"I conceive you are in error; but the civil war will come: you may depend upon it that, in more than sixty departments, only a handful of royalists would oppose the mass of the people. The royalists would prevail in an eighth of the deparments, and in the rest would be constrained to silence."—"But, if I understand your grace, you do not seem to think it possible that the Bourbons can remain?"—"I do not tell you my opinion," replied Fouché with an ironical smile; "but you may draw what conclusions you like from my words: that is to me a matter of absolute indifference."

I seized the moment to break off this most extraordinary conference; and farther, considered it as a sacred duty to lay the whole before the King. No Blacas any longer monopolizing access to the royal presence, I demanded and obtained a private interview with Louis; and, by aiding the prompt dismissal of Fouché, enjoyed the satisfaction of repairing at least one of the evils inflicted by the Duke of Wellington upon France. Fouché had, in fact, so completely betrayed the cause which he had previously pretended to serve, and Bonaparte knew this so well, that,

during the Hundred Days, while they were discussing, in his presence, the King's ministry at Ghent, some one said, "But among all these I see no minister of police!"—"Eh, parbleu!" interrupted Bonaparte, "that's Fouché's place."

Soon after my interview with the King, I set off for the elections at Yonne, and had the honor of being returned representative for that department to the Chamber of Deputies. On revisiting Paris, I was profoundly affected to observe the government recur to measures of severity to punish errors which it had been better policy to attribute to the misfortune of the times. No consideration shall ever prevent me from giving tears to the memory of Ney, who, in my opinion, was the victim solely of certain foreign interferences. His death was conceived to be a means of disabling France, and, for a length of time, incapacitating her for undertaking anything, by indisposing against the royal government the army of the Loire, who thus mourned its best beloved chief, and one who had so often led on its squadrons to victory. I have no positive proofs on the subject, but, in my opinion, the blood of Ney was the requital of that gratitude which Fouché conceived he owed to the foreign influence whereby he had been raised to the ministry. The reader will not have forgotten what Blucher said to me of the determination to weaken France.

Towards the end of August I had the lively satisfaction of meeting Rapp, whom I had not seen for a very long time. Rapp was not of the number of those generals who betrayed the King on the 20th of March. He told me he remained at the head of his division at Ecouen, under the orders of the Duke de Berri, and did not give in his submission to the minister of war till after the departure of the royal family. "How did Napoleon receive you?" inquired I. "You know," answered he, "what sort of fellow I am—a perfect ignoramus in politics: I waited till he sent for me; I had taken my oath to serve the King; I acknowledged no other service, and would have fought against the Emperor."—"Bah!"—"Yes, my good friend, and so I told him."—"How! did you venture?"—"Without doubt: I told him the revolution was a forced one. 'Sblood,' replied he, with somewhat of anger, 'I knew you were before me: and, if we had come to blows, I would have sought you out on the field of battle.'—'I would have shown you a Medusa's head,' answered I.—'What! would you have fired upon me?'—'Unquestionably,' said I.—'Ah! parbleu! that is too much,' cried he; 'but your soldiers would not have obeyed you; they retained all their affection for me.'—'What could I do?' replied I: 'you had abdicated; you had left France; you yourself had engaged us to serve the King, and,

afterwards you return! And then, to speak frankly, I augur no good of what has happened: wars, still more wars! France has had more than enough of war already.' Upon this," pursued Rapp, "he assured me he had other views; that he wished no more war, but desired to govern in peace, and to occupy himself exclusively with the happiness of his people. When I objected the hostility of foreign powers, he told me he had made alliances. He afterwards spoke to me of the King—how I liked him. I answered that I had every reason to be satisfied. In the course of conversation, the Emperor extolled highly the conduct of the Duke of Orleans. Afterwards, he related the occurrences of his passage from Elba and journey to Paris; complained of his being accused of ambition; and, as at this word I allowed a peculiar expression to escape, 'How! am I then ambitious? look?' tapping his belly with both hands, 'can a man so fat as I be ambitious?' Then devil take me if I could help saying, 'Ah! sire; your majesty is surely quizzing me.' He pretended to speak very seriously; and, some minutes afterwards, remarking my decorations, began to banter me on the Cross of St. Louis and of the Lily, which I still wore."

I conversed with Rapp about the enthusiasm said to have been shown on the route traversed by Napoleon, after his landing. "Why," said Rapp, "I was not there more than yourself; but all those who accompanied him have since confirmed the truth of the details as published; only, I think I remember to have heard Bertrand relate that, in one circumstance, he had some fears for the Emperor's life, had any assassin appeared. It was while approaching towards Paris from Fossard, where the Emperor had breakfasted. Napoleon's escort were so fatigued that they had fallen behind, so that he was left almost alone, when a squadron, then in garrison at Melun, came out to meet and escorted him to Fontainebleau. On the whole route, from what I was told, he appears to have incurred no real danger."

We began afterwards to talk of the existing posture of affairs; and I asked my friend how he found himself situated; for the condition of the generals who had commanded divisions of the imperial army in the campaign of Waterloo was very different from what it had been in 1814. "I had resolved," said Rapp, "to live in retirement, to take no part in anything for the future, nor even to put on uniform. I had thus never put my foot within the Court of the Tuileries since the King's return, when one morning, about eight days ago, riding out along the avenue of Neuilly, I observed one from a group of horsemen, on the opposite side, advance towards me. It was the Duke de Berri. I had merely time to say, 'Is it you, my lord?'—'Doubtless it is I, my

dear general; and since you will not come to us, I must needs come to you; breakfast with me to-morrow morning.'—*Ma foi!*" continued Rapp, "what could I do? he said this with so much kindness that I could not refuse. On the morrow I went, and was so well received that I shall return; but will never ask anything. If only these scoundrels of Russians and English!"——

The reader is aware of my nomination in August to be counselor of state; on the 19th of the following month I was appointed minister of state and member of the privy council. I shall be pardoned in concluding with a circumstance flattering to me on this latter occasion. The King had desired M. de Talleyrand, in quality of president of the council of ministers, to present to his majesty a list of those persons who should compose his privy council. Having looked over this list, he said to the minister—"But, M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here two of our good friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles."—"Sire, I thought their nomination would appear to them much more flattering by coming directly from your majesty." The King then added my name to the list, and afterwards that of Count Alexis de Noailles. Thus the two names are to be found on the original ordonnance in the handwriting of Louis XVIII.

So terminates what I have to say on the extraordinary and often fantastic events whereof I have been a spectator, or wherein I have taken a part, during the course of an exceedingly agitated career, of which all that now remains to me is—the recollection.

APPENDIX

TO

VOLUME II.

APPENDIX TO VOLUME II.

Note A. Page 12.

The reader may find it convenient to have at hand a succinct account of the most celebrated of these marshals up to the time when each becomes identified with the fortunes and history of Napoleon, and, consequently, with the text of these "Memoirs."

Berthier (*Alexander*), was born at Versailles, November 20, 1753. His father, surveyor of coasts and harbors to the King of France, gave his son that practical education in mathematics, surveying and drawing which afterwards conduced so essentially to his fame and usefulness as Bonaparte's major-general. Refusing a situation in the hydrographic office, where, under his father, he had given great satisfaction to government, young Berthier obtained a commission in the dragoons, and, with his regiment, served first in America, it is said, with some distinction in the war of the colonies. The years from 1783 to 1789, Berthier, now colonel, passed at home in the study chiefly of his profession. On the breaking out of the Revolution he held a command for his benefactor, Louis XVI., in the national guards of Versailles. So long as these troops continued faithful, so was he; but, finally embracing the cause of the republic, he made five campaigns, chiefly on the German frontier. In these he had held subordinate commands with credit, but was still comparatively obscure among the republican officers when, on the opening of the brilliant campaign of 1796, Bonaparte made him his chief of staff. Bourrienne tells the rest; and Napoleon, at St. Helena, thus sums up his character—"As major-general he had not his equal; though unfit to command five hundred men."—Marshal, Duke of Neufchatèl, Prince of Wagram.

Murat (*Joachim*), the preux chevalier of the revolutionary marshals, was a native of Guienne; his birthplace being the village of Bastide-Frontonier, on the river Lot, in the department of the same name. Here, in his father's village inn, he was born, March 25, 1767. In early life his friends destined him for the church, and sent him to study in the Jesuits' College at Cahors. This choice of a profession, so opposed to the daring spirit of the youth, appears to have been determined by the circumstance of the father having formerly been steward in the family of the Talleyrands, and consequently enjoying their patronage. These views, as might very naturally have been expected, came to nothing. The *intended* Abbé Murat left his college clandestinely with a pretty maiden of the neighborhood, having first silenced a rival in a duel, and made for Toulouse. Here, keeping merry while money lasted, he soon found himself without resources, and entered as

private into a regiment of chasseurs which happened to march through. It does not appear, however, that the report of his dismissal from this corps rests on good authority. The assertion, too, is opposed by the fact of our finding him, immediately after his alleged disgrace, in Paris, one of the royal constitutional guards. His removal to the capital took place when men's minds, in a state of incipient convulsion, had already begun to be more than unsettled in every principle, moral and political, which sanctifies and secures the social compact. Murat became the eager apostle and supporter of liberty and equality doctrines; for, though both his profession and the chivalrous romance of his character ought to have led him to maintain the right and the respectable, he had probably foresight sufficient to perceive that he might find his account in confusion. So zealous, in fact, were his exertions in propagating the new politics, that whom he could not convince he fought, and is reported thus to have settled matters in six different duels in one month. Such conduct was admirably calculated for the meridian of those understandings who speedily became the judges of merit. The monarchy was overturned; the soldiers claimed the right of electing their commanders; and Murat stood forth from the ranks. The splendid form and fine bearing of Major Murat first caught Bonaparte's eye on the eventful day of the Sections. He never failed to discern, to use his own words, *an instrument* from an *obstacle*. Such spirits as Murat's were the instruments of which he was already in search. He attached him to his fortunes; placed him on his personal staff; and took him to Italy: henceforth, his history and Napoleon's are inseparable.—Marshal, Grand Duke of Berg (1806), King of Naples (1808). With almost every quality of the hero, save the steady fortitude which exalts vaingloriousness into magnanimity, and bravery into courage, weak, but not depraved, Murat, by the romantic incidents of his life and its melancholy close, claims softer remembrances than any other of these "children of the Republic."

Jourdan (*Jean Baptiste*), surnamed "The Anvil," from his capacity of enduring beatings, in the number of which he carries away the palm from all his brother Marshals, was born at Limoges, 1762. At sixteen he entered the army, and served first in America. After twelve years' soldiership we find him colonel in 1791, and actively employed in the republican army of the north under Dumouriez. From this period to that of Bonaparte's ascendancy he appeared constantly in the field, as general, general of division, and, finally, commander-in-chief of the army of the Sambre and Meuse. In these different situations he served with considerable reputation, chiefly in Belgium and on the German frontier, where, however, he was twice defeated by the Archduke Charles, once at Ratisbon, at the commencement of the Italian campaign, and again in 1799, while Napoleon was in Egypt. Jourdan then, at least, was in principle a stern republican, and, consequently, lent no assistance to Bonaparte in the famous counter-revolution of Brumaire. Indeed, it was Jourdan who proposed, on the Council of Five Hundred, the resolution, "The country is in danger." Hence he remained in comparative neglect, till "time, the great mediator," smoothed his way to the governorship of Piedmont, the council of state, and, finally to the truncheon, which he lost at Vittoria, and with which our soldiers are reported to have been found playing at single-stick. His character is given, "a poor general," by his master; "but," others add, "an honest man:" the latter proposition, in one or two instances—as in Naples and Spain—is questionable.

Massena (*Andrea*), a native of Nice, born on the 6th of May, 1758, among the most illustrious of the Marshals, and perhaps the ablest of the revolutionary generals, next to Bonaparte and Moreau, rose from the ranks of the army, and from the most destitute situation of civil life. In infancy he was left an orphan, and, from mere compassion, taken to sea in a coasting vessel, commanded by one of his mother's relatives. Disliking a seafaring life, he enlisted as a private soldier, and for his good behavior received his first promotion to the grade of corporal before he had been long in the service. In the course of years he had reached through the rank of sergeant to that of adjutant, which latter is not, as with us, an appointment, honorable in itself and leading to honors; so that, unable to obtain a commission from the cause explained by Bourrienne—that under the *old régime*, while those belonging to the privileged classes might be officers though no soldiers, the soldier could seldom, if ever, become an officer—he retired from the army at the age of thirty-one. But the Revolution soon roused him again to arms, and, being elected to rank by his fellow-soldiers, he rapidly attained to command. In 1793 we find him general of division. In this capacity he shared in the triumphs of the Italian campaigns, as described in the text. Massena remained in Europe during the Egyptian campaign, occupied chiefly on the German frontier. At this period of disaster Massena participated in the common lot of defeat when opposed to the combined army of Austria and Russia, under the Archduke Charles and Suwarroff. The victory of Zurich, however, which he gained over the same enemies, refreshed his laurels, and is deservedly extolled by Bourrienne; for it probably saved France from an invasion. On the return of Bonaparte, Massena powerfully aided his operations in Italy; "Massena commands there," was his remark with regard to Genoa; but subsequently, as the reader will have perceived, this general appears but seldom in the transactions of the consulate. He was a republican. The baton of marshal, on the foundation of the empire, banished discontent; and thenceforth Massena is active in most of the warlike enterprises of Napoleon.—Duke of Rivoli, 1807; Prince of Essling, 1809.

Augereau (*Pierre Francois Charles*), the son of a cabbage-vender, was born in an outskirt of Paris, November, 1757. He entered the army very early, but at the age of thirty we find him no higher than at first—a private soldier in the Neapolitan infantry. Tired of so unpromising a trade, he settled in Naples as "professor of the honorable science of self-defense;" and as a fencing-master the future marshal-Duke might have lived and died but for the edict of 1792, which obliged all Frenchmen to quit the Neapolitan territories. Augereau returned to France—home he had none. His sagacity told him the state of his country and the chances of the fearless and the daring. At the age of thirty-five he commenced life anew as a common soldier, and, in four years more, was general of division. This rise, unexampled even in the annals of revolutionary dignities, he owed to great energy, some talent, no principle, and a bravery which amounted to absolute ferocity. As general of division Augereau attended Bonaparte in the Italian campaigns, and most highly distinguished himself on every occasion. The reader is admirably instructed by Bourrienne in the part he acted at Paris in 1797; but on that occasion "the thick-headed soldier" had nearly outplayed both the Directory and his employer. His actions on this occasion procured him the *sobriquet*, or nickname, by which he was most gen-

erally known—"the Fructidor general." During the Egyptian expedition Augereau commanded in chief the army of the Rhine and Moselle, an honorable but inactive post, conferred by the Directory in order to get rid of him. But in 1799 he resigned this command and took his place in the Council of Five Hundred. On Bonaparte's desertion of his eastern army and arrival in France, Augereau seconded Jourdan's motion in the Assembly, which, had it been seconded by the Directory without, would have ended in the arrest, and probably execution, of the future Emperor. But the genius of the latter prevailed; Augereau timely made his peace—while things were yet undetermined—and retained the favor thus repurchased.—Marshal, Duke of Castiglione, a soldier of indomitable valor; but one of the greatest ruffians of a period fertile in villains.

Bernadotte (*Jean Baptiste Julius*), the only permanent monarch created by the Revolution, and almost the sole great actor in its events who is unstained by its crimes, was born at Pau, the capital of Berne, 26th January, 1764. His family, though humble, was not in the very lowest class of society; and young Bernadotte received a good education. He is said to have been intended for the law, and even to have been engaged in the initiatory studies of the profession when, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted as a private into the marines, or rather what with us are termed fencibles. After nine years' service the future King of Sweden, at the age of twenty-five, had attained the rank of sergeant. This first step in his fortune he owed to the same qualities of prudence and steady resolution which, in a wider sphere of action, conducted him to a throne. The Revolution opened a lottery in life, where wealth could purchase only the blanks, and where the prizes, though too generally shared by the worthless and the dissolute, were also to be won by honorable enterprise. Bernadotte aspired to the latter class of favors, and was successful; in two years he had attained the rank of colonel in the army of General Custines. In 1793 Kleber, under whom he then served and than whom none could be a better judge of military merit, promoted him to the rank of general of brigade. In the various campaigns on the Rhine and in Italy he commanded with distinguished success as general of division. As Bourrienne has well remarked, "there seemed to exist from the beginning a natural distrust between Bernadotte and Napoleon." Bonaparte, indeed, more than any other man of whom we read, possessed a species of instinct in discriminating those whom he was to fear from those whom he could render his tools. On the peace of Campo-Formio, Bernadotte, as we learn from the text, was dispatched to Paris to aid in the events of the Fructidor Revolution: but "he was prudent;" that is, compromised himself in nothing. He subsequently refused a command in the army of invasion, and was not offered one in that of Egypt. During Bonaparte's eastern expedition, he was employed by the Directory, first in the command of the army of observation on the Rhine, and afterwards as minister of war. In both capacities, especially as minister, he rendered eminent services, and made himself at once popular and respected. The reader will find in these volumes an admirable and very graphic account of Bernadotte's conduct and relations with Bonaparte on his return, and of the coldness which prevailed between them. There can be little doubt had the Directory acted with vigor, and intrusted Bernadotte with the command of the troops, that the day of Brumaire would have been prevented, and Bonaparte probably would have then finished his career on a scaffold. But would this have been fortunate for France? Bourrienne says no. His

volumes give all other necessary information concerning Bernadotte, with whom, in the sequel, he had much correspondence, and by whom he was in turn much esteemed.—Marshal, Prince of Ponte-Corvo, 1806; Crown Prince, 1810; King of Sweden, 1822. Of all "the children of the Republic," not even excepting Napoleon himself, no one appears to have been more ambitious than Bernadotte. But he really loved his country; he had a "Roman pride;" he had principle, and always exercised a cool deliberative judgment, which most of these children of impulse and of passion wanted.

Soult (*Jean-de-Dieu*—singular prenome), was born of respectable, though humble parentage, at St. Aurans, capital of the department of Tarn, in Languedoc, 29th March, 1769. He first entered the service, at an early age, as private in the royal artillery; but after a length of time obtained a commission as sub-lieutenant. In the first republican campaigns on the eastern frontier Soult greatly distinguished himself, first under Hoche, and afterwards under Jourdan, considering he had then attained only the rank of colonel and aid-de-camp; and subsequently, as adjutant to General Lefebvre, he gained great praise for his conduct in the battle of Fleurus. In 1794 he was made general of brigade; and four years later general of division. Soult was still personally unknown to him of whose future fortunes he was to become one of the chief supports; he fought constantly on the Rhine or the Moselle, while Italy, Austria, and Egypt had been the scenes of Napoleon's early glory. But on the formation of the Consular Government, Soult, at the recommendation it is said of Massena, received the command of the chasseurs of the guard, and ever afterwards enjoyed the highest confidence of his master. If military renown were to be awarded exclusively to military genius, not one of the marshals would surpass Soult in fame; but, from having never mingled in politics, his name occurs less frequently than that of others, his inferiors. "As for you, Marshal Soult, act as you always do," was the only order given by Napoleon; and to him who received it one of the most honorable ever dictated on a trying occasion.—Marshal, Duke of Dalmatia.

Lannes (*Jean*), was the son of a poor mechanic in Lectrome, in Normandy, born April, 1769. He enlisted very early in life, having absconded when about to be bound an apprentice to some humble calling. On the breaking out of the Revolution his corps was on the Pyrenean frontier; his resolute character and fine soldier-like bearing having already gained an ascendency among his comrades, he was elected an officer. In 1795 he had attained the rank of chief of brigade, in which capacity he served under General Lefebvre, but was broke by the Convention, and returned to Paris without employment. One of his fearless character was not likely to escape the notice of Bonaparte, from whose own account of the battle of the Sections we learn that Lannes was there employed. Bonaparte, in fact, looked most to those men who, undaunted in action, could successfully execute orders, while they allowed him to think for them. Lannes was a man to his own heart; and till the death of the marshal they were never separated, except during the short interval of the mission to Portugal so graphically described by Bourrienne. "I found Lannes a dwarf," says Napoleon, at St. Helena; "I made him a giant." Lannes, in fact, entered the army of Italy as a volunteer, having no rank; but his sword gained him his dukedom of Montebello.

Ney (Michael), the Indefatigable, the Bravest of the Brave, was the son of a poor laborer, or tradesman, in the little town of Sarre Louis, beyond the present frontier of Lorraine, where he first saw the light in January, 1769. Young Michael was articled to a notary; but the *cabinet* of a country scrivener afforded no fitting occupation for one of his mettle; and, when little more than thirteen, he ran away to enlist as a private hussar. He was now "placed to his liking," and his conduct soon proved that he had well chosen his profession. A private, in ordinary circumstances, can have but small chance of distinction; but, in four great battles and in many skirmishes, Ney had displayed such uncommon daring and presence of mind that he easily broke through the conventional separations of rank, at a time when these had already begun to totter. In 1794 we find him a captain; but he had fought his way through the subordinate ranks, not sprung up an officer at once by election. In the same year he became colonel, and was placed by Kleber over a body of irregular troops, known in the early revolutionary wars by the appellation of partisans. They received no pay; but, like our own Highlandmen, *lifted* what pleased them, and, for this privilege, undertook every perilous and daring enterprise on which they might be commanded. In 1798 Ney was general of division; and the following year his capture of Manheim with one hundred and fifty followers, whom he had himself selected and whom he led to a night attack, after having, in the disguise of a German peasant, traversed and surveyed the whole place, exhibits one of the boldest adventures of that adventurous period. From having been constantly on the opposite frontier, and taking no part in political intrigue at Paris, Ney had little correspondence with Napoleon till the consulate. Subsequently their destinies were but too inseparable.—Marshal, Duke of Elchingen; Prince of Moskwa; Peer of France; and, to use his own words, greater than all, "Michael Ney, a French soldier." Born on the confines of France and Germany—for his native district, between the Sarre and the present boundary, has belonged alternately to both—Ney mingled the characters of the two countries in his own, and, in many respects, retained the best of each. The deep, romantic enthusiasm of the German he united with the active and chivalrous daring of the soldier of France. Personally he was unstained by the rapacity and violence which too frequently marked the path of his warfare; but his character in civil life was singularly deficient in the dignified firmness that restrains unprincipled followers.

Davoust (*Louis Nichole*), was born of a noble family at Annaux, in Burgundy, May, 1770. Such a parentage—which implies, on the Continent, that the person so descended may, like his ancestors, do anything but gain a livelihood by honest industry—almost of necessity destined him for the army, and entitled him, however undeserving otherwise, to all the honors of the profession. As a proof of this, Davoust entered an officer as a matter of right, but was speedily forced to leave his regiment in disgrace for insubordination. The Revolution opportunely came to aid one who had thus everything to hope from change. He received from the Convention a command as chief of battalion, and joined the army of the north under Dumouriez. On the defection of that leader Davoust was promoted to be a general of brigade. For five years he served in this capacity on the Rhine and the Moselle, where his conduct must have been conspicuous, since he was selected to accompany the Egyptian expedition. Bourrienne tells the rest, who, as we shall find, had rather close relations with *the terrible Davoust*—for this title his own acts had pro-

cured him; while his master had conferred those of Marshal, Duke of Auerstadt and Prince of Eckmühl. An excellent soldier—a most unprincipled man.

Bessières (*Jean Baptiste*) born August, 1768, at Preissac, a town in the department of Lot, and consequently the countryman of Murat, was of mean parentage. Bessières and Murat traveled up to Paris in company on both obtaining, at the same time, appointments in the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. In this situation the former did not imitate the republican zeal of his companion; he conducted himself with great propriety; and, being a private on guard on the fearful 10th of August—as Bourrienne justly designates that day of blood—he had the courage, humanity and good fortune to save several individuals of the royal household. He joined the republican forces, however, when all had become so; and, while serving in a cavalry regiment in the north of Spain and on the Pyrenean frontier, rose from the ranks to a captaincy. As major of brigade Bessières joined the army of Italy, where his cool and determined bravery caught the eye of the young commander-in-chief, who then placed him over the corps of Guides. To great energy Bessières united unsullied honor and humanity; and his success was at least equal to that of any of the imperial captains. None wore the ducal title with more honor than did Bessières that of Duke of Istria.

Such are the principal characters among the eighteen senior Marshals, or as they were termed, by way of pre-eminence, "Marshals of the Creation." The reader will find sketches of the lives of the other chiefs in this Appendix.

Note B. Page 146.

It has been generally, but erroneously, represented in this country that there were two Berlin Decrees, or at least two decrees passing under that name; one of 1806, the other dated Hamburg, 1807. Napoleon was never in Hamburg. The real Berlin Decree, on which the Continental System was founded and continued to be regulated, is dated—"Imperial camp of Berlin, 21st November, 1806," and consists of two distinct parts. In the first portion are enumerated the reasons, founded on the conduct of England, for instituting the decree. These complaints, for as such they are set forth, amount to ten, which, however, turn upon only three points:—England refusing to regulate maritime by the laws of land warfare; her not acknowledging the distinction of private property, or the rights of foreigners not actually serving in war; and, thirdly, her declaration of blockade extended to places not actually blockaded by her ships. Then follow the regulations of the decree, in eleven separate articles:—1. The British Isles declared to be in a state of blockade.

2. All commerce with them prohibited. 3. All English subjects found in countries occupied by French troops to be prisoners of war. 4 and 5. All English goods and manufactures lawful prize. 6. Half the proceeds of confiscation to go to merchants who have lost ships by the English cruisers. 7. No vessel from England or her colonies to be admitted into a continental port. 8. Every vessel contravening regulation 7th to be lawful prize. 9. Two prize courts—at Paris for the empire; at Milan for Italy. 10 and 11. Touching the promulgation and execution of the decree.

Note C. Page 171.

The reader may find it convenient to have ready access to the names and titles of the chief civil officers of the Consulate and Empire.

Talleyrand (*Charles Maurice de Perigord*), the Napoleon of the political world, was born at Paris, March 17, 1754, and, unlike the majority of the great actors in the revolutionary scenes, claims a truly noble origin. Intended for the church he attained the rank of abbé, and, in his twenty-sixth year, was nominated agent-general of the clergy. In this situation he showed great talents, but no Christianity; the former, however, joined to political interest, were then all powerful, and he subsequently became bishop of Autun at the age of thirty-three, though the King himself opposed his consecration. In 1789, on the sitting of the States-General, he distinguished himself as deputy from the clergy of his diocese, in opposition to the exclusive privileges of the order to which he belonged. Subsequently, he abdicated his bishopric to resign himself wholly to politics. In 1792 he was sent on a secret mission to England, but, feared by all parties, judged it expedient to retire to the United States, where he remained nearly four years. In 1796 he became minister for foreign affairs to the Directory, but, still feared, he again resigned, and, on the 18th Brumaire, aided by his counsel in overturning a government which he could not but despise. His history subsequently becomes a portion of the text; and the reader will remark that the military chief of France succeeded just in proportion as he followed the suggestions of Talleyrand in civil affairs. Of all the men of those troubled times, Talleyrand was in fact the only one who aspired to govern by public opinion, and who had the discernment to veer with in order better to guide this grand agent. As a public functionary, his acts have always been regulated on the principle of doing the most good to the greatest number. *Prince of Benevento*, 1804; Vice-Grand-Elector, 1807; Prince de Talleyrand, 1814; Plenipotentiary in London of Louis Philippe, 1830.

Cambacèrés (*Jean Jacques Regis*), was born at Montpelier, October 18, 1755, of honorable but poor parentage, and entered very early in life the legal profession. In 1791 he became President of the Criminal Tribunal of the department, and here distinguished himself by his talents and impartiality. As member of the National Convention, in 1792, he first tried to save but afterwards voted for the death of Louis XVI. His politics were conveniently yielding, and his moral principles lax; so that, passing calmly through the intervening tempest, he became, from the force of circumstances narrated in the text, firmly attached to the fortunes of Napoleon. *Second Consul*, 1799; *Prince of Parma*, 1804; died at Paris, 1824.

Lebrun (*Charles Francis*), born at St. Sauveur Laudelin, March 19, 1739, became early in life distinguished in his profession—that of the law, and obtained some advantageous offices under Louis XV. During the early part of the next reign, Lebrun retired to the country, and passed fifteen years in study and agricultural pursuits. In the subsequent troubles he took no part, save by the publication of an excellent and moderate work, "The Voice of a Citizen." The "Voice" spoke wisdom, but advised temperate measures, and consequently, was drowned in the uproar. Afterwards, however, its author came to be regarded as the organ of the moderate party, and hence, as mentioned in the text, was associated in the Consulate as *Third Consul*, 1799; *Duke of Placentia*, 1804; *Governor-General of Holland*, 1811; died 1828.—Lebrun's translations of Tasso and of the Iliad, the latter especially, are popular in France.

Caulaincourt (*Arnaud Augustine Louis*), born in 1773, at a family seat of the same name, was of noble extraction, and entered on a military life when young. In 1792 he was deprived of his rank of captain, and thrown into prison as an *aristocrat*. He obtained his freedom, however, serving as a private sentinel under Hoche, and at the period of the Consulate had attained the rank of colonel. Bonaparte perceived his political talent, and, after raising him to be a general of division, and master of the horse, employed him chiefly in civil affairs. The "Memoirs" give the rest, and Bourrienne has done justice to his character by clearing him of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. The friendship of the Emperor Alexander might, indeed, have secured him from this foul accusation, but even that fact was not credited before the appearance of these volumes. Josephine, too, has left her testimony to his entire ignorance of the contents of the dispatches of which he was the bearer; and only when he reached Ettenheim did he discover their import to be the arrest of the Duke. So closely was Caulaincourt watched that he could not draw back. Still such was his admiration of Napoleon that he deemed him incapable of shedding blood, and when informed by himself that the Duke had been shot he fainted away. This scene occurred in the private cabinet, where both Josephine and Berthier were present. On recovering, he severely reproached Bonaparte for having deceived him into so cruel a mission. The aid-de-camp, also, who had accompanied him to Ettenheim, went distracted on hearing of the execution.—*Duke of Vicenza*, 1804.

Fouché (*Joseph*), a native of Nantes, where he was born, May 29, 1763. His father, by his own account, intended him for the sea, and sent him, accordingly,

to study mathematics in one of the seminaries of the Oratorio. Joseph's constitution and his own inclination disqualified him for so boisterous a profession, and he became a lay-brother and teacher in the order. The reader may be spared the horror of his vote in the Convention, "Death, without appeal or delay, to Louis;" of the drownings at Nantes; and of the massacres at Lyons, where he figured with such appalling notoriety. His own death was prevented by his anticipating Robespierre; and, under the new Directory, he at length obtained the office which, under the Consulate and Empire, connects him so intimately with the text. The reader is referred to his own "Memoirs," with the caution to read Bourrienne at the same time.—*Duke of Otranto*, 1804; died in exile at Trieste, 1820.

Savary (*Anne Jean Marie Rene*), was born in Mare, a village of Campagne, April 26, 1774. His father had attained the rank of major, and he himself entered the army when young, served under Hoche, and as aid-de-camp to General Desaix in the Egyptian expedition. How he entered the service of Bonaparte after the battle of Marengo, and the subsequent events of his life, are narrated by Bourrienne. With our author he seems to have been a favorite, and to Bourrienne's superior honesty and information we are obliged to yield up many of the prejudices which are entertained against Savary.—*Duke of Rovigo.*

Maret (*Hugues Bernard*), born at Dijon, July 22, 1763, was the son of an eminent physician and philosopher of that city. In early life he studied law, subsequently diplomacy, in which he was occupied at Paris when the Revolution broke out. He first distinguished himself as reporter in the *Moniteur* of the proceedings of the States-General; and was afterwards employed in several embassies; in one of these, to Constantinople, being taken prisoner by the Austrians. After nearly two years' confinement, during which he wrote two comedies and a tragedy, he was released in exchange for the Princess Royal Maria Theresa, now Duchess d'Angoulême. On the formation of the government he became secretary to the Consuls, and afterwards secretary of state, as a reward for assisting in the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire.—*Duke of Bassano.*

Champagny (*Jean Baptiste*), born August, 1756, at Roanne, served first in the marine. In 1789 he was returned to the States-General, as representative of the nobles of Forez, but, during the revolutionary troubles, enjoyed none of their good things, and was finally thrown into prison as a noble. Obtaining his freedom, he lived retired until the security of the consular government called him again into public life.—*Duke of Cadore.*

Clarke (*Henri-Jacques-Guillaume*), was of Irish extraction, but born in France, 1765. His father was a colonel in the French army, and educated his son for the same career. In 1793 we find Clarke general of division, but with no military reputation; and soon after he was imprisoned as a noble, a distinction which in justice he merited, since he pretended to be lineally descended from the Plantage-

nets. He was afterwards released and, through the influence of Carnot, placed over the board of topography. He first appears in these "Memoirs" as a spy upon Bonaparte in Italy. Clarke's talent, a most useful though not a brilliant one, appears to have consisted in an amazing facility of keeping well with all parties: his character is given by the King of Prussia in the present volume and in Bourrienne's commentary thereon. The secret of his influence with Bonaparte appears to have been a sentiment of gratitude in the latter for the very high praise bestowed by Clarke in his secret report to the Directory on the young General's conduct in Italy. This document afterwards fell into the hands of the First Consul.

Note D. Page 180.

The following brief relation brings up the history of Louis XVIII. till 1807, when he found at last a secure asylum in England, till March, 1814, the eve of the first restoration. Monsieur Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., left Paris, June 21, 1791; and took up his abode first in Coblentz. His calm and prudent views were not calculated to render him popular among the emigrants of this period—a class whom adversity could not teach prudence nor prosperity sooth into moderation. After the campaign of 1792 the Count de Provence repaired to Italy with the intention of passing over from Genoa to Toulon; but the first success of Bonaparte before the latter place rendered abortive the hopes of the royalists. The brilliant achievements of the republican arms soon rendered his abode in Turin, where he resided at the court of his father-in-law, dangerous alike to himself and his protector. With permission of Venice, the count subsequently established himself in Verona. Here he learned the death of his brother Louis XVI.; but while the dauphin, infant son of the latter, was still alive, though a prisoner, he could not assume the title of King. Chased finally from Italy, the count joined the army of Condé, refusing the proffers of Austria, which he had the discernment to see originated in hatred to France, and not in attachment to "the Bourbon." It was his own saying, "I never wish the blood of France to flow in Germany for German interests, cloaked under my name." The King of Prussia's protection was accepted, and at Berlin the count became Louis XVIII., through the death of the infant Louis XVII. Prussia was soon after obliged to yield to the storm, and dismiss from her states, "according to desire" of her Directory, after the 18th Fructidor, the rightful sovereign of France. Only one monarch in continental Europe—the King of Saxony was solicited in vain—possessed both the power and will to grant an asylum. This was Paul I. of Russia, who then luckily *happened* to think himself violently irritated at the government of France; and during the space of three years royally entertained Louis at Mittau. The influence of the First Consul, as described in the text, wrested from Louis this last retreat, who then sought a brief refuge at Calmar, in Sweden. Alexander again restored the

residence at Mittau which his father had refused: but after the Treaty of Tilsit, Louis speedily discerned that the Continent was closed against him, and therefore claimed and found protection in the only country then closed against the Continent —Britain.

To this it may be proper to add that of the French family of Bourbon there are four divisions: 1. The family of Charles X., whose eldest son, the Duke d'Angoulême, married his cousin, the princess royal, only daughter of Louis XVI. They have no children, and, of course, before the late changes, were styled the Dauphin and Dauphiness. The Duke de Berry, the youngest son, assassinated before his father's accession, left one son, on whom rest the hopes of this elder branch. 2. Family of Orleans, consisting of the present King and his eight children, by the daughter of the King of Naples, whom he married in 1809. At the breaking out of the Revolution, in 1789, his present majesty of France was Duke de Chartres, but on the execution of his father, famous in revolutionary history under the title of *Egalité*, he became Duke of Orleans, 1793. The family consists of five sons and three daughters: report speaks highly of their accomplishments and personal appearance. 3. Family of Condé, which at the beginning of the Consulate consisted of three generations: the Prince de Condé, grandfather; the Duke de Bourbon, father; and the Duke d'Enghien, so well known in these "Memoirs," son. The Duke de Bourbon is still alive,* but refused to assume the title of Condé. "I cannot," said the old man on the death of the Duke d'Enghien, "I cannot become the representative of a childless house of Condé; let the name, so long illustrious, be buried with my murdered son." 4. The family of Conti, connected with several of the noblest and most ancient houses in France and Italy.

Note E. Page 243.

Maria Louisa was born December 12, 1791; her mother was Maria Theresa, daughter of the King of Naples, and first wife of Francis II. Her character is represented as having been extremely amiable from her earliest years—a circumstance which exercised no inconsiderable influence in determining Napoleon's choice

* Since the first edition of these notes appeared, the third branch of the Bourbon line has become extinct by the death of "the Condé;" and of the first, the heads have been driven to seek an asylum in the ancient palace of the Scottish sovereigns. Of the revolution by which this has been accomplished it can only be said at present that the "end is not yet come." Meanwhile, it is an example dangerous for the people, without being salutary to kings. It is a revolution of the capital, not of the country—the victory of a party, not the triumph of national sentiment. It has already been attended by the greatest injustice, through the punishment of men for an act against which the laws had provided no security, because they had pronounced no condemnation; consequently, which could be no crime, save by a succeeding and therefore illegal construction. This is not said to defend that act; but if an enlightened nation begins its reformation by injustice, what may be expected afterwards?

of a second consort. On the abdication, in 1814, the ex-Empress, by the Treaty of Fontainebleau, was secured in the archduchy of Parma, including the territories of Placentia and Guastella. Since the final settlement of affairs, in 1815, Maria Louisa has resided chiefly on her Italian estates. These, of all the divisions of the Peninsula, are the best governed, and in the dominions of the ex-Empress of France the traveler will find cheering evidence of content and comfort amid the wretchedness and misrule which everywhere else prevail throughout a country blessed by nature, and cursed of man. Maria Louisa is married to the Count de Neipperg, formerly her chamberlain, a *mésalliance*, and, of course, not recognized: nor is it altogether because a foreign word, that of *factotum*, applied to the count, is marked in italics by Bourrienne. The marriage either had, or should have, taken place long before 1825, when it was first acknowledged.

The Duke of Reichstadt—who, as King of Rome, had lost a crown before he could know its value or deplore its loss—the sole issue of Napoleon's marriage with Maria, has constantly resided in Austria since the abdication of his parents in 1814, and chiefly at Vienna or Olmütz. Some years ago, the translator frequently saw the duke at Vienna. He was then a handsome, slightly formed, and very interesting-looking boy, in full possession of great animal spirits; his favorite employments then seemed to be riding and driving. In the upper part of his countenance he strongly resembles his father: in the lower, the obtuser and less distinct contour of the German physiognomy prevails over the more delicate and well-defined outlines of the Italian features. Much has been said of the education given to this singularly-fated individual. From good information the writer was led to regard it as extremely, culpably and intentionally defective. Two instances may suffice: Professor M——, of Vienna, so well known as a linguist, under whom the translator studied German literature, stated to him that several years had been devoted to conning over the most obscure portion of the history of Switzerland with the duke, to the careful exclusion of all knowledge of European history of a late date. The professor also stated that a colleague of his own had braved the imperial resentment, and resigned his situation as tutor to the duke, because a police agent regularly took his station in the room during the hours of communication between the preceptor and his pupil! The translator does not guarantee the truth of these statements, but pledges himself for the fact of their having been communicated to him, and from a source not likely to be deceived.

Note F. Page 282.

Moreau (*Jean Victor*), born at Morlax, in Brittany, August 11th, 1763, was of respectable parentage. When the commencing disputes that terminated in the Revolution broke out, he resided at Rennes, as a student of law. He disliked

the profession for which his friends had destined him: the times were calculated to increase his love of a military career; and after having once enlisted clandestinely into a regiment from which his release had been purchased, he determined to embrace the offer of commanding a body of volunteers from his native province, and with them joined the army of the north. Pichegru, the commander-in-chief, was his friend; his own genius and ardent study of the theory of war did the rest; and in 1793, at the age of thirty, we find him general of division. In the campaign of 1794, Moreau most highly distinguished himself in the Netherlands: but, while pursuing a course of victory, he was deprived of his father, who fell a victim to the democratic rage of the very men whom the son served with such faithfulness. Nor can we easily pardon that ambition which stifled in Moreau's breast the yearnings of natural affection, and thus made him the voluntary servant of a parent's murderers. He had his reward; for, after assisting in the wonderful conquest of Holland, during a winter campaign, he was made general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine and Moselle. In this capacity, during the campaign of 1796, he passed the Rhine, defeated first Wurmser, and afterwards the Archduke Charles. But, in the end, having been led forward by the retreat, while he was weakened by the brave resistance of Prince Charles, he found himself, in turn, obliged to retire before the fresh re-enforcements which had joined the Austrians.

It was on this occasion that he performed his famous retreat through the Black Forest—an achievement which added more to his reputation than many victories. In the next campaign of 1797 he took the baggage of General Klingen, in which, as recorded in the text, were found the proofs of his old friend Pichegru's apostasy. By his tardiness in not forwarding these until the discovery had been made elsewhere he incurred the displeasure of the Directory. During Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, Moreau commanded both in Germany and Italy; and, though personally successful, general calamity rendered his partial triumphs unavailing. Subsequent events identify his history with the narrative in the text.

After his mock trial, Moreau passed the succeeding eight years in America, upon an estate at some distance from Philadelphia. The motives and means which induced him, in 1813, to join the allies, are detailed by Bourrienne, not without some share of the indignation with which that fact is still remembered in France. Such animadversions are just; nothing can excuse bearing arms in a hostile army against our native country, whoever may for the moment, be at the head of her affairs. Moreau's motives now, for the first time, certainly appear. They were detestable: he fought not in the cause of his lawful sovereign, but for himself; not against Bonaparte as the enslaver of his country, but as a rival, from whose downfall he hoped his own exaltation.

Macdonald (*Charles Louis James*), born in Sancerre, November 17th, 1765, the son of a gentleman of the family of Clanronald, who, in 1745, had joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and who, after the battle of Culloden, fled to France, having rendered services of rather a conspicuous nature, as commissary for the rebel army. At an early age, young Macdonald entered, as sub-lieutenant or ensign, the regiment of Dillon, composed chiefly of Scotch and Irish, in the French service. On the breaking out of the Revolution he embraced its principles, but without participating in its excesses and crimes. In 1794 we find Macdonald a

colonel ; and, next campaign, as general of brigade, in the conquest of Holland, he began to be known beyond the ranks of the French army. One of the most astonishing acts of that memorable winter campaign was Macdonald's passage of the Waal on the ice, in face of the batteries of Nimeguen. From serving on this frontier, Macdonald had little correspondence with Bonaparte, till after the return from Egypt, when his name occurs among the supporters of the future Consul. But Napoleon had discovered the honest republican principles of Macdonald and disposed of his opposition by sending him on distant missions. In 1803, on returning from Copenhagen, he expressed, in high terms, his indignation against the trial and banishment of Moreau; and thenceforth, till 1809, remained unnoticed and lived in retirement in the country. When the immense forces of the Austrian empire were in arms, with the assistance of Russia in perspective, Bonaparte remembered the cool judgment and steady bravery of Macdonald, and gave him a command in Italy. From Italy the general drove the Austrians through the defiles of the Alps—followed them into the heart of their own empire—astonished Napoleon by joining him just as the battle of Wagram was about to commence, and, as stated in the documents quoted in the text, gained a marshal's baton on that field, the best planned and best fought of all Bonaparte's battles. Among all the marshals of France there was not one so pure from every stain on the soldier's character—so daringly honest with Napoleon in his prosperity—so lastingly true to him in his adversity as this his only Scottish officer. He was no less faithful to Louis, resisting every solicitation of his ancient leader. Nor, as the reader finds, were the Bourbons ungrateful ; chancellor of the Legion of Honor and peer of France, Macdonald enjoyed the highest honors of soldiership. After the Restoration, many officers who held gratuities in other countries stipulated to retain them. Madame Moreau, the widow of Macdonald's ancient friend, secretly applied to powerful friends at the Neapolitan court that the revenues of the dukedom of Tarentum might be continued. The marshal, getting knowledge of this circumstance, wrote immediately to the French plenipotentiary, prohibiting all interference. "The King of Naples," said the high-minded soldier, "owes me nothing for having beaten his army, revolutionized his kingdom and forced himself to seek refuge in Sicily." The King of Naples, being informed of this, said—"Had I not laid it down as a principle to maintain none of the French endowments, I would have made an exception in favor of Marshal Macdonald."

The political services of the Duke in the Chamber of Peers, since the second restoration, have been equally remarkable for their wisdom and moderation, as they were prior to the return from Elba. In fact, had two measures, one for the remuneration of the emigrants, whose property had passed into other hands, and another for the fulfillment of the imperial grants, been passed, the disasters of 1815 might have been avoided by France. The marshal has been twice married ; his first wife was one of the most beautiful women in France, Mademoiselle Memonville ; the second was the widow of a brother-in-arms, General Joubert. He has daughters, but unfortunately cannot fulfill his promise of transmitting to a son the sword of his chief, so honorably presented—the gift of gratitude and the reward of fidelity.

In 1820 Macdonald passed several months in Scotland, chiefly among his clansmen in the Highlands and Hebrides. Respecting this visit a singular tradition is received in France—namely, that on being introduced to Sir Walter Scott, the marshal offered to place at the disposal of the historian authentic and unpublished intelligence on certain important and misrepresented events. Sir Walter declined the proffered

aid, with the remark, "Thank you, marshal, but I prefer taking my materials from popular and current reports." We relegate this to the class of fables.—*Duke of Tarentum.*

Marmont (*Frederic Louis*), was born of a noble family at Chatillon, upon the Seine, July 20, 1774; and entering the army at an early age, was among the first military companions of Bonaparte. Their intimacy commenced at Toulon, and throughout the whole of the "Memoirs," Marmont consequently appears frequently. Marmont's military genius is of a high order, and his defeat at Salamanca—where he lost an arm—aided as he was by the talents and fame of Soult, redounds to the glory of the Duke of Wellington. Marmont remained faithful to the Bourbons without having ungratefully abandoned Napoleon; and on this subject Bourrienne's details are very interesting. The history of this marshal, however, supplies a striking instance of the great injustice of the world, both in its praise and censure. In 1814 Marmont became the idol of popular applause, from his celebrated defense of Paris, as narrated in the present volume. But, after all, this act was a mere bravado—an unavailing, hopeless spilling of human blood; for Marmont knew, and all knew, that Paris could not finally be defended; since, while no assistance was expected, its protracted fall could be of no value. Under these circumstances the sparing of the French capital was solely an act of generosity on the part of the allies; nor can there be any doubt, had they not been generous, that Marmont had brought upon himself, upon his brave surviving followers, and upon Paris, the military consequences of defending a post with an inadequate force, and with the intention of merely causing loss. At the present moment, again, Marmont is the object of detestation for having adhered to the cause of his sovereign in the defense of a post intrusted to his fidelity. In resisting, by force of arms, during the late fearful transactions in Paris, the marshal probably urged the performance of a painful duty; but, nevertheless, a duty: nor ought the chaplet of his just fame, gained in so many contests for his country's honor, be now torn from his silvered head, because a stern necessity has tried his soldierly faithfulness and obedience.—*Duke of Ragusa*, 1809.

Note G. Page 286.

Poniatowski (*Joseph*), nephew of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, was born 9th May, 1763, at Warsaw. From an early age and throughout his career, when not led by the influence of the king, his uncle, he displayed wonderful activity and great love of his country. But that influence often paralyzed his energies, and gave to his conduct an apparent irresolution, which brought it under suspicion with the different parties. During the campaign of 1792 he fought the Russians,

in the commencement of the contest showing great zeal and foresight, but, in the end, he allowed himself to be more intimidated by the orders of the court than by the progress of the enemy. After the accession of his uncle to the confederation of Targowitz, Prince Poniatowski took leave, with the greater part of his best officers; but, in 1794, when the Poles again essayed to expel the Russians, he returned to the Polish camp as a volunteer. This noble conduct gained the esteem of the whole nation. Kosciusko confided to him a separate division, with which he rendered important services during both sieges of Warsaw. When all hopes of restoring Polish liberty fell with Kosciusko, Poniatowski retired into private life, refusing splendid offers, both from Catharine and Paul, in the Russian service. When the creation of the grandduchy of Warsaw awakened once again the ardent longings of Polish patriotism, Poniatowski accepted the office of minister of war. As commander-in-chief, with very inferior forces, he obliged the Archduke Ferdinand to retreat. In 1812 the Russian expedition called him again, "not willing, to the field," at the head of the Polish army. The circumstances of the death of the prince are described in the text. The monument erected in the garden of M. de Reichenbach is not, however, a sarcophagus, but a simple square pedestal, terminating in a very obtuse pyramid. It is granite, not marble, and overhung by the light foliage of the acacia, not the weeping willow. The very amiable proprietor of this sweet, but melancholy, spot told the translator that the prince was shot from behind a clump of firs growing at a little distance, by soldiers of the enemy, just as he was about to leap his horse into the river. The prince left a natural son: the royal line of Poland exists only in a collateral branch.

These brief notices may be closed with the life of a commander whose career is traced in the text, from his first appearance in arms until he became second in rank to Napoleon alone. *Eugene Beauharnais* was born in Brittany on the 3d September, 1780. The death of the father, as already related, had exposed the boyhood of his son to severe privations. As a security against the dangers to which a noble descent drew upon the most illustrious names in those times of democratic rage, the future viceroy served as an apprentice to a joiner, Rue de l'Echelle. In this street was living, not many years since, a lady who recollected often to have seen him with a deal upon his shoulder. In his fifteenth year, learning that his father's sword had come into the possession of General Bonaparte, he resolved in person to request its restoration. "Well, my brave youth, what would you?"—"General, I come to ask from you my father's sword."—"Who is he?"—"Count Alexander Beauharnais." The countenance, bearing and frank procedure of the youth pleased Bonaparte, who immediately placed in his hands the relic which he sought. Eugene covered it with tears and kisses, and gratefully took his leave. To Josephine's visit of thanks for the attention paid to her son has been erroneously assigned the commencement of that correspondence which issued in consequences so important to both. They had previously met at the table of Barras.

In 1797 the young Beauharnais joined his father-in-law, then before Mantua, as aid-de-camp. From this period to the abdication, in 1814, he was constantly in the field, or, during brief intervals of peace, actively engaged in the discharge of the highest civil offices. He formed one in the Egyptian expedition, and was naturally among the few selected to accompany Bonaparte in his daring flight along the Mediterranean. Our author has described the sorrowful meeting of Madame Bonaparte

with her husband, and the affection of her son, ready to forego all his prospects and abide by his mother's fate; nor can there be a doubt that if Bonaparte ever seriously entertained a resolution to repudiate Josephine at this time, his attachment for Eugene aided effectually in combating such a determination. Another eye-witness has graphically described the part allotted to young Beauharnais in the tragi-comedy of the 18th Brumaire. On that morning he entertained at breakfast, in his own lodgings, a party of junior officers, whom he had directions afterwards to conduct to the grand reunion at the Hôtel Bonaparte. During breakfast one of these thoughtless youths amused his companions by mimicking the foibles of the members of Directory. Each of these sallies was received with loud acclamations: and thus they set out in a fit mood for treating with violence those whom they had just overwhelmed with ridicule.

The fortunes of the house being established by the Consulate, Eugene received the command of a brigade of the consular guard, at the head of which he distinguished himself in the "day of Marengo." In the interval he rose through various subordinate grades, and, on the foundation of the empire in 1804, was created prince. In the succeeding year he became viceroy of Italy. After the victories of Jena and Austerlitz, in which his gallantry had been conspicuous, Eugene was raised to new dignities, being declared Prince of Venice, successor to the Iron Crown, and a few months later, in the commencement of 1806, received from Napoleon the hand of the Princess Augusta Amelia, daughter of the King of Bavaria. The honest declaration of Rapp, as contained in the text, shows that these honors were conferred with the general approbation. The interval of comparative peace which succeeded, Eugene passed in his Italian government; and, had it been possible for any administrator of Napoleon's measures to retain popularity, the viceroy would have preserved his; and it is a very unfair inference that, because the Italians were against him in 1814, he did not therefore merit their support: the support of Italians has ever been given to the strongest.

In the Austrian campaign of 1809 Eugene displayed his usual intrepidity and conduct. After defeating the Austrian armies opposed to him in Italy he forced the passes of the Alps, penetrated into Hungary, then defeated the Archduke John in the important battle of Raab, and joined the Emperor most opportunely, to share in the decisive victory of Wagram. But, in recompense of these exertions, he reaped the disappointment of his own hopes and behold the elevation of an Austrian princess to the imperial throne of Josephine. For the honor of both mother and son Eugene instantly determined on retiring; but the forsaken Empress absolutely forbade such a step. The succeeding spring added a final dignity to the viceroy in his appointment to the succession of the grand duchy of Frankfort, an accession which rendered him one of the wealthiest princes of Europe. During the campaigns of 1812–13 the son of Josephine lent most effectual support to the falling fortunes of Napoleon. In the fatal retreat from Moscow, with the exception of Ney, he was the only commander who maintained something like discipline among his troops. The subsequent events in Italy, during the winter and spring of 1814, are detailed by Bourrienne. To oppose the hostility of the Austrians and the treachery of Murat required no ordinary talent; while both were resisted by the viceroy with equal prudence and resolution, until resistance could no longer avail.

Escaping from Italy to the court of Bavaria, Beauharnais was soon summoned to Paris by the death of his mother. On his visit to the Tuileries he caused himself

to be announced under his father's title, Viscount Beauharnais. Louis XVIII. received him graciously, addressed him by the title of prince, and offered a residence in France, with his rank of prince and marshal. These Eugene refused, on the score that he must then, as junior, be below all the marshals whom he had formerly commanded, and again retired to Munich. In the intrigues which preceded, or in the events consequent on the return from Elba in 1815, there is no evidence that Eugene interfered. Or, rather, Bourrienne proves that, though not ignorant of their existence, he in nowise participated therein. In the final arrangements, however, after the battle of Waterloo, the allied sovereigns stripped him of all his dignities and possessions, under pretense that he had conveyed information to Napoleon of their design to confine him in St. Helena. Granting, however, such intimation to have been sent, the intention might have been good rather than evil—to encourage Napoleon to desist, and to make terms while he might, not to instigate him to tempt the uttermost. From this period to his death, February 21, 1824, Eugene continued to reside at the court of his father-in-law, who had conferred upon him the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg, or with his sister, in a beautiful retreat on the lake of Constance.

Little justice has been done by English writers to the character of this eminent individual. From French authors, and men of all characters in France, whose opinions are farther corroborated by his actions, we might quote conclusions which rightly place him in military science not inferior to the best, and in the qualities of the heart, equal to any, and far superior to most, of Napoleon's commanders.

END OF VOLUME II.